

# Leedle Yawcob Strauss - song lyrics

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

LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS.

A Recitation-By Chas. F. Adams.

I have got a leedle boy  
Vot gomes schust to my knee;  
Der queerest schap, the greatest rogue  
As efer you dit see;  
He runs and jumps, aud smashes dings  
In all parts of der house-  
But what of dot? he vas mine son.  
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measles und der mumbs,  
Und eferyding dot's out;  
He spills mine glass of lager beer,  
Puts schuuff into mine Kraut;  
He fills my pipe with Limburg cheese-  
Dot vas der roughest chouse;  
I'd dake dot vrom no oder boy  
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk pan for a dhrum,  
Und cut9 mine cane in dwo  
To make der sthicks to beat it mit-  
Mine cracious, dot vas druel  
I dinks mine head vas schpilt apart.  
He kicks up such a touse-  
But never mind, der boys vas few  
Like dot leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions such as dese:  
Who baints mine nose so red?  
Who vas it cut dot schmoot blace out  
Vrom der hair upon mine head?  
Und vere dere plaze goes vrom der lamp  
Vene'er der glim I douse-  
How gan I all dese dings eggsblain  
To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes tink I schall go vild  
Mit sooch a grazzy poy,  
Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest  
Und beaceful dimes enshoy;  
But ven he vos aschleep in ped  
So quiet us a mouse,  
I brays der Lord, " Dake anydings,  
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."