



❖ DER POEMS ❖

Von

Friederick Scholtz

GEO. M. WARREN.

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Don

FRIEDERICK SCHOLTZ



BY GEORGE M. WARREN.

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DER POEMS

VON

FRIEDERICK SCHOLTZ.



Der Dwendy-vone Man.

NAIFER coot got dru my hedt,
So long as I've lived in my life,
Vat's der reeson I vasn't got marriet
Und heetched myseluf ub mit a vife.
But after all, vinally, at last, I vound owd
Vy id vas dot it naifer coot be ;
I vill dell you, of corus, vats der drubble ;
But, oh! dot's a ruff schoke on me.

You see dem sdadisteakettle vellers
Vat gif an aggound of der census,
By grashus, so shure as you lif,
Dey shkart me all owd ov my senses.

Dey say dot all ofer der vorld,
 No metter verefer dey've been,
 Verefer you find dwendy vimmen,
 Der vas *oxacdly dwendy-vone men!*

I would like do bin marriet fooshdrate,
 Und I've dried yoost so hart as I ken,
 But dot's no use, py kosch, I ken't do it,
 Becose I'm dot dwendy-vone man.
 Dot's yoost vot's der reeson mit me,
 Dot's der kindt ov a man I am,
 But now I vas gedding so oldt,
 I've got so I don'd care a — shnap.

Dot's noting more und less as a loddery,
 To dell der troot candit und frenk,
 Und venefer dwendy vellars got marriet,
 I vas got myseluf lefd on a blenk.
 But I bet you dot soam ov dem vellars—
 Und I say id ride strait to deir face—
 Would leeve a goot eel more heppier
 Ov dey vas, py shinks, een my blace.

Venefer I valk ub der sdreet,
 Led me go yoosht so fasht as I ken,
 Und aifery person I heppen do meed
 Says: "Dere gose der dwendy-vone man!"
 Shiminy Kracky! Dot mekes me so med!
 Vot een der dooce haf I done,
 Dot I shall bin dreated like dot,
Und got shtook mit dot blamed dwendy-vone ?

Der Greed ov der Pells.

HOW sweet to heer dem Sabbat pells,
 Each von its greed in moosic tells,
 In dones dot fload way ub above id,
 Und now I vill dold you der reeson ov id.
 My happy hart vas all svelled ub
 Venefer I bring dot soujject ub ;
 Now I vill poot in seemble rime
 Der lengwich ov dem pells ov mine.

“ Een deeds ov love, excel! excel!”
 Shimed oud from ived dowers a pell ;
 “ Dese schoorch vas pilt ubon de send—
 Ve ken’t dell youst how long ’twill stend.
 You act so gweer, you act so gweer,
 Vy dond you comb und worship here ?
 Ve dake your mooney und dreat you vell!”
 Ringed out der Episcopahoolian bell.

“ Oh svell! ye poorivying vaters svell!”
 Een mellow dones ringed oud a bell ;
 “ Ve pilt a schoorch und got in debt,
 Und now ve’re een an orvul fret ;
 Comb join, so gwick as aifer you gan,
 Yourself or ainy oder man ;
 No metter vat his peezness is,
 Your mooney is youst so good as his.
 Oh svell! ye rising vaters svell!”
 Dot vas der glear-doned Baptisteakettle pell.

“Varevell! varevell! pase vorld varevell!”

In sblainded dones ringed oud a pell ;
 “Vot een der dooce you vas about,
 Comb haf your hart turned eenside oud ;
 Dees is der sdrait und narrow vay,
 Oh vy ish der reeson you vent asdray ?
 Oh, my great gootness grashus sakes,
 You beoples makes some bad misdakes ;
 Dot vas no sell! Dot vas no sell!”
 Ringed oud der Brassbedearring pell.

“Dees vay, dees vay! dees schoorch vas vree!

Valk in und dook a sead mid me ;
 Der plack, der vhide, der boor, der rich—
 Oh, yaas, dot makes no deafference vich ;
 Comb altogedder, und go upon high
 Like der gamel valks dru der needle’s eye,
 Vor Gabriel’s drumpet vill blow ub der dead,
 Und you’ll go to der devul—dot’s youst vot
 I said.

Oh dime vill dell! yaas, dime vill dell!”
 Dot vas der Unitarrying pell.

“Hooraa! hooraa! dish ish der house!

Der tex ve screach vas nix-coom-rouse ;
 Coomb here, coomb here, you should not vait,
 Ve like to haf you coomb fooshdrate ;
 Vile odder schoorches gwarrel und vite,
 Ve serf der Lord mit all our mite ;

Deir always keeking ub a muss,
But you nefer find such dings mit us ;
Ead bretzels und drink lager peer,
Dot ish der vay ve vorship heer.
Dot vas der troot, I dell! I dell!"
Ringed oud der goot old Dutchman's pell.

"Our schoorch vas pilt vor all greation,
Durn to der Lord und seek salwation ;
Hoory ub before ve shud der gade—
Don'd be so aiferlasding lade,
Vor you may soon be taken down—
Dey've got der schmall-pox here in town ;
Dot mekes no deaffERENCE vare you vrom,
Got waccinated before you comb ;
Salwation's vree, ve yell! ve yell!"
Dot vas der Methodistic pell.



A Doketor's Drubbles.

YOUST to bin a doketor vonce,
 Vat koored all kints ov gases,
 Und in my bragtis I have met
 A goot mainy *deafferent* fases.

Vor dwendy milse round vere I leved,
 De beeples vas gwite seekly ;—
 'Boud vonce a veek I galled aroud,
 Und zo I vound um *veekly*.

Soam vas sick mit vone decease,—
 Und soam dey had anodder,
 Und soam you vooden't doght vould leeve
 Vrom one ent do de odder.

Bud pooty soon I vound dot oud
 My bocket book vas dhry,
 Und also my oxpensays
 Vas running oval high.

