THE JEW BROKER

A Favorite Song in the New Entertainment of the
JEW and the DOCTOR sung by

M' BERNARD.


Price 25 Cents.

Fa la la la la la la la la la who on the Alleys gay Parterre, your
Tea and Coffee drink wid my Fa la la la la la la la la

ye Jobbers Un-der Wri-ters ye tribe of Pen and Ink wid my
Rattling up your yellow boys come hither at my call I'm Buyer and I'm Seller and
I can serve you all wid my Fa la la la la la la la la la la la

Ye Captains and ye Colonels ye jointer2 Widows all
To Abednego apply when your stocks begin to fall
Or if a Life you would ensure that's old and crazy grown
De ways and means I'll let you know to get de Business done

Wid mine Fa la

If Merchants e'er should want Routous ven all de Money's spent
My Heart releads I draw de Bond and lend for five per Cent
'Tis I can give security = 'Tis I can raise de Dust
But dem you must excuse me if I ferf my self de first

Wid mine Fa la

I gives advice to everyone but phisick and de Law
But de catt un daw demselves for Bills at sight de draw
I wants my Monies run some Risk tho' Tis but small
But de take all de Monies and run no risk at all

Wid mine Fa la

Mankind are all my brothers vat if dere Rich or poor
Nor shall de Child of sorrow ever pass my Humble door
I loves de Christians dearly would dey to pleasur you
If you but as fencerly will try to Lof de Law

Wid mine Fa la
Ye Captains and ye Colonies, ye joiner's, Widows all
To Abednego apply, when your stocks begin to fall.
Or if a life you would ensure, half old and crazy grown,
De ways and means I'll let you know to get de business done.

If Merchants' e'er should want, Reuben, ven all de Moneys sent,
My Heart profits, I draw de Bond and lend for five per cent.
Tis I can give security — Tis I can raise de Dust,
But den you must excuse me if I ferf my self de first.

I gives advice to every one but phisick and de law
But de eul wi de Jews, hinselves for Bills at sight de draw.
I wen I lend my Moneys run some Risk tho Tis but small,
But de take all de Moneys and run no risk at all.

Mankind are all dey, brother vat if dey Rich or poor
Nor shall de Child of sorrow ever pass my Humble door.
I love de Christians dearly, would dee to please you,
If you but as fencerly Vill try to Lote de law.