I'm A Yiddish Cowboy.
(Tough Guy Levi.)

Words by
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Music by
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Allegro moderato.

Way out West in the
Le - vi said that he'd

wild and wool-ly
prairie land,

make the maid-en
mar-ry him,

Lived a cow-boy
And that he was
by the name of Levi,
He loved a

blue blood Indian maiden,
And came to see her,

naked her like a "tough guy,"
Big Chief "Crul-ler

Legs," was the maiden's father,
The "Pipe of Peace" to Levi,

He went and told her father,
He must not fight be-

cause she loved the "tough guy,"
"Crul-ler Legs" gave

I'm a Yiddish Cowboy.
And he tried to keep Levi away,
For
But
Levi said I guess that you forget,
Levi didn't care for every evening,
With his
I'm the kid that smokes Turkish Tobacco,
Get the

Broncho Buster, Giddy-up! Giddy-up! He'd come around and say.
Broncho Buster, Giddy-up! Giddy-up! Go buy cigarettes.

Chorus.

Tough guy Levi, that's my name, and I'm a yidish cowboy,

I'm A Yiddish Cowboy.
I don't care for Tom-a-hawks or Cheyenne Indians, oï, oï, I'm a real live "Diamond Dick" that shoots 'em till they die, I'll marry squaw or start a war, for I'm a fighting guy.

I'm A Yiddish Cowboy. 4.