

**Anybody ill? : (I'm Doctor Quack) : the popular humorous song / music by Alfred Lee ; sung by Alf. Walker.**

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# ANYBODY ILL?

(I'm Doctor Quack)

The Popular Humorous Song.



SUNG BY  
**ALF. WALKER.**  
MUSIC BY  
**ALFRED LEE.**

*Oh my! anybody ill, anybody ill, anybody ill.  
Oh my hi! I'm D<sup>r</sup> Quack, quack, quack aka quack.  
I'll cure you of any attack.  
I've syrup of Squills and I've Camomile pills.  
And my name is D<sup>r</sup> Quack!*

LONDON

PUBLISHED BY C. SHEARD, MUSICAL BOUQUET OFFICE, 192, HIGH HOLBORN.

CITY WHOLESALE AGENTS, E.W. ALLEN, 11, AVE MARIA LANE, AND F. PITMAN, 20, PATERNOSTER ROW.

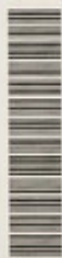
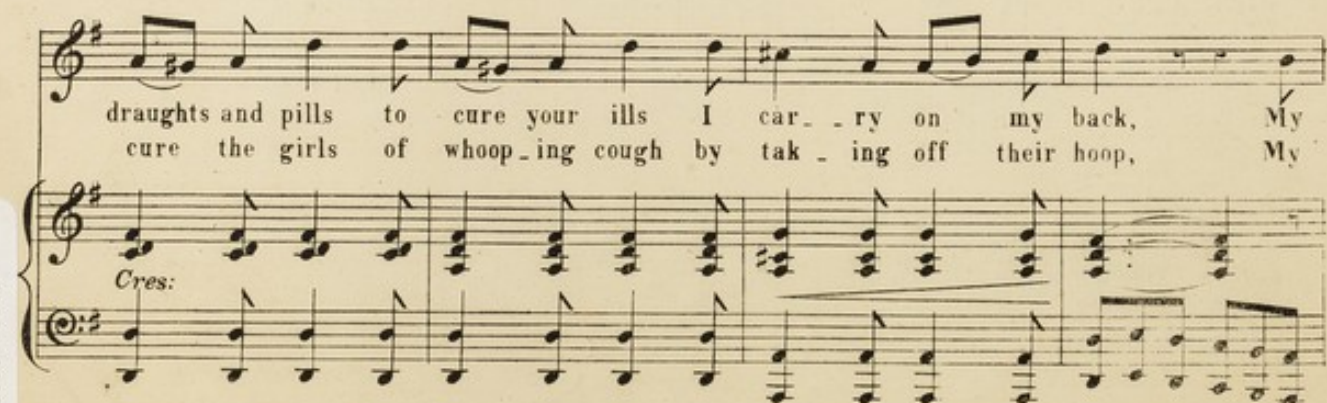
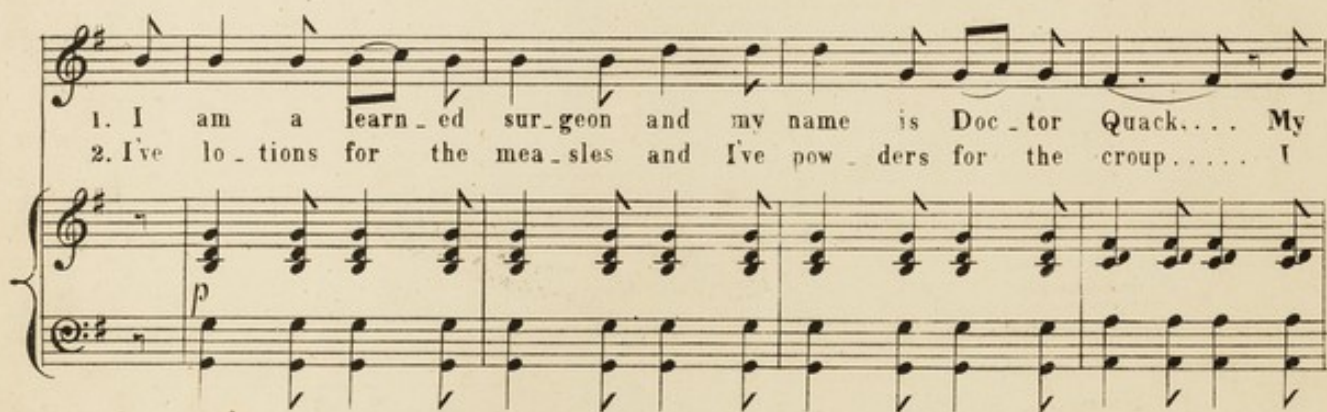
N<sup>os</sup> 5008 & 5009, MUSICAL BOUQUET.



# ANYBODY ILL?

I'M DOCTOR QUACK!

Music by ALFRED LEE.





med'cines are the nas - ti - est that e - ver cured a pain, . . . . If  
plais - ters are so ve - ry strong, they draw out all your teeth, . . . . And

once you've tas - ted them I know you'd ne'er be ill a - gain, . . . .  
last week drew a ton of coals from here to Hampstead Heath, . . . .

*Cres:* *ff*

## CHORUS.

Then oh, my! a - ny - bo - dy ill, a - ny - bo - dy ill,

*mf*

a - ny - bo - dy ill, Oh, my hi! I'm Doc - tor quack, quack,

*f* *p*

quack - a - ka - quack, I cure you of a - ny at - tack, . . . . I've



sy - rup of squills and I've cam - o - mile pills, And my name is Doc - tor

Quack.

3. I've pills for the com - plex - ion if you rub 'em in at night.... If  
4. I've got a sy - rup you can take for tooth ache in the nose..... I've

you've been red as beet - root, in the morn - ing you'll be white, They'll  
pow - ders for a wood - en arm, and pills for tim - ber toes, I



cure a smo - ky fire and take a - way the ket - tle's  
stop the mouths of scold - ing wives, their dou - ble teeth I

*p*

boil . . . . . They're made of rail - way grease and soap, dutch  
draw . . . . . I clap a pad - lock on their tongues which

*Cres:*

CHORUS.

cheese and cas - tor oil . . . . . Then oh, my! a - ny - bo - dy ill,  
makes 'em hold their jaw . . . . . Then oh, my! a - ny - bo - dy ill,

*ff* *mf*

a - ny - bo - dