

“JEALOUS”

BY

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Hyeah come Cæsar Higgins,
Don't he think he 's fine?
Look at dem new riggin's
Ain't he tryin' to shine?
Got a standin' collar
An' a stove-pipe hat,
I 'll jes' bet a dollar
Some one gin him dat.

Don't one o' you mention,
Nothin' 'bout his cloes,
Don't pay no attention,
Er let on you knows
Dat he 's got 'em on him,
Why, 't 'll mek him sick,
Jes go on an' sco'n him,
My, ain't dis a trick!

Look hyeah, whut 's he doin'
 Lookin' t' othah way?
Dat ere move 's a new one,
Some one call him, "Say!"
Can't you see no pusson—
 Puttin' on you' airs,
Sakes alive, you 's wuss'n
 Dese hyeah millionaires.

 Need n't git so flighty,
 Case you got dat suit.
Dem cloes ain't so mighty,—
 Second hand to boot,
 I 's a-tryin' to spite you!
 Full of jealousy!
Look hyeah, man, I 'll fight you,
 Don't you fool wid me!