

Verbundkatalog Kalliope

The Yodelling Woman.

Mann, Erika

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THE YODELLING WOMAN

We folk have custom and tradition
and they are very very old-
to love them well is our ambition,
since tourists pay a fat commission
we find they're worth their weight in gold.

For instance on our New Year's Eve,
we're awfully picturesque.
Such charming folks you cant believe!
Such funny jokes you cant conceive-
the truth is quite grotesque!

First one drinks punch, then one drinks beer, (12)
and then corn whiskey plain,
then our tradition says when we're
through drinking ^{corn} punch, we dont stop there-
it's beer and punch again.

When we are tanked up to the gills
We stagger through the door
out where eternal Heaven fills
the lap of earth with snow that chills
We lie and drink some more. ~~~~~~~~~

And then our old tradition shows
When we are stretched out flat-
The oldest man among us goes,
And singing, brings a garden hose,
And sprinkles us with that.

Though we get wet, what can we say?
We really wouldnt dare.
Our ancient customs we obey,
as people should, and anyway,
We're much too drunk to care.

Rh. Tho many peasants now are dead
from playing this ^{at} ~~quent~~ game-
as long as corn is grown for bread
and peasant blood flows hot and red
we'll keep on just the same.

My big boy Wastel once chopped wood,
But he could yodel nice,
Now yodels, ~~het son~~ very good
in London and in Holly-wood
They pay a fancy price.

And now on Broadway he's the craze,
He stars in a revue.
I wrote to him. "No, more delays-
come home at once- those foreign ways
Will do some harm to you! "

Today he writes, his underwear
is silk, uh-huh. I know!
He goes to night-clubs everywhere-
with brilliantine he slicks his hair-
Ah-hah, I told him so!

Rh. God bless our custom and tradition,
We love ^{them} more than we can tell,
And my son Wastel has ambition,
He bows to custom in submission,
Because it pays him very well!

My relatives, I cut them short,
My neighbors I detest.
The only place we meet is court-
We never speak, we only sport,
And yet that suits us best.

Our eyes grow dim, with sobs we choke-
We love the past, by heck!
But let some friend today get broke-
He tries to borrow- what a joke!
He gets it in the neck!

And this authentic peasant dress
that makes the tourist gawk, (0)
Tho I look native, I confess
My Wastel sent it by express
from Gimbel's in New York.

We folk have customs and tradition,
they
and ~~we~~ are very very old.
To love them well is our ambition
Since tourists pay a fat commission
We find they're worth their weight in gold.

The yadelling woman. I.

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we lie and drink some more.

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When we are stretched out flat -
The older man among us goes -
and singing brings a garden-hose
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from Playing this quaint game -
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