My Old Pipe - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

MY OLD PIPE.
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Words by Al. H. Wilson. Music by Andrew Mack.

I love my old pipe, it's the joy of my life,
For it drives away sorrow and care;
As my little girl watches the blue smoke curl up,
As she sits by her old father's chair;
I'm happy, contented-yes, all the day long,
As I smoke my old pipe And sing:
No king on his throne could feel happier than I,
As I puff, with my little girl nigh.

Yodle.
Ley-e-o-le-o-ti-o, te-o-dle-um-te-o-dle-e-ti-a;
Le-o-le-o-ti-o, le-o-dle-um-ti-i-e-a;
Ley-e-o-le-o-ti-o, te-o-dle-unt-te-o-dle-e-ti-a;
I-le-o-le-i-le-i-le-o-le-i-le-i-le-o-le-i-le-a.

And now, when the day with its labor is o'er,
And I sit in my old-fashioned chair;
Then my dear little miss, she just gives me a kiss,
And then kneels for her evening prayer;
And soon my old "kopf "will go nodding, just so;
And the sleep it will come to my head;
When my Lizzie will shout, "Your pipe has gone out-
"Sculafen sie wohl"-now you just go to bed.- Yodle.