So I vent out gollecting,
 Bud aifery vere I vent,
 My batients vas oxhorseted,—
 Dey vas not wort a cendt.

Und I vent und seed vone men,
 He vas briefing his lasht ;
 I doght de gwicker I got dot,
 De sooner it vas kashed.

So I showed de men hees node,
Und I dold heem do pay ;
Hees dime vas shoost up,
Dot vas hees lasht tay.

Hees hand vas in each bocked,
Und dot's vy I doght so sdrange,
He died—und hees lasht vords vas :
“ I don'd veel ainy shange.”

Und vone sed to me : “ Dokeror,
Howefer can I bay ?
You know dot I'm not aple—
I'm *vailing* aifery tay.”

Und anoder vellar dold me,
“ Shoost valk you ride away ;
You got dot oll vat's due you
Ven gomes de shoodgement-tay.”

I eshked vone men for hees sheck,
Id vas youst pefore hees death ;
But I vound he hadn't no dime,
He vas drawing hees lasht breadth.

Und I vound *dish wash* de drubble—
Een my kase ainy vay—
De beeples vot I doketored
Hedden't *cents* enoff to bay.

You'f hurt dot goot old sayink,
 Verein dot goot pook says—
 I dinks id combs oud deeswise—
 “Soam rools ken vork bote vays.”

Und so it ees mit de doketor
 Ov he eshkt a man to bay,
 Und he tails him “I ken't do id,”
 Hees shoor to die dot day.

I vent beck to my offus,
 Veeling dired dru und dru ;
 Und togedder mit dese drubble
 I vash med und shleeby doo.

I lade down on de sofy,
 Und dired to haive a shnooze ;
 Bud een a doketor's offus
 Dot didn't vas no youse.

I hurt soam kolling “Doketor!”
 Und I run ub do my shbout,
 Und dese vords vent his ears down :
 “*Vat's der metter mit your mout ?*”

Und den dot vellar holleret,—
 Hees voice vas shdrong und glear,
 Und dese vords vent de shbout oop,
 “Dooce Dr. Scholtz leve hier ?”

Und gwickly beck my an-swear
Dot shbout vas goin' droo :
"Dr. Scholtz, dot vas my name, sir,
Vot vood you hev me doo?"

"Now let me eshk you, doketor ;
You shoore I'fe got dot righd ?
Ish your name *Dr. Friederick Scholtz* ?"
He yelt mit oll hees mighd.

I doght dot men vas crazy—
Oar meppy he vas dight.
I sed, "Yaas—'tvas *Dr. Friederick Scholtz*,
Vot you vant dees dime ov nighd ?"

Und I vas zo oxtonished
'Boudt de naixt dings vat I hear,
Ven dot vellar dold me, "Doketor,
How long hev you leefed hier?"

Und den I vas oxcited,
I felt youst like a row ;
I sed, "I'fe leefed hier dwendy years—
Vot you vant ainyhow ?"

Dot men he vas a villane,
Und dot's youst vot I kin broofe ;
He singed oud to me lowdly,
"Vot's der reason you don'd moofe ?"

I run down dru der shdairvay,
Und oud into der shdreed,
Bud I only hurt der bavemends
Klattering fashd agenshd hees feed.

I reely dink sooch ekshuns
Shoot not be oferlooked ;
Of I kood kaitch dot vellar,
Py cosh, hees coose vas kooked!

Now I vood say do der doketors,
Youst pefore id vas doo late,
Don'd naifer lose your batients,
Und you'll suckseed fooshtrate.

No metter vot's der reason,
You naifer shood get wexed ;
You may lose your bay in dees vorldt,
Bud you'll get id in der next.



Der Baron's Last Banquet.

ONE zummer's nighdt, 'boudt dwelf
 o'glock,
 Der down glock youst vas sdruckit,
 Ven under a parn an oldt Tom kat
 Vas goin' to keeck der pucket.
 He'd ketched den dousand rats und mice,
 Een bantries on der shelf,
 Bud now at lasht hees durn vas combed,
 Und dot kat vas ketched himself.

“ Dey vhine aroundt me all der vwhile,
 Und vhisper een mine ear ;
 Do-nightd vas your lasht tay, oldt poy—
 Krim death vill soon bin here !
 Dey comb, und to my wery vace,
 Dey dell me now dot I,
 Der oldttest Tom kat on der blace,
 Dot I, (yu-i-i—pflh —pflh) must die.

“ Und vot is death ? Led me see heem vonce !
 Und vot ish dis all abowut ?
 Ov he vants to hafe a fite mit me,
 He'd petter look a leedle owut !
 I vas a tuff oldt coostomer,
 Und he bedder led me be ;
 Ov he combs, I'll skretch hees eyes e-o-w-u-t—
 Vot's der metter mit me ?

“Ho! zound der seegnul vrom der parn,
 Und zound id lowud und shdrong,
 Dell all der Thomas kats to comb,
 Und pring deir vives along.

Hoorey ub so gwick as aifer you ken,
 Und zee how zoon dey’ll arrife ;
 I’fe got a pooty pig shob on hend”—
 Und he hat, you baed your life.

Dey brought heem een a dousand rats,
 Und mit an awvul gry

Dey lade ’em at his feedt, und sayed :

“Now, ’Tom, how’s dot vor high?”

Dot oldt kat shmiled a solemn shmile,

Und a dear drobbed off hees eye

As he sayed, “Mine vriends, dot mekes
 me dink

Ov goot oldt tays gone by-i-i-i-i!”

Youst den der kats begin do comb,

Dru lane, und vield und vence ;

All running to got a goot vront seadt

Ven der vuneral should gommence.

Dey all rushdt een und gedered roundt

Der blace vhere oldt Tom set,

Und he sayed, “How vas you anyh-e-o-u-w?

I didn’t vas deadt yet!

“Let aifery kat be villed shuck vull,

Pour vorth der sheering whine ;

Don’d shtand back on my aggound,

I’m mit you aifery dime!

