

Johnny Verbeck

There was a jolly Dutchman,
His name was Johnny Verbeck.
He made the finest sausages
And sauerkraut and speck.
He made the finest sausages
The world has ever seen,
Till one day he invented
A sausage makin' machine.



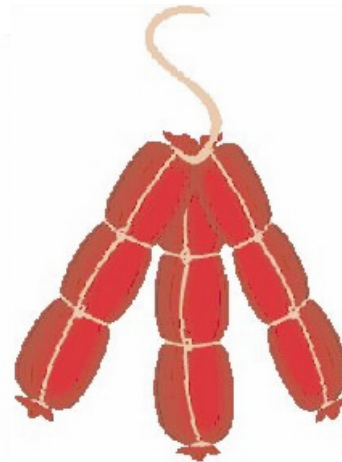
Chorus:

*Oh, Mr. Johnny Verbeck
How could you be so mean.
I told you you'd be sorry for
Inventing that machine.
Now all the neighbors' cats and dogs
Will never more be seen.
They'll all be ground to sausages
In Johnny Verbeck's machine.*



One day a boy came walking,
He walked right 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.

Repeat Chorus:



One day the machine got broken.
The darn thing wouldn't go.
So Johnny Verbeck, he climbed inside
To see what made it so.
His wife, she had a nightmare
And walking in her sleep,
She gave the crank a deuce of a yank
And Johnny Verbeck was meat.

Repeat Chorus

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