

Der Cobbler's Daughter - song lyrics

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DER COBBLER'S DAUGHTER

In Baxter Shtreet not long ago,
Dere lived a cobbler's daughter,
Put now she don't live dere some,
Cos she's moved mit anoder quarter;
Her father sold boots und also shoes,
Und put on 'em all for a quarter,
Dem loafer fellows all used to spark
On dat liddle cobbler's daughter.

Chorus.

Put I lofed her und she always vas
So loving und so shmiling;
Put dey caught her picking pockets
On a Broadway stage,
Und sent her to Blackwell's Island.

I took dat gal out for a ride,
In a stage ve vent up Broadway,
She sat down by a lady's side.
Dot lady soon got uneasy;
In a liddle while she turned around to my gal,
Und caught her hands vere she oughtenter,
She shcreamed right out, "my pocket-book's gone,
It's shtolen mit dat cobbler's daughter."-Chorus.

Der police came, dey arrested dat gal;
Six months she got for pocket-picking.
Shudge Dowling said I vas her pal
Dot I deserved a licking.
In a Black Maria dey escorted her
To der Island across der vater,
Dey set her making shoes mit very sharp toes.
Dot innocent cobbler's daughter.-Chorus.

Now ven my lofe she does come down,
I'll told you vat I'll do:
I'll make a big party mit my house,
Und invite efery one of you.
You can sing und dance der vhole night long,
Go home mit your gals in der morning,
Und trink our lager after twelve at night,
Der excise ve'll be shcornine.-Chorus.