Christo Colombo

Song by Peter S. Clarke

Jerome H. Remick & Co.
New York Detroit
Christo Colombo

Words and Music by PETER S. CLARK.

Moderato

In Four-teen-Nine-ty-two Christo Colombo
Co-lom-bo get-a mad, Cry, Mer-i-cus ver-y

blew To Mer-i-ca; the land-a of de Free-a, Soon
bad; No good-a man and slip-pery just like lard-a, Me

he meet such a bloke As de Rich-i, Rich-i Croke With a brass a band they
tink de on-ly queen Amer-i-cus ev-er seen, Was when he took it

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marched to Tam-ma-ny,
from a pack of cards.

Dere some one started a muss,
Cry Mer-i-cus to Co-lom "You

Mer-i-cus Ves-puch-ius
big-a gui-ne-a bum,
He jump up quick, and loud-ly he did
You bluff-a Sul-li-van, John L. you
crow;
I am de I-ta-li-an,
You cant-a bluff-a me, You cheap-a spa-get-

man
Dat land-a here, not Chris-to Co-lom-bo.
tee, I got your num-ber, Chris-to Co-lom-bo.

Christo Colembo.
CHORUS

Christopher, de Great-a Colombo, In

Fourteen-ninety-two he sail wid his big crew, Dist-

cover it America, de red, de white, de blue,

Christopher de great-a big Colombo, bo.

Christo Colombo.