



How Yacob found it oud.

Chicago: Geo. W. Brown (538 State St.), 1872

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/42IHQ7EC4C7FL8A>

<http://rightsstatements.org/vocab/NKC/1.0/>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

TAKE A TRIAL TRIP! FOUR BACK NUMBERS FOR SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS

TO BILLY EMERSON.

How Yacob found it ou'd

the latest DUTCH DIALECT sensation.

WORDS BY

THOS WESTENDORF,

MUSIC BY

GEO. W. PERSLEY.

CHICAGO.

Published by GEO. W. BROWN, 538 State St.

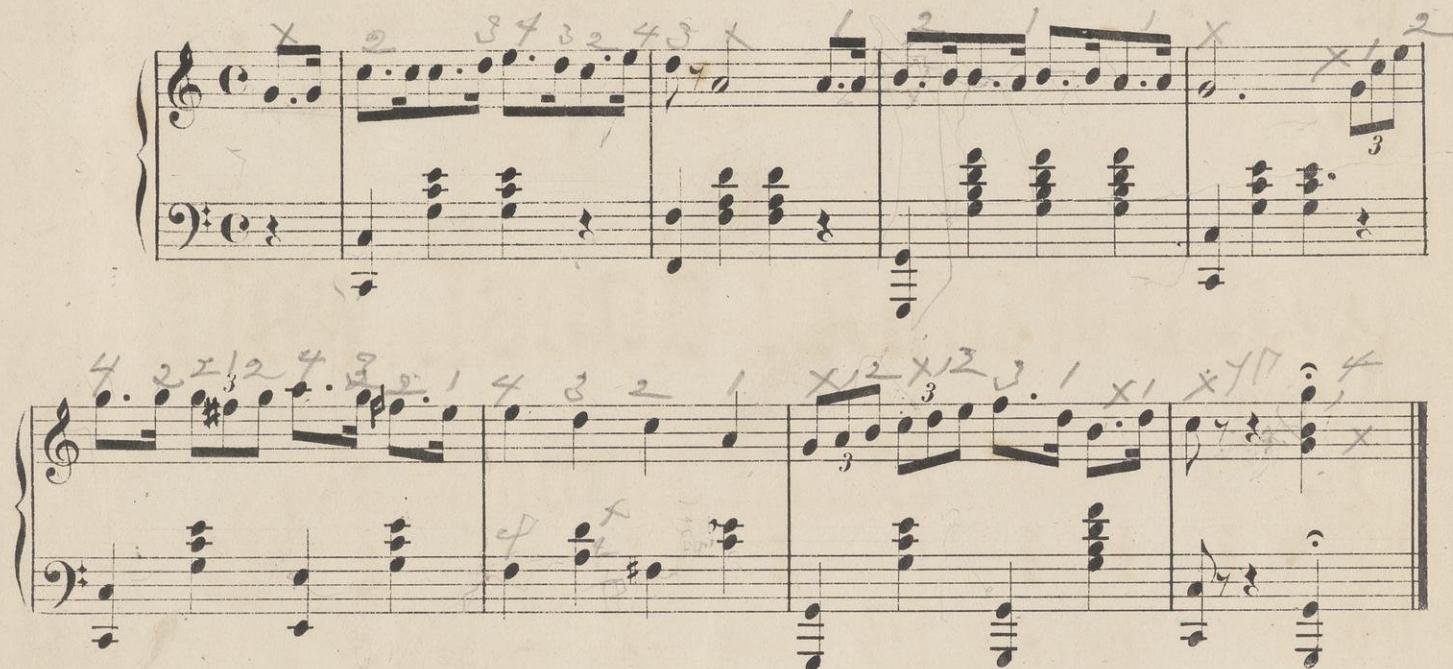
Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1872 by Geo. W. Brown in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

HOW YACOB FOUND IT OUD.

Written by THOS. WESTENDORF.

Composed by GEO.W. PERSLEY.

