

Berlin Irving**"Cohen Owes Me Ninety-Seven Dollars"**

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[1st verse:]

Old man Rosenthal lay sick in bed
Soon the doctor came around and said
"No use crying, the man is dying. He can't live very
long!"
"Send my son here to my side," they heard the old man
say
"I've got something to tell him before I pass away"
Soon his son was sitting by his bed
"What's the matter, Papa dear?" he said
The old man said, "My son, before my days are done
I want you to know:

[chorus:]

Cohen owes me ninety-seven dollars
And it's up to you to see that Cohen pays
I sold a lot of goods to Rosenstein and Sons
On an I.O.U. for ninety days
Levi brothers don't get any credit
They owe me for one hundred yards of lace
If you promise me, my son, you'll collect from ev'ry one
I can die with a smile on my face"

[2nd verse:]

Old man Rosenthal is better now
He just simply wouldn't die somehow
He is healthy and very wealthy since he got out of bed
Such a change you never saw, he's got such rosy
cheeks
He picks up in just one week what should take weeks
and weeks
Ev'ryone who knew that he was sick
Couldn't tell how he got well so quick
They went and asked him to explain how he pulled
through
Rosenthal replied:

[2nd chorus:]

Cohen owed me ninety-seven dollars
And my son went out and made poor Cohen pay
A bill was owed to me by Rosenstein and Sons

And they settled on that very day
What could my son with all that money
If I should leave it all and say goodbye?
It's all right to pass away, but when people start to pay
That's no time for a bus'nessman to die

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