

TWENTY-SEVEN CENDS.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

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Written and Sung by GUS WILLIAMS.* (OR PINS UND NEEDLES BY DE DOZEN.)

1. Of you lis-den to my sdo-ry, I vill try und told you someding, Vot you see most ev-'ry day-time, As you valk a-long de sdreet; Now und den you hear a bel-low,
 2. Selling if it rains or shin-ing, You vill nev-er find him pining, But as hab-by as an ovs-der. He does al-ways seem to be; Tell-ing jokes, dot are so fun-ny,

From a gread big chee-key fel-low, Vone of whom, ven I describe him, You did of-den meet. He will hol-ler, oud so loud, To his au-di-ence, (a crowd.)
 A-ny-ding to raise de mo-ney, From his au-di-ence a-round him, 'He eye to business; see? Of a policeman moves him on, In a min-ute he vos gone,

Chorus.

Und he gives such great in-ducemends, In his own pe-cu-llar vay. Pins und need-les by de doz-en, For your un-cle, aunt, or coz-en; A plain gold ring,
 But up-on some od-er cor-ner, In dwo sec-onds he vill be. Pins und need-les, &c.

a wedding ring, Und a locket vot's im-mense: Here we have some fine tooth-powder, A receipt for making chowder, Take de lot, I sell to you for Twen-ty-sev-en cends.

Spoken after first verse.—He's vone of dem fellars vot ve see sstanding on de corner every day, und he speaks like dis—*Chorus.*

Spoken after second verse.—Yes, indeed, you can't drive him away; he's like a jack-in-de-box, de moment you put your hand on him he aint dere, und den all dem fellars look alike, und dey all seem to veer de same kind of clothes, you may go any vere in de Unided Sdades, I dont care how small de town is, und de moment id gets dark, you vill see vone of dem fellars on de corner, mit de same old identical box in front of him, de old greasy lamp over his head, und de same old cry, of—*Chorus.*

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