

Dot Stupporn Pony - song lyrics

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DOT STUPPORN PONY.

By Harry Woodson.

I growt so ferry heffy
Dot too much de walkin' pe,
So I pyed me of von pony;
But dot pettier be sheat nic.
Bote eyes of him was limpy,
Bote leeks of him vas plint:
But dot vot prake of me mine heart
Dot pony vas oonkint.

He keeck shust like a chackess;
Oop town, pefore, pehint;
Und how a cure dot pony
I rollt oop in my mint.
Dot sympathee vas nonsense;
Shust everydinks he preak;
Vhen sutton coomt von grant itec,
I tole you how I make :

I keetch him mit de shaftcrs,
But-outsite in instet-
His het oop py dot vagon,
His dail vere vas his het.
Den-one, doo. tree-I schlag him.
Ach, himmel, how he keeck!
But vhen he fints he noddings stroock,
He stop dot pooty queeck.

Den looks he oop aschtountet,
Oxcited pooty pat:
Den suttten makes he backvarts,
Like as or he vas mat.
I laugh as I vas tying
Ven I see him go dot my;
Den on his haunch he stoomples town,
As he vas going to bray.

How schamt he look, vateffer!
I tole him vat I dinks;
Doo deal's drop oud his eyepalls,
Mit grief his dail he vinks,
Arount all right I toorn him,
His het pefore him now,
Und streecks!-he trives as goot und kind
As he vas peen my frau!