

Berlin Irving

"Yiddisha Professor"

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[1st verse:]

Abie Cohen, Abie Cohen
Went to Paris and Germany and learned how to play
On the piano, now he's making money out of sight
Giving concerts ev'ry night
Come along, come along
For the half of a dollar, you can get in the hall
Sit in the gallery and you'll be glad to pay
When you hear young Abraham play

[chorus:]

Come and hear the Yiddisha professor, Mister Abie
Cohen
Abie Cohen
Come and hear him tickling the piano in a first class
Yiddisha tone
I would never kiss him on the lips
But I'd kiss him on the finger tips
Oy, such a much is the touch that lingers
In his Yiddisha fingers
He can make a second hand piano sound the same as
new
More yet too
He can play some sentimental melody
And break the heart of a stone
When his melody begins to pour
Then your wishbone wishes for some more
Come along and listen to the Yiddisha professor,
Mister Abie Cohen

[2nd verse:]

Abie Cohen, Abie Cohen
Wears his hair like an actor, it's as long as his arms
He never cuts it off and ev'ryone who sees his hair
Looks and hollers, "It's a bear"
Come along, come along
Have a look at the diamond that he wears on his hand
When he is fingering, and just to see that gent
Makes you think of seven per cent

