

*Compositions
of Fred Williams*

DOWN WHERE THE OYSTER CRACKERS GROW



BY

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Down where the Oyster Crackers Grow

EDDIE DUSTIN

Mod^{to}

f

My fa - ther was a man who tra-veled o - ver all the
He said the oys - ter crackers grew u - pon a se - cret
He said down there that street-car fare if of-fered was a

Till voice

mf

earth, He sure-ly was a bil - lion-aire if knowledge goes for worth, And
shore, The mountains there where full of them and bil-lions where in store, The
crime, No straps nor standing up in aisles they al-ways ran on time, He

oft - en when a lit - tle boy I sat u - pon his knee To
 oys - ters float - ed to the land and piled up in a pack They
 said there was no "End seat hog," your corns were free from harm E -

lis - ten to the "Bull Cons" that he used to hand to me. He
 kept a herd of el - e - phants to keep the oys - ters back. He
 lec - tric fans in ev - 'ry seat when e'er the weath - er's warm. He

Slower

told me of the "pop - corn trees" whose beau - ties were so rare And
 said if one trick I would learn he'd take me right down there It
 said that sir - loin steaks could be found hang - ing ev - ry - where The

rit.

when I'd ask him where they grew he'd so - lemn-ly de - clare:
 was dive thro' a dough-nut with - out punc-tur - ing the air.
 peo - ple ate them - selves to death and did - n't seem to care.

rit.

CHORUS Mod^{to}

Down, down, down, down where the oys - ter crackers
 Down, down, down, down where the oys - ter crackers
 Down, down, down, down where the oys - ter crackers

mf

grow, "Pop - corn trees" as thick as fleas, A
 grow, Dough-nuts there to the bush - es cling,
 grow, Fa - ther dear, he could lie' with cheer, He

mile be-yond the quar-ry where they dig out cheese, Or-chards there of
 If I'd own the place I would-n't do a thing. Doughnuts ripe, O
 ev-en said the frogs all fur-nish hops for beer. Sauerkraut trees sway

pop-corn rare. — O how I long — to go
 love-ly "Pipe"! — I'd die of joy — I know,
 in the breeze — Where the spare-ribs vines — hang low,

Down, down, down, (where?) down where the oys-ter crack-ers grow. —
 Down, down, down, (where?) down where the oys-ter crack-ers grow. —
 Down, down, down, (where?) down where the oys-ter crack-ers grow. —

IV.

My father said a man's a chump in very many ways,
For instance, when he marries he "cuts out" the happy days.
"My boy," he said, "before you wed I hope that you will pause
And think of all the jawing that is done by mother-in-laws."

He said he knew of just a few who always squarely dealt.
He said they were the "jawless" kind
And told me where they dwelt.

Chorus.

Down, down, down, down where the oyster crackers grow,
Mother-in-laws without any jaws.
I'd like to ask the married man for kind applause,
The husband wins, there's no "butt ins,"
Married men they have some show,
Down, down, down, (where?) down where the oyster crackers grow.

V.

My father ran for alderman and what do you suppose
A Hebrew beat him for the place and won it by a nose.
He said election was a fraud and swore a streak of blue,
I pitied him but little boys don't know just what to do.
I sympathized and asked if he would ever run again,
He said he would in that land where there was no ache or pain.

Chorus.

Down, down, down, down where the oyster crackers grow,
Politics there are on the square and honest politicians linger everywhere,
Gangs and rings are unknown things,
There's always lots of dough,
Down, down, down, (where?) down where the oyster crackers grow.

VI.

If ever man was known to work they'd send him right to jail
They'd feed that man on hay unless somebody furnished bail,
They'd feed him on all breakfast foods until he swore by "force"
And when they'd turn him loose his wife was given a divorce,
A lake of beer that sparkled clear beneath a frothy foam,
Would dissipate all sorrow that had gathered round his home.

Chorus.

Down, down, down, down where the oyster crackers grow,
No trusts are there on food or air,
Why, biscuits fairly blocked your passage everywhere,
Lovely place to feed your face,
Oh, how I longed to go
Down, down, down, (where?) down where the oyster crackers grow.