

<b>Title:</b>	Oh Jeff! oh Jeff! how are you now!
<b>Name(s):</b>	Schroeder, Henry
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**OH JEFF! OH JEFF!**  
**HOW ARE YOU NOW**

Comic Song AND Chorus

BY

**HENRY SCHROEDER**



NEW YORK  
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# OH JEFF! OH JEFF! HOW ARE YOU NOW!

HENRY SCHROEDER.

*Allegro.*

1 Jeff Da-vis is, we must ad-mit, A man who knows when's time to leave. His  
 2 I now shall give a short ac-count, Of Jeff and Co's ex-urs-ion trip, This

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4

last ditch now he had to quit, But still he states in language brief, That  
fam - i - ly was sea - ward bound, In look - ing for a bet - ter crip, It

by mis - for - tune of the war, He's forced to leave his sta - tal seat That  
was a par - ty of high reb's, Who thought it time - to leave their place But

*Ped. piu moderato.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

still with him the pow - ers are, Which will in time the Yan - kees beat.  
Un - cle Sam was on their steps, And fol - low'd them in con - stant race.

*Ped. a tempo.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

**Chorus** *unpissimo.* *andante.* *allegro.* *andante.*

Oh Jeff! Oh Jeff! How are you now; What means the frown; that's on thy brow.

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

3

5

It was a question now of speed,  
That would decide be fought or not,  
Old Davis felt quite hurt indeed,  
To make his mare so quick to trot,  
His trav'ling gown was quite a hit,  
It show'd what genius can achieve,  
His boots they were toolarge a bit,  
Though hoops he had to their relieve.  
CHORUS. Oh Jeff! Oh Jeff! &c.

4

But on they came close to his heel,  
Our boys with crys "we've got you tight!"  
What kind you are, your boots reveal,  
A hundred thousand dollar light,  
His wife now like a woman true,  
Said, dont provoke the President,  
Or else he may hurt some of you,  
He's got a dagger in his hand.  
CHORUS. Oh Jeff! Oh Jeff! &c.

5

Tw'as all in vain that strange appeal,  
Our men took quite a diff'rent view,  
Come to or else we'll let you feel,  
Colts pills, twill soon your rage subdue,  
Quite changed he spoke, your government  
I thought would not be hunting down,  
Be more magnanimous nor scent  
A man in womans dressing gown.  
CHORUS. Oh Jeff! Oh Jeff! &c.

6

Thus ends the reign of Jeff the first,  
And they so called Confedrate States,  
For glory was to great his thirst,  
He'd swallow all at his own rates  
His time has come his fare has changed,  
Let him prepare his story now,  
To show the world in verse arranged,  
His life and deeds he knows best how.  
CHORUS. Oh Jeff! Oh Jeff! we pity you  
As President you would'nt do.

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F.S. & Co.,