

The Willage Plackschmidt - song lyrics

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THE WILLAGE PLACKSCHMIDT.

By Stephen B. Harvey.

Under der same old chestnut tree, a dirty plackschmidt stands;
Der schmidt, a greadt big man vas he, mit large and bony hands;
Der music chords mitin his arms vas sthrong as Dutch brass bands.

His hair vas crisp like ginger-schnapps; his face vas plack und tan;
His brow is vet mit home-made dew; he cheats vat e'er he can,
Und looks at no one in der face, 'cause he owes most every man.

Somedimes he vorks for a veek at a stretch; then you hear his bellows blow;
You can see him swing his heavy sledge so very, very slow,
Like a church-duster ringing a pelfry bell ven de evening sun is low.

Und children coming home from school valk in thro' de open door;
They lofe to see his big red nose, und hear him schneeze und roar,
Und schmell der vhiskey fumes, that fly like rocks upon der floor.

On Sunday he goes to der saloon, und sits among der boys;
He hears der partender laf und joke; somedimes he hears his good vife's voice,
Saying to him, "Come home, mine lof "; und it doan't make his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like his mother's voice vhen he playing hookey vent;
He needs must dthink of her vonce more, how o'er her knee he bent,
Und mit her hard, rough hand she sphanked his pants until dhey rent.

Loafing, drinking, schraoking, onvard thro' life he shtrains;
Each morning sees some beer-keg tapped, each eve he drinks its drains;
8omeding attempted, someding done, to him a night's rest gains.

Dhanks, dhanks to dhee, mine vorthy frendt, for the lesson thou hast lent,
How at dhe beer-saloon of life our fortunes should be spent;
Dbus, o'er dhee, rosevood par, ve pass each continental cent.