The Spitz Dog - song lyrics

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THE SPITZ DOG.
Tune - "Jordan is a Hard Road to Travel."

Is there any one here wants to buy a spitz clog?
I've got one here that I'll sell ye;
I haven't got the money for to take a license out.
So I came here to-night for to tell ye.
While walking down the street the other day,
Some loafers on the corner they did holler:
There goes a tarrier with a little spitz dog,
Without the number of his license on the collar!"

Chorus.
Arrah! wouldn't they so glad if he went mad?
But that's all right, my covey;
I'll keep him here another year,
Till he takes the by-ge-fo-ge.

I'll let you know he's no ki-ie,
A black and tan or poodle;
He can sing or dance an Irish jig
To the tune of "Yankey Doodle."
He can get away with a good beefsteak,
A haslett or a liver;
He can kill more rats than all the cats
This side of Harlem River.-Chorus.

I don't profess to be a fighting man,
I've traveled through the roughest;
And often had the mittens on
With many of the toughest.
If ever I lay ray hands upon
Those city paid dog-catchers;
The police will have to take them to
The station house on stretchers.-Chorus.