Vas you all dere, you Thomas kats,
 Und all der vimmin doo ?
 Den get your beck ub aifery vone,
 Und show vot you ken do!

“Led aifery kat vipe off hees west,
 Und all pull down hees shin,
 Ged youst der righd gurve on your shpine,
 Und den, py shinks! peeche in.
 Vor shoore I don'd ken see foorshdrate ;
 Vas you all reaty now ?
 Go ahedt mit der moosic, aifery vone—
 Led's hafe a foorsh-t-kless re-o-u-w!”

Der row gommenced, kat fout mit kat,
 Und thumped aginst dot vloer,
 Und shkardt der horses een der parn,
 Und made der kattle roar.
 “Ho! 'Tom kats, who's der reason
 Dot you all vas runned away ?
 Ish dot zo, you vas all shkardt owud ?
 Vell, py shinks! *I vill shtay!*”

“I don'd vas afrait—youst led heem comb!”
 Und shoore enough, ka whack,
 Oldt Death combed, und dot poor oldt kat
 Vas busted een der pack.
 Und az he layed dere on der ground,
 Der last vords vot he sayed
 Vas : “M-e-o-u-w! pfh! pfh!!”
 Und dot Thomas kat vas dade.

Barrabie Frietchkie.

DOT vas early von mornin', youst ven
 day dime broke oud,
 Ven dese dings vas happened vot I dold
 you about.

Der Hevenly sbires by Friederick shtandt,
 Green-valled by der heels von Marylandt.

Orchards und vruit drees vas growing all
 roundt,
 Und peach jooce und apple sass cofered der
 groundt.

Dem green vields und bastures looked foorsh-
 drate all ofer,
 Und der sheeps und der kattles vas shuck vull
 mit clofer.

All roundt dot blaces dere vas a pig crop—
 Potatoes und sooch dings vas lookin' teep top.

Der rebels vould like to had some of dot
 ration—
 For shoore dey vas youst aboutt dead mit
 shtarvation.

Dey vas hoorying along youst so fast as dey
 coot,
 All valking on hoss pack und riding on foot.

Ofer der heels und vinding down,
Dey youst vas comin' by Friederick town.

Der sdripes und scars, so noble und grandt,
Vas floppin' der preezes on aifery handt.

Ven ub der sdreet combs der rebel treadt,
Mit Shdonevall Yackson coming righd
aheadt.

Und so gwick ven he looked von dot oldt
slouch hat,
He rised up hees handt und he looked youst
like dat.

Oldt Barrabie Frietchkie vas lookin' a vindow
dru,
Und she sayed, "Shdonevall Yackson! look
a leetle oudt vot you do!"

"Halt!" he sayed—und dem ranks stooch
fast.

"Fire!" Oudt plazed der rifles' plast ;

It busted der vindow-panes und sashes,
Und rented dot flag mit seams und gashes.

Und ven dey saw all ov dot vindow glass spilt,
Aifery vone doght shoore dot oldt vomans vas
kilt.

But no! Ven dot flag proke down vrom dot
shtick,
Oldt Barrabie shnatched it oop righd avay
gwick!

She sdretched eenside oud ov dot vindow-sill,
Und vaved dot flag, py shinks, to kill!

“Shoot! ov you moost, dot oldt bald hade,
Bud don’d tooch dot flag,” der oldt voman
said.

A veeling ov sadness und blushes ov shame
On der faces ov dot leader vas ofercame.

He looked in dot vindow und sayed, “Py
Scott!

I nefer vas seen sooch a voman like dot!

“Who touches a hade, von dot bald hair,
*Kill him dade on der shpot! Now shoot ov you
dare!*”

All day long, by der drum’s dead beat,
Dey vas marching dot nickel-shtone bavement
shdreet.

Und ofer der hades ov dem rebels der whole
day dru,
Vaved der flag ov der ret, und der vite, plack
und plue.

Shdonevall Yackson has fought hees last fight;
Poorhaps he vas vrong, und poorhaps he vas
right.

Dot makes nottings deafferent, votefer you say,
I baed you he vas all right on der shoodge-
ment tay.

Barrabie's gone to dot same blace mit Shdone-
vall Yack,
Vrom veech no leefing person aifer vound der
vay pack.

Und dot shplaindid oldt voman now shleeps
dot last shleep
In veech all der shleeping aiferlastingly
shleep.

But she vill vake oop in der shveet by-und-by,
Und be token right avay oop to der mansions
on high.

Und, my vriends, ov you're safed in dot lasht
great tay—
Ov course dot's very doubtful, but I hope you
all may—

Ov you do reach dot land ov der good und
der dru,
You'll see Barrabie Frietchkie und Shdonevall
tool



Vor all Dot.

NSH dot zo, ven a men vas boor,
 Und vears a ragged coat aroundt,
 Ve don'd speak to heem eny more ;
 Youst vor der reason on dot aggoundt ?
 Vor all dot, und all dot ;
 Ov he vas boor, und all dot,
 Under dot regged coadt und het
 Dere vas a men vor all dot.

Vot ov a man leeves een a hovel,
 Und vears oldt glothes, und all dot,
 Und vorks hardt mit a bick und shofel,
 Dot men vas a men vor all dot ;
 Vor all dot, und all dot—
 Hees boferty und all dot,
 Dot vellar can bick ub mit hees shofel
 Und be a men vor all dot.

A men may vear der pest of glothes,
 Und hafe hees shdamps, und all dot ;
 But dot ish notting—aifery vone knows
 A good meny vas shkamps vor all dot ;
 Vor all dot, und all dot ;
 Deir shdovepipe hats, und all dot ;
 Ov hees vorth a hunnert tousand pounds
 Dot don'd make heem a men vor all dot.

Der reech may leef in brown-shtone fronts,
 Und hafe deir chaises at der door,
 Und den expose deir ignorance
 By making vaces at der boor ;
 But der boor men, vor all dot,
 Ov he's onest, kindt, und all dot,
 Should bass 'em by mitout a sigh,
 Vor he's reecher still vor all dot.

