Barrel Of Pork - song lyrics

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BARREL OF PORK.

Two Israelite brothers in New York once dwelt,
And in all kinds of merchandise freely they dealt:
They were thought to be wealthy, between me and you,
And each brother was really as rich as a Jew. Tol rol, &c.

No creditor e'er went away from their door.
Till death called on Moses to settle his score;
No mortal can ever evade such a call;
So, Moses he sleeps, sirs, his last sleep of all. Tol rol, &c.

Then Isaac, his brother, exclaimed: "Lucky elf!
All his goots and his moneys belong to myself.
Ah! but stop! dere's his will: I must just read it through,
To see what poor Moses would have me to do." Tol rol, &c.

The will it thus run: "When I shall cease to live,
All my cash and my pools to my brother I give,
Upon this condition: That hard he shall toil
To bury my body in real English soil." Tol rol, &c.

Isaac tried every captain and could not prevail,
For none would agree with the body to sail;
But, not to be baulked, he set quickly to work
And embarked it, at last, as a barrel of pork. Tol rol, &c.

Mo was cut to pieces with chopper and knife,
he had never been cut up so much in his life;
Issac wrote to his agent to tell him his plan.
And begged him to bury the poor pickled man. Tol rol, &r.

Some months after this, as be walked on the wharf,
He met with the captain, a sallow-faced dwarf;
"Veil, good captain," he cried, looking steadfastly 'round,
"You delivered my barrel, I hope, safe and sound?" Tol rol, &c.

Said the captain: "Friend Isaac, I am sorry to say
That, during our trip, we were near cast away;
When, in sight of old England, we lay a sheer bulk,
And provisions being scarce, we were forced to break dulk." Tol rol, &c.

"Break dulk! "roared out Isaac. "You're worse than a Turk!
But surely you ne'er broke my barrel of pork? "
"Indeed! but we did!" cried the captain, "don't huff!
For I'll pay you a good price, though it was devilish tough." Tol rol,&c.

"Ah! mine Got! "cried poor Isaac, "as I am a sinner,
You have eat my poor proder Moses for dinner."
"Your brother? Why, zounds! then myself And the crew
Have feasted three days on a piece of tough Jew! Tol rol, &c.

"But come now, friend Isaac, to finish this work,
I'll pay for your brother as though he was pork."
"No, no," replied Isaac, "though we cheat one another,
Our law won't permit us to sell our own brother." Tol rol, &c.

In his purse the captain was putting his gold.
Which Isaac espying, cried: "Goot captain, hold!
Though I can't touch de cash for dat proder of mine,
You can pay me, you know, for de parrel and prine. Tol rol, &c.