

JOHNNY VERBECK

A D
There was a little Dutchman, his name was Johnny Verbeck,
He ^E used to deal in sausages and sauerkraut and ^A spec.
He made the finest sausages that ^D ever could be seen,
One ^E day he up and invented a sausage-making ^A machine.

CHORUS

Oh, Mister, Mister Johnny Verbeck, how ^D could you be so mean?
I ^E told you you'd be sorry for inventing that ^A machine.
Now, all the neighbour's cats and dogs will ^D never more be seen;
They'll ^E all be ground to sausages in Johnny Verbeck's ^A machine.

One day a little Dutch boy came walking in the store,
He bought a pound of sausages and laid them on the floor;
The boy began to whistle, he whistled up a tune,
And all the little sausages went dancing 'round the room.

One day, the machine got busted; the darn thing wouldn't go,
So Johnny Verbeck, he climbed inside to see what made it so;
His wife, she had a nightmare; went walking in her sleep;
She gave the crank a heck of a yank and Johnny Verbeck was meat.