Dru all dees life dere'll be a strife
 To keeb ahedt, und all dot ;
 Bud to aifery vone, een der vorld to comb,
 Dere'll be a shange, I dell you vot!
 Vor all dees, und all dot,
 Our drubbles here, und all dot ;
 Vot ve've endured vill den be cured,
 Und ve'll be vree vrom all dot.

Ve hope der day's not var away
 Ven dot vill bin our heppy lot
 To dreat each men der besht ve ken,
 Dot vill bin petter, aind't it? Vot?
 Ov coorse id vill, und petter shtill,
 I'll dell you der reason vy : Because,
 Dees ish der vay ve'll greed, each men ve
 meed :
 "Wie geht's, mine brudder—how you
 vas?"

Oxcelsior.

DER darkness ov der efening shades
 Vas youst so bleck as der ace ov sbades,
 Ven dru der willage shdreet dere based
 A yoong men valking pooty fasht,
 Und youst vone look behindt he casht—
 Oexpressively.

Pooty gwick he shdarted on a drot,
 Und some vone sed : “ I dell you vot,
 I baed you some vone’s awvul sick,
 Und told heem to got a doketor gwick—
 Vor he eckts youst like a loonytick,”—
 Oxactly.

Bud dot yoong men he didn’t shtop,
 He vas running ub dot heel teep-top,
 Ven some oldt men he hollered oudt,
 “ Say, yoong men, vot you vas aboutt ? ”
 Dot yoong men sed, “ Shet ub your mout ”—
 Oxasperatingly.

He vas drubbled a leedle mit dizziness,
 Bud he kept righd on ’boudt hees piziness ;
 He bulled oudt hees bottle to take a nip—
 Youst enuff zo hees feedt vouldn’t shlip—
 Bud he drembled zo mooch he led it rip—
 Oxcruciatingly.

Ov coorse dot ding vas ub heel vork,
 Bud dot yoong men he didn't shirk ;
 Und ven a gal cried oudt, " You dunce,
 Comb beck und led me kees you vonce!"
 He sed, " Dots ov no consequence—
 Oxcuse me!"

An oldt voman hollered, " You krazy
 loon,
 Comb down vrom dot heel, gwick! righd
 avay soon!"
 Ov you don'd, Py Krashus! I'll dell your
 mudder!"
 Bud dot boy naifer shtopped—somehow or
 nudder—
 He youst so lief go on, und a good deal
 rudder—
 Oxpectantly.

" Dry not to bass—soam helup.you'll need ;
 Led me took your handt und I vill lead!"
 A voice cried oudt een solemn done ;
 Bud dot boy sed, " Vot's der use yer blow'n'!
 I'm goin' to dry id all alone—
 Oxclusively!"

Hees fadder vould drashed heem ov he'd
 got a shance,
 Und zo vould hees sisders und hees cuzzings
 und—all handts ;

Bud dot poy vas veeling pooty soar,
 Vor he vas oop dere dwo, dree milse, or
 more,
 Vere he'd hardly aifer binafore—
 Oextraordinarily.

Und naixt morning, ven der sun vas oudt,
 Der beople, aifery vone, vas dalking oudt
 loudt
 'Boudt dot poy vot runned zo fasht as he
 ken
 Der efening before, aboudt half-pasht den,
 Und dey eshked: "Vot vas der metter mit
 dot yoong men?"—
 Oxhortingly.

Bud ven dey vinked mit vone eye, und took
 a beek
 On der highdt ov dot teep-top moundain
 beak,
 Dey saw sooch a sighd vot made em shook
 Mit vrightt; und dey sed, ven dey gif dot
 look:
 "My Grashus! vot shances dot vellar took—
 Oxtremely!"

Ub dere on dot moundain, vot you dink?
 Holy Schmoker!
 Dere vas dot yoong men vroze shtiff as a
 poker;

Und dere he vas shtanding, aldough he vas
 dade,
 Und vrom hees right hand, vaving ofer hees
 hade,
 Vas a panner, on veech vas dees vord vot it
 said—

“Oxcelsior!”

Dere vas a moral, mine vriends, in dot
 yoong men’s motto,
 Vich ve shouldt adobt—to be surtinly ve
 oughdt to :
 Do youst as you please, bud ven you comb
 to exbire,
 Und bray on your knees to be safed vrom
 der vire,
 ’Dwill be a pooty dight skweeze—ov it ain’d
 I’m—misdaken—

Oxceedingly.

Ve moost all bass avay, und’s no use to be
 shkared ;
 Bud on dot lasht tay led us all be brepared ;
 Ov ve aind’t, ven dot lasht drump shall
 zound o’er der earth,
 How een der dooce vould dot look to see us
 comb vorth,
 Each vone ov us yelling vor all he is vorth :

“Oxcelsior?”

Der Soofering Gresshobbers.

Composed vor und readt at a recebtion gifen to Sheneral Krouse,
at a Ladies' Aidt Sewsiety, vor der brevention ov gruelty to der
gresshobbing sooferers.

DER soomer vas pest,
Und der harfest vas ainded,
Und der krops in der Vest
Vas all of 'em shplaindid.

Dose varmers vas hebby,
Und der veemens vas gled,
As dey dinked ov der parnvulls
Ov krain vot dey had.

Und dey pringed out der valnuds,
Und obened der seck,
Und dey vould sed dere und ead
Vile der vire vould kreck.

Whosoefer vould dought
Een a fery vew tays
Dem varmers vould loose
All der dings vot dey raise?

Bud der gresshobbers hed
A sourbrise barty dere,
Und dey combed vrom der koondry
Around aifery vere.

Bud dot sourbrise barty,
Dot vas a dade peat,
Becose dey don'd pring mit dem
Ennydings to eat.

Dey dought dey vood eadt
Vot der napers broad een ;
Bud, bedween you und I,
Now dot vas too tin.

