

Corporal Schnapps

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Mine heart ish proken into little pits,
I tells you, friend, what for;
Mine schweetheart von coot patriotic kirl,
She trives me off mit der war.
 I fights for her, der pattles of the flag.
 I schtrikes to prove as I can;
 Put now long time she nix remembers me,
 And coes mit another man.

cho: Ah! mine fraulein!
 You ish so ferry unkind;
 You coes mit Hans to Zhermany to live,
 And leaves poor Schnapps behind,
 Leaves poor Schnapps behind.

I march all tay no matter if der schtorm
Pe worse ash Moses' flood;
I lays all night, my head upon a schtump
And "sinks to sleep" in der mud.
 Der nightmare comes, I catch him ferry pad
 I treams I schleeps wid de Ghost
 I wakes next morning frozen in der cround
 So schtiff as von schtone post.

They kives me hart-pred, tougher as a rock
It almost preaks mine zhaw;
I schplits him some-times mit an iron wedge
And cuts him up mit a saw.
 Dey kives me peef, so ferry ferry salt
 Like Sodom's wife, you know;
 I surely tinks dey put him in der prine
 Von hundred years ago.

Py'n py we takes von city in der South
We schtays there von whole year,
I kits me sour krout much as I can eat,
And plenty loccar pier.
 I meets von lady repel in der schtreet
 So handsome ef fer I see;
 I makes to her von ferry callant pow
 Put ah! she schpits on me.

"Hart times!" you say, "What for you folunteer?"

I tolt you, friends, what for:

Mine schweetheart, von coot patrioticc kirl,

She trove me off mit der war.

Alas! alas! Mibe pretty little von

Will schmile no more on me

Put schtill I fights der pattles of te flag

To set my countries free.

From Songs of Henry Clay Work, Work

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