

Daschen, On The Rhine - song lyrics

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DASCHEN, ON THE RHINE.

Recited by Thos. H. Winnett.

If ever you go to Switzerland,
The land of varied charms,
Where nature, ever smiling greets
Her guests with outstretched arms;
No matter what your guide-book says-
Be certain, rain or shine,
To stop a day, and see the falls,
At Daschen, on the Rhine.

Provide yourself with a walking-stick,
Stout boots, a broad-brimmed hat,
And don the worst old coat you've got;
'Tain't chic-but what of that?
And don't you forget an Alpine horn.
They call it here a stein-
For beer's the horn they chiefly like,
At Daschen, on the Rhine.

'Twixt mountain slopes, in verdure clad,
Stretch vales of rural wealth-
A landscape fair, that tells of naught,
Save harmony and health.
No lawyer here e'er found a case,
Nor doctor-I opine;
For Schweitzer is the only "kase,"
At Daschen, on the Rhine.

The honest peasantry, whose homes
Thick dot the country o'er,
Will never-hardly ever-turn
The tourist from their door,
Unless he lost his pocket-book;
They're somewhat in the line
Of franc and centime-ntol folk,
At Daschen, on the Rhine.

And when at last you've seen the falls,
For half an hour or so,
And after loafen 'round a while,
Conclude it's time to go
To dinner, take especial care,
That frugally you dine;
The falls are steep-and prices, too,
At Daschen, on the Rhine.