

A Sad Love Story - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

A SAD LOVE STORY.

Oxcoose me if I shed some tears,
Und wipe my nose away;
Und if a lump vos in my troat,
It comes up dere to shtay.

My sadness I shall now unfoldt,
Und if dot tail of we
Don'd do some Dutchmans any good,
Den I don'd pelief I know.

You see I fall myself in love,
Und effery night I goes
Across to Brooklyn by dot bridge
All dressed in Sunday clothes.

A vidder vomans vos der brize,
Her husband he vos dead;
And all alone in this colt vorldt
Dot vidder vos, she said:

Her heart for love vos on der pine,
Und dot I like to see;
Und all der time I hoped dot heart
Vos on der pine for me.

I keeps a butcher shop, you know,
Und in a shtocking stout
I put away my gold und hills
Und no one gets him oudt.

If in der night some bank cashier
Goes skipping off mit cash,
I shleep so sound as nefer vas
While rich folks go to shmash.

I court dat vidder sixteen months,
Dot vidder she courts me,
Und vhen I savs: "Vill too be mine?"
She says: "You bet I'll be!"

Ye vas engaged --Oh! blessed fact!
I squeeese dot dimpled hand;
Her head upon my shoulder lays,
Shust like a bag of sand.

"Before the vedding day vas set,"
She vhispered in my ear,
"I like to say I haf to use
Some cash, my Jacob dear.

"I owns dis house und two big farms,
Und ponds und railroad stocks;
Und up in Yonkers I bossess,
A grand, big peesness block.

"Der times vos dull, my butcher boy. .
Der market voz no good,
Und if I sell "-I squeezed her hant
To show I understood. .

Next day-excuse my briny tears-
Dot shtocking took a shrink;
I counted out twelve hundred in
Der cleanest kind o' chink.

Und later, by two days or more,
Dot vidder shlopes away;
Und leaves a note behindt for me
In which dot vidder say:

"Dear Shake:
Der rose vos redt,
Der violet blue-
You see I've left,
Und you're left, too.-The Bowery Boy.