' Boudt dwoo, dree months beck,
Brabs dot vas vive,
I could dold youst oxactly
By eshking my vife.

An oldt andt ov mine
Vat leefes oudt een in Nepraskiew,
She wrode me a ledder,
Und says I vould eshk you :

"Remaimper your andt, Fritz :
Be so kindt, ov you blease,
To send me somedings to eadt,
Ov you don'd I vould vreeze.

"I've hed nottings to eadt
Seence vay beck in Shoon ;
Ov you don'd send me glothing
I vill *dye* pooty soon.

“Ov you don’d b’leve dot or not—
 Der lesht line vot I wrode—
 ’Boudt dwendy pig gresshobbers
 Vent down mine droad!

“You eshk vot’s der reason
 Oudt here mit der vokes?
 Oh! Fritz, vot I dold you
 Dot don’d vas a hokes.

“Gresshobbers, Gresshobbers,
 Oh! vot a kroudt ;
 Und ven dey vlied down
 Dot vas youst like a kloudt.

“Der foorsht tay dey combed,
 Dot vas een der nighd—
 Bud nopody nose dot,
 So dot vas all righd.

“Bud der fery nexdt tay
 Der Haifens vas kreen,
 Und sooch heartrending sites
 You naifer vas seen.”

I wrode righd beck
 Und sed to my andt,
 “I vouldn’t helb you
 Ov I kood—bud I can’t.”

Vor dese reason dey sendt
Sheneral Krouse here :
Bud he sbendt der mosht
Ov hees *dimes* trinkin' peer.

Der Sewsiety abbointed
A gommiddee ov dwo
To receive Sheneral Krouse,
Und vait on heem, doo.

So Doctor Murray und me—
Youst on dot aggroundt—
Vas poot on der gommiddee
To 'schkort der Sheneral 'roundt.

Dey vouldn't bay a lifery pill,
(Dot vould bin youst a drifle),
So ve dhree hed to "*foodt it*,"—
Dot vas mean as der tuyfel.

Ve dreated heem vell
Verefer he vendt ;
Ve valked oop der reefer,
Und called to see Zendt.

Der reefer dot vent down
So nice und so plue,
Und soam ov Zendt's lager
Vent down so nice, doo.

Und ven ve lefdt Zendt's
I vas veeling foorshdrate ;
(Doketor Krouse und Sheneral Murray
Dey couldn't valk shtrate.)

Der Sheneral vas dooked
Mit a bain in hees side ;
Und he sed : " Oh, ov some mans
Vould gif us a ride! "

Und aifery dings vent
Mit his headt speening roundt,
Und he can't dell veech endt ov me
Stands on der groundt.

Der Doketor laid down,
Und dere he remained ;
Und I dold heem, " Now, Doketor,
Don'd you vas ashamed ? "

Und all vot he sed vas
He obened hees mout,
Und a keg ov Zendt's peer
Dot vent "*oop der shbout!*"

Und der Sheneral sed, " Murray,
You vas a poor dool,
Laying dere een der road
So dight like a vool! "

Und der Doketor sed, "Sheneral,
Dot may be all right ;
Bud dot vasn't *my* trinkin'
Vot made *you* so dight."

Und ub combs a boliceman
To find somedings oudt ;
Und he dold me, " You dree
Vas a seek lookin' kroudt."

Und ven I heard dot,
Dot raised ub mine sponk ;
I sed, " Vot kindt of pizness
You vas to dot drunk ?

"Sooch chin moosick like dot
Vas an insult to me ;
Dere lays Sheneral Krouse—
He vas bossing dot sbree!"

Bud I moost shtop right here,
Und say not a vord more,
Vor I oxbects aifery minit
Mine vrow droo der door.

On dot foorshyt cry vor helup
I vas eshked my adwice ;
Und I sed der whole dings
Vas a pig pack o' flies.

Bud I vas shoorely misdaken—
Dey've got der gresshobbers bad,
Und poorhaps by dees dime
Soam haf gone "hopping" mad.

Und to go to der Vest
Dot vas now my indent,
Und aggom-penny dem goots
Vot der Sewsiety half-cent.

Eef I dought I got shkalbed
By soam s(u)nuff-a-gun,
I shall foot myself beck
By an ofer land *run*.

Now ov a pig Inshun
Should get on my treck,
I can't say vor shoore
Ov I aifer comb beck.

Und ven I should send you
A punch ov my hair,
Don'd gif my vrow ainy—
She has pulled outd her share.

Bud sh'pose I get shkalped,
Don'd der Pible declare
Dere von't be ainy more
Parting oop dere.

Dot Oldt Setting Hen.

IVE hed lots ov drubbles und drials een
 life,
 Ov you don'd believe it, ask Katrina, my
 wife.

Ve vorked on a farm in eighteen sixty-two,
 Und I tell you ve vorked like sixty, too.

Bud ve didn't vas makin' money pooty fasht,
 So ve dought der ding ofer, und vinally, at
 lasht,
 Ve made ub our minds to raise boultry und
 shickens ;
 Bud dem boultry vas all der times raising der
 dickens.

I remainper an oldt hen vot wanted to set—
 She vas der vorst oldt hen shickens I aifer
 vas met—
 'Tvas vone day in der soomer, und Katrina
 says, "Fritz,
 Poot soam aigs in der nesht vere dot oldt hen
 sits."

"Vell," I says, "ov she'll only behafe und set
 shtill,
 I dink poorhaps—mebbe—I guess I vill."

So I poot me some aigs een my oldt shtraw
 hat,
 Und I vent to der parn to see vat she vas at.

Ub dere een der mow I see someding beekin'
 oudt,
 Und dere vas der oldt hen mit her head
 shtee kin' oudt.
 I says, "Look here, oldt gal, you goin' to leef
 dese aigs rotting,
 Vile you vas ub dere sitting shtill, doin'
 notting?"