Key A -



I am shust coming o-fer to dot country, Unt duos bedder ouf I dold you right a-
One morning we was lant ouf Castle Garten, In dot cid-y vat day dold me vas Ny-

way, Dot I dinks it vas a hum-pug unt a schwindle, Dot
York, Unt I see me den a hel-dy look-ing vel-low, Unt he

4

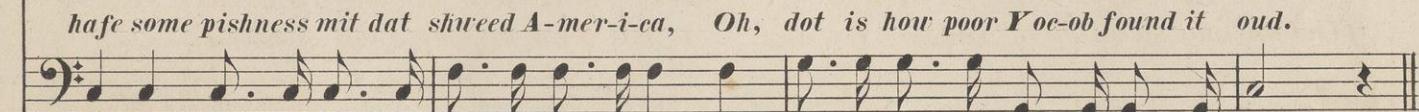
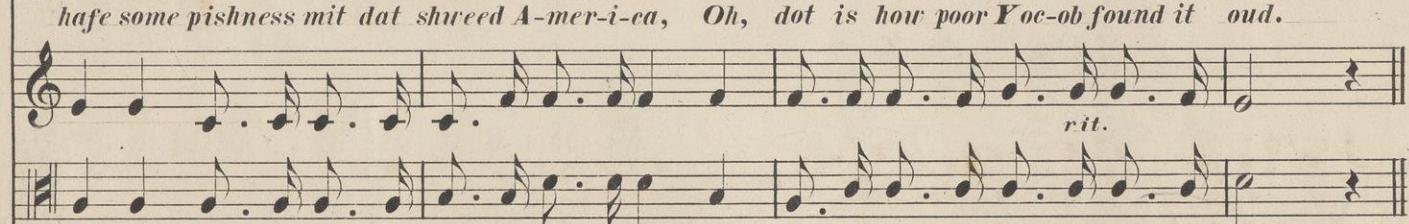
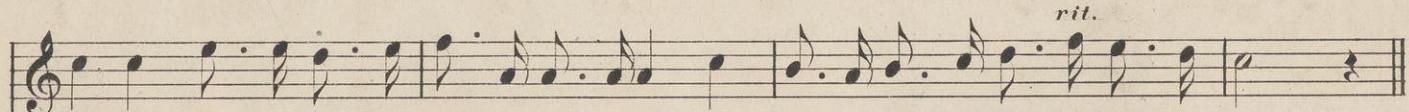
country vot you call A - mer - i - ca; O, I leaves me den, mine Fatter unt mine
dold me, dold you vant to dake a valk?" O, he said he vas von Deitch - land sie

Mutter, Von Deitchland poud a goo-ple moonts or dree, Unt I
co-min, Bud he schpreak dot Yarmon langwitch awful pad, Unt I

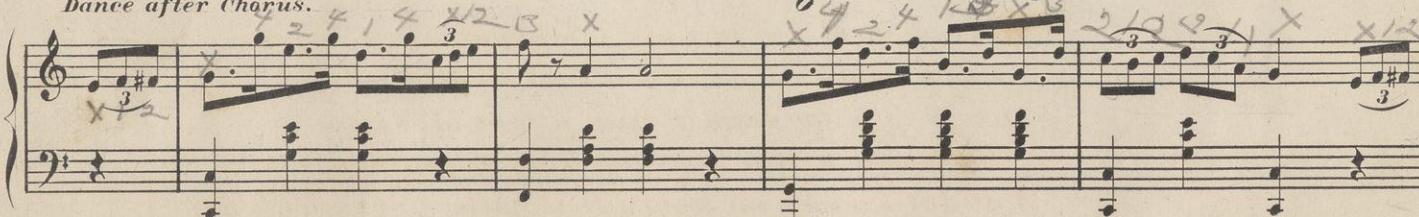
dake me ouf dot steampoat ship a dicked, Unt I sail upon de sal-dy vat-ter sea.
find me oud so quick he vas a li - ar, I vas kick myself I cot so blendy mat.

3

*He vas dook me mit his frients arount de gorner,
Unt he dold me, dold you vant to dook a trink?"
Den he gif me boud a halp a bint of Visky
Dot vould kill a tousand rats beson dey vink;
Yat dot knocks me vorty rods, mine Got in Himmel!
Unt my head vas splitting open mit de pain,
Unt dot vellar he vas taking all my money,
Unt he stole me of my little vatch ent chain.*



Dance after Chorus.



Jacob