

Old Hats And Rags - song lyrics

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OLD HATS AND RAGS.

Old hats! old rags! my trouble is great,
Could I be in a more wretched state?
I feel indeed my heart it will break,
List, and I will tell you of my wrongs.
Hark, and I will my woes unfold,
By a girl I have been cruelly sold;
And through her I've lost all my nice gold-
My heart and my gold are both gone.

Chorus.

Old hats, old rags, my cry is old rags,
This bag on my back, the streets I drag.
And Ruth, mine Ruth, I did love her so,
But, Slotchzein, I find I've been sold.

She lived down an area in Union Square,
And every day I did pass me by there;
She was possess'd of beauty most rare,
And one day she beckoned me to come.
She had some old hats to exchange for new,
She melted the heart of this poor Jew;
But how I loved her, ah, just a few,
But, Slotchzien, I find I've been sold.-Chorus.

I used to call on her most every day,
Down on my knees I implored her to say,
She'd be my dear wife and not to say, nay,
And then she agreed to be mine.
But, oh! my heart, I must have been cream,
For in my old coat I opened a seam.
And gave ten dollars to my hearts queen.
To buy her some things for the time.-Chorus.

She said: "Now, dear Slotchzien. soon you'll be mine,
Drink my good health in a glass of old wine!"
It must have been poisoned, for I slept such a time,
Which she turned to profit it seems;
For when I awoke I thought I must choke,
I was tied by the arms and legs with a rope.
And Ruth had hooked it with mine coat,
With a thousand dollars sewed in the scam.-Chorus.