

# Jersey Sam

Oh! I was born in Jer - sey, and of that I'm going to sing— And yet it seems but yes-ter-day for  
7 time is on the wing;— Oh, I went down to New Or-leans and there I fought the foe,— A-  
13 long with Hick-o-ry Jack-son some fif - ty years a - go.— For I'm a chap of the ol-den time And I  
19 may be thought too gay;— I'm Jer-sey Sam, the far-mer's man, Hoo - ray! Hoo-ray! Hoo - ray!—

Oh, my name it is Samuel, though some folks call me Sam,  
As through this world I jog along as happy as a clam;  
The world, they say, has been improved, but I should like to know  
If folks are any better now, than fifty years ago.

Chorus

When I was young, then boys were boys and went to bed at ten,  
But now when they are twelve years old, they think that they are men,  
You'll hear them call for rum and beer, and some cigars, heigh-ho;  
What would our parents have thought of that some fifty years ago!

Chorus

At midnight too, you hear young men, with husky voices, sing  
That Champagne Charlie is their name, when they know it's no such thing;  
They go to bed with a headache, or at least, they tell us so,  
I never heard of such a thing some fifty years ago.

Chorus

The women of the present day, they cannot draw the line,  
They wear our hats and jackets, and appear quite masculine;  
They wear false hair, for that's the style, and call it their own you know,  
But our girls would scorn to wear a wig some fifty years ago.

Chorus