



Published by Cha' Magnus, 12 Frankfort St NY

THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER

NO. 3.

Air : Bow-wow-wow. — As Sung by Tony Pastor,

New York is quite a little town,
 I hardly think you'll doubt it,
 But rather listen patiently,
 To what I'll sing about it.
 I trust I'll please you too, because
 My song is new, I flatter,
 And I hope, I'll gain your kind applause,
 And that's what's the matter.
 That's just so; ri fol too ral too—that's just so.

I'm-well posted on the ins and outs,
 Of this dashing little town, sir,
 But the gallant sports, that dash about,
 Add much to its renown, sir.
 Of course its none of my affairs,
 If they pay their tailor or their hatter,
 But they do put on so many airs,
 And that's what's the matter.

If a fellow he goes on a spree,
 I'm sure it is no crime, sir,
 He soon gets drunk quite gloriously,
 And has a high old time, sir,
 But in the morning when awake,
 His aching nerves they clatter,
 He has a devilish bad headache!
 And that's what's the matter.

When down South, the rebels first began,
 This most unjust of wars, sir,
 Our New York volunteers they ran,
 To fight for the Union cause, sir.
 Death to secession, they all swore,
 Disunion we will shatter,
 New York is Union to the core,
 And that's what's the matter.

But the "Stars and Stripes" shall wave ere long
 Over our States again united,
 Then may our nation, great and strong,
 By secession ne'er be blighted.
 We're bound these rebels to subdue,
 Their traitorous army scatter,
 Our Union now, forever too.
 And that's what's the matter.