"Vell," I said, "I guess not; now you can
 youst bet on it:
 I brought dees hat vull ov aigs, und you've
 got to set on it.
 I vant you to hatch dem oudt oop dere een
 dot nesht,
 Und don'd you scratch dem oudt ov you know
 vot is besht!"

Vell, I vas een a hoory, und hadn't mooch
 time to sbend,
 So I got an oldt barrel, und shtood me ub on
 its end;
 Und youst aboutt der time ven I raised ub my
 head,
 Dot oldt hen bicked me vonce, und I dought I
 vas dead.

She vas goin' to take her bick ov der aigs, I
subpose,
Bud she made a meesdake und bicked outd
my nose.
I says: "You oldt vool, I don'd vant my vace
scratched ;
Keeb your nose outd ov my beezness, or you
vill be snatched."

Und before dot oldt hen knowed vot I vas
aboutd,
She flew at me, und I dought shoore my eyes
vas scratched outd ;
I dodged so der oldt hen wouldn't know vere I
am,
Und dot barrel head busted und I vent in
ker-shlam.

Vell, I vas shtuck—dot's der kind ov a feex I
vas een,
Mit my coat und west bushed vay ub under
my cheen,
Und I vas cofered all ofer mit dirt, blood und
'aigs—
I could veel der blamed shtuff running all
down my l-limbs.

I tried to skweeze outd, bud it didn't do
no good :
Den I hollered "Katrina!" so loud as I could.

She comb right away oudt, but she act like a
goose,
Und layed dere on der hay und laffed like der
dooce.

I said, "Say, Katrina, vot you vas aboutt,
Comb righd away here und turn dees barrel
eenside oudt.

You vas got me so mad, don'd you hear me,
now—say—

Vot you lay dere und laff, like a oldt vool, eh?"

She vinked at me und sayed, "Oh, give us a
rest!

You better vipe off your cheen oop, und pull
down your vest :

I guess I've got a right to lay here und laff ;
You're altogedder too *fast*, you great big calf.

"I vas villings to comb und pull yourself
oudt ;

Bud I von't moof a shtep till you shut oop
your mout."

Und she told me, "Now, Fritz, ov you bick
oop a gwarrel,

I'll shoomp right away oop und poot a head
on dot barrel."

Vell, vot could I do ven she talk me dot
vay ?

Ov coorse I vas shtuck, und didn't know vot
to say ;

Und youst on aggount ov der vay she vas
behavin',
I vas got myself mad—oh, my Gosh! I vas
shtavin'!

Dere I vas een dot barrel, vay oop to my
cheen—
Oh! dot's no use talkin', I vas badly tooken
een ;
Und ven she looked at my vace, und saw my
nose pooty red,
She knowed right avay dot I meant vot I said.

So she says, "I von't let you shtick to it all
day."
"Vell," I says, "Now dot's beezness, pull me
oudt right avay."
So she layed us both down right on der parn
vloor,
Und she pulled on der barrel vile I hung to
der door.

Bud der virst pull she made, den I gommenced
to yell :
"Py golly! shtop Katrina, dere's nails in dot
barrel !"
Ven I vent een der nails vent down, youst on
dot aggount—
Bud ven I shtarted oudt dey shtuck een me
all der vay 'roundt.

“Vell,” I says, “Katrina, der best thing to do
 Vas to get nabor Hansman—und bring a saw,
 too.”

Und I says, “Hoory oop ; don’d be so shlack,
 Or I’ll be a dead Dootchman before you comb
 back.

So ven he combed ofer, he eshked vot t’vas
 aboutt.

I says, “I’m een a dight blace, und vant you
 to helb me oudt.”

Und ven he seen how I vas he begun to
 “Haw! haw!”

Und he sed, “Sooch a barreelfool I naifer vas
 saw.”

Bud he rolled me ofer, along on der groundt,
 Und he sawed me dot barrel off all der vay
 ’roundt ;

Den I velt a goot deal petter, und I sed to my
 wife,

“Dot’s der virst time I vas aifer *cut out* een my
 life.”

Und ven I got oop, sooch a yell dot dey raised :
 Dere vas dot half-barrel shtickin’ vast ’roundt
 my vaist.

Und Katrina says, “Fred, shtand shtill—don’d
 moof on—

I vant a pattern ov dot new hoopskirt you’ve
 got on.”

I pulled oudt my shackknife, und dey laffed
like der dooce,
Vile I vittled der hoops off und broke myself
loose ;
Und vot you dink, ven I combed een der
house ?
I vound dot my coadt tail vas nix-coom-a-rouse .

So I sed to Katrina : "I've made oop my
mindt
Dot somedings vas vrong—youst look vonce
behindt ;"
Und comb to vind oudt, dot big Dootch
mule,
He sawed off my coadt tail, der blamed oldt
vool!

Vell, to make it shtill vorse, der fery naixt tay
Katrina comb to me und says to me, "Say,
I've been dinkin' a goot deal 'boudt dot oldt
hen, Fredt—
Poorhaps by dees dime she is villings to set."

I says, "I don'd care ov she's villings or not—
She can go to—Halifax—you unnershtand
dot ?"
"Vell," Katrina says, "Fredt, you talk pooty
ruff."
I says, "Don'd shpeak a vord ; I've bin hen-
pecked enuff."

Vell, to make a short shtory long, I always
look oudt,
Und be shoore all der time I know vot I'm
aboutd ;
Und ven I shtand on a barrel to reach oop on
der shelves,
I naifer shtand on it—I use someding else.

You take dese oldt hens mit dere “Kluck,
kluck, kluck!”
Und I tell you, my vriends, dey've got lots ov
pluck.
I let dem hafe dere own vay, seence I got
jammed oop,
Und now ven dey von't set, vy, I let dem
shtand oop.



Der Bummer.

WHO is dot sets in dot saloon,
 Und vills oop vull dot oldt spittoon
 Vrom all day long till naixt day noon?
 Der bummer.

