

# The Dutchman's Slate - song lyrics

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

THE DUTCHMAN'S SLATE.

Tune- "Enoch Arden."

Kind friends, you vas listen, I told you one story  
What happened to me here one day;  
I keep of dis city a lager bier saloon,  
And I think of dat business vill pay.  
But my lager run out, and my Switzer-kase, too,  
And I found out when it has been too late;  
If you vault to make money in dis kind of pusiness,  
By Tam! you must not keep a slate.

My friend, Gasper Huntz, he called on me one day  
And asked me for ein glass of bier;  
He drink dat and said: It vas bully, anudder!  
And den rubs his belly-right here.  
He called for more lager, and Switzer-kase, too,  
And den he said: Dat vas first-rate!  
When I ask him for pay, he do so-mit his eye  
And told me: Put dat on do slate!

Now I don't like dat pusiness, and so I vas told him  
One day when he come mit my store.  
And dere I saw Gasper a drinking mine lager,  
And huggin' my wife mit de door.  
I take him shust so, mit de slack of his breechea,  
And pitch him right out on his head;  
I take down dat slate, and I break up dat pusiness,  
And den, potz tausand! I vas mad.