

# Jakey, De Butcher Boy - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

JAKEY, DE BUTCHER BOY.

Tune- "Jim, the Carter Lad."

My name is Jakey, de butcher boy, a happy mans am I,  
I drink a lot of lager beer, somehow I'm allaways dry;  
I drink a lot of weiss beer to vot fills me up mit joy,  
De happiest Dutchman in the land is Jackey, de butcher so

Chorus.

Ship, slap, slap him on de kopp, I always like to sing (get up),  
I sit upon dat butcher cart ash happy ash a king;  
My horse can go 2:40, that's vot make me so much joy,  
De happiest Dutchman in de land is Jakey, de butcher boy.

My father kepted a slaughter-house my down in Sthanton street,  
How often he'd send me out, you try und sell dat meat;  
To go mit him to dat market for me was shust de thing,  
I'd like to sit on the butcher cart und hear de old man sing.  
Slap, slap, slap, &c

Now church affairs und politics mack mir gar nix aus,  
Vhen people ask me vat I vas, I told dem nix comeraus;  
I do to odders as I vould have dem do to me,  
Dat's vhy here beats an honest heart, I allaways gay and free.  
Slap, slap, slap, &c

Und now I guess I better quick bring an end to my song,  
For if I keep on singing you'll sag it was too long,  
To see you smile off me, it give me so much joy,  
So if you blease shust clap your hands for Jackey, de butcher boy.  
Slap, slap, slap, &c.