Who goes een und calls vor viskey sdrait,
 Den drinks too much to navigate,
 Und says "Youst mark dot on der shlate?"
 Der bummer.

Who always sets in dot same seat,
 Und waits vor somevone else to treat—
 Hees nose looks like some oldt dead peat?
 Der bummer.

Who gets hees drinks und naifer pays,
 Und steals some times to make a raise,
 Den lays een shail vor seesty days?
 Der bummer.

Who is dot men mit a big red nose,
 Und hees pants all comin' dru hees clothes,
 Und hees boots all shtickin' dru hees toes?
 Der bummer.

Who is dot vellar you often vind,
 Says he can shtop ven he's a mind,
 Und den you see him (hic) shtavin' blind?
 Der bummer.

Who gets kicked outside aifery nighdt ;
 Und ven he bicks himself uprighdt,
 Hees legs don'd valk oxactly righdt ?
 Der bummer.

Whose breath shmells ven he talks mit you,
 Und you say, " Shtand back a leedle, do! "
 Dot's vorse as Limburg cheese—phew! phew ?
 Der bummer.

Who goes home late, unlocks der door,
 Und valks so shtill across der vloor,
 Und laffs ven he hears der oldt voman shnore ?
 Der bummer.

Who has some orful bad headaches ;
 Und een der nighdt-time ven he vakes,
 He sees his boots all vull mit shnakes ?
 Der bummer.

Who drinks vrom oudt dot pizen bowl,
 Und loses all hees self-control,
 Und den at lasht vill lose hees soul ?
 Der bummer.

Who's der vorst man you aifer met ;
 Und ven he dies vill hafe to shweat,
 Vor he'll hafe a red hot time, *you bet ?*
 Der bummer.

Baitsy and I are Oudt.

DRAW oop dem bapers, lawyer, und make
 'em shtrong und lawvul,
 My house vas getting oopside oudt, und
 Baitsy she vas awvul.

Dot's no use talkin', ve can't agree—sooch
 aickshuns I naifer saw ;
 To tell you der troot, between you und me, she
 vas vorse as a mudder-in-law.

Ven I virst got married mit Baitsy, her head
 vas pooty lefel ;
 Bud now you youst ought to see her vonce—
 she's shuck vull ov der defel.
 I've talked mit her togedder, vor two veeks
 aifery tay,
 Und der furder ve vas togedder der nearer ve
 vas avay.

Dot all gommenced aboutt der Pible ; I youst
 took it down vrom der shelf—
 Dot's a ding I naifer look into mooch—you
 know how dot vas yourself ;
 Und I vas a reading 'boutt Daniel, how he
 shoumped in der lions' den,
 Und youst a leedle farder along, I vas reading
 dem lines den,

Vere it says : "Und Daniel got hees back oop—
 rightd oop against der vall ;
 Bud der lions don'd vas shkared—dey didn't
 done notting at all ;"
 Und ven I read dot shapter dru, ve both vas a
 goot deal puzzled,
 Und I says, "Baitsy, now I see how t'vas, dem
 lions must bin muzzled."

She dold me I vas lyin', dot vas not vot it
 vas meant.
 I said she vas anudder, und dot's youst der vay
 it vent ;
 Und den she vas got awvul mad, und dold me
 to my vace,
 "I vish, py Shinks! dot Dan vas oudt, und
 you vas een hees blace."

"Vell," I says, "I'm villings to shange mit
 Daniel, let heem comb und leef mit you,
 Und I'll go und shoomp een der lions' den, und
 enshoy myself better'n I do!"
 Bud vot een der dooce vould Daniel dink ov I
 ashk heem to shange mit me ?
 He vould say, "Oh, no! I know Baitsy too
 vell—I vould rudder shtay vere I be!"

She shoumped rightd gwick vor der broom-
 shtick, und vas goin' to gife me a douse ;
 Bud ven she turned 'roundt to shtruck me,
 she vas all alone in der house ;

Dot's der reason I comb to talk to you aboutt
der varm und homeshtead ;
Dere moosht no vone trust Baitsy on my
aggount, she left my board und bedshtead.

Vone day she vanted soam vater, und dold
me to go oudt und pump it.
I dold her I vouldn't do it, und ov she didn't
like it she could lump it!
She shoked me oop against der vall, und shut
my vind pipe off ;
I tell you I seen shtars dot time, und I dought
my head vas off.

Py krashus! she's liable to kill me mit vatefer
she gets her hands on,
Und I get mixed oop so I can't tell vich endt
my head shtands on.
She shtruck me vonce mit a cord-vood
shtick, righdt on der shpine ov my back ;
I lefd der home, und vrom dot day till dees—
vor dree veeks—I didn't comb back.

I tell you, Meesder Lawyer, it beats all vot
I've endoored,
Besides der money I've baid oudt to keeb my
life enshoored.
Der more I dink ov dese dings, der less I vant
to, sir,
Und der more I dink ov Baitsy, der less I dink
ov her.

Der foorsht time I aifer met her, I vas shtruck
 mit her vinning vay ;
 Bud now a shange vas tooken blace—I get
 shtruck in a deafferent vay.
 Dot time ven ve got married, she vas a lass een
 shkool,
 Und I vas youst aboutt der same—alas! I vas
 a vool.

She always used to shmile so nice venefer I
 shanced to meet her,
 I didn't dought she vould become sooch an
 orvul oogly creetur ;
 Bud shoore I vas meesdaken, und I got beat
 like der dooce—
 Ov you could only hear her, you'd dink her
 jaw vas loose.

Vone day she says, “Shut oop your mout ;
 you're blabbin' all der time!”
 I says, “I vouldn't do it”—dot's der kind ov a
 Dootchman *I* am!
 Und den bevore I knew it, she took me by
 soorbrise,
 Und keecked me outt der house, sir—rightt
 bevore my vace und eyes!

I tell you vot it vas, sir, I velt a góot deal put
 outt,
 To hafe my own belofed vife tell me to shut
 my moudt ;

Und because I dought I wouldn't, to keeck
me oudt der door,
Youst on aggount sooch aickshuns, dot's vy I
veel so sore.

I've yelled und shkolded at her until my droat
vas hoarse ;
Bud dot naifer didn't do no goot—she's gettin'
vorse und vorsе ;
Und I've made oop my mind oudt, dot vas my
only course
To comb here und get your advicе—und also
a diworcе.

I know it's hard to gife dot oop, und leeve
alone ; bud shtill,
Ov she don'd vant to sebarate, I'll get soam
vone dot vill.
I know vell 'nuff dot Baitsy'll say dot I'm a
great big lummix ;
Bud I don'd shvallow all she says—dot von't
shtay on my shtumix.

You talk 'boudt bein' henpecked, und ruled
by voman's tongue,
I tell you vot it is, sir, I'm vorsе off den
Prigham Young.
So wrode oop dot baper, lawyer, und draw it
rightd avay,
Und I'll take it home to Baitsy, und see vot
she vill say.

Und den to-morrow morning I vill sell aifery-
 ding I own,
 Und bid Baitsy und our shild good-bye, und
 go oudt een der vorld alone.
 Und ven I dink ov Baitsy, a dousand milse
 avay,
 I'll baed she'll vant to hafe me comb rightd
 back home und shtay.

Bud I naifer vill comb back again, unless she's
 tooken sick,
 Ov she is you tailegraf me to comb back pooty
 gwick.
 Remainper vot I tell you, und don'd keeb me
 in soosbense ;
 Youst bay der tailegrafer, und sharge to my
 oxbense.

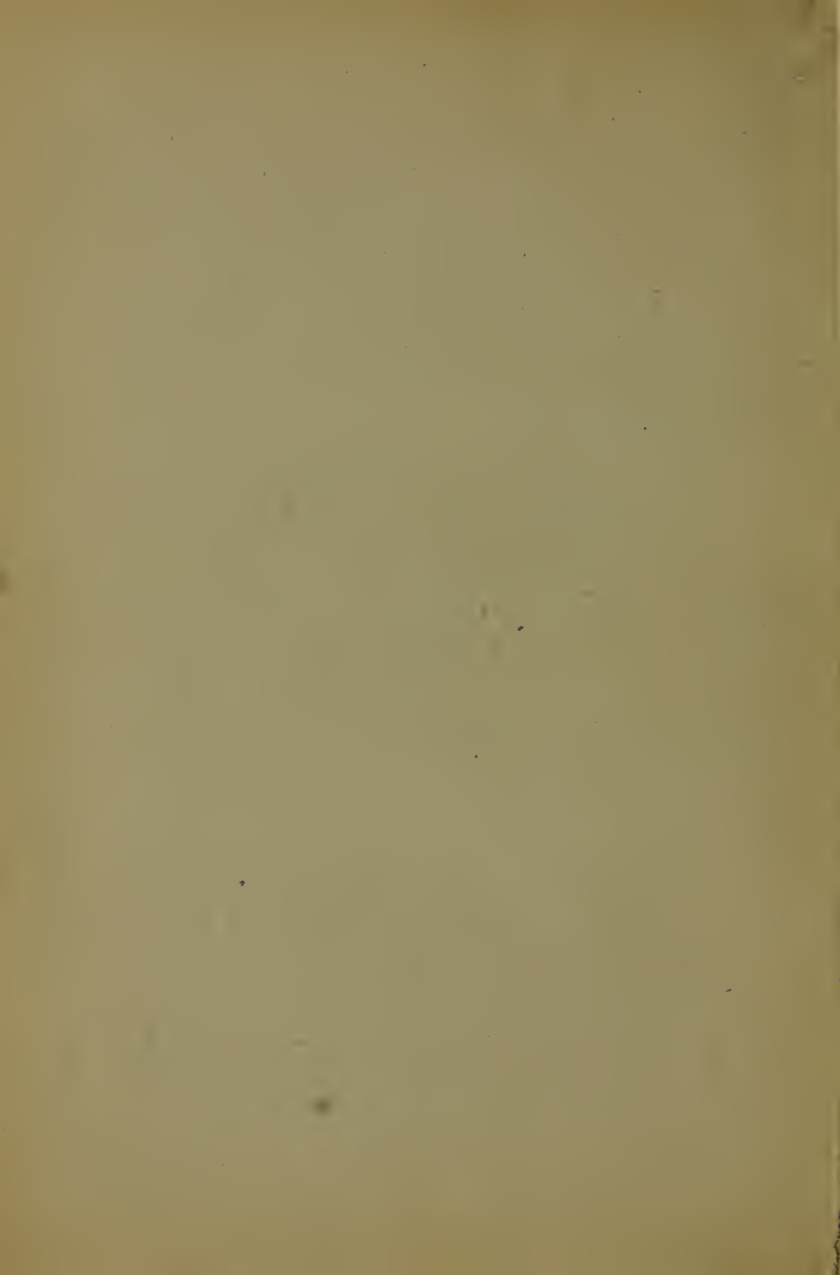
Dot poots me een mind ov someding, dot I
 can't dink ov now ;
 I can't remainper vot I vorget—dot beats all,
 ainyhow!
 Oh! now I've got it—wrode it down, dot ven
 I'm dead und gone,
 Baitsy'll bring me back to her, und bury me
 een der lawn.

Und on my tombstone, let it read, in ledders
 large und blain :
 " Here lies Shon Shtuffenheimer, und hees vife
 she is to blame!"

Und I hope dot een a veek or two, rightd after
I hafe died,
Baitsy und I vill both ov us be laying side by
side.

Und ven Gabreel blows hees drumpet oop,
und all der dead shall rise,
Baitsy und I vill both shoomp oop, und vipe
our veeving eyes ;
Und den ov it looks doubtful, ve'll shtand
rightd dere und vait,
Und ven no vone vas lookin', ve'll shkweeze
dru der Golden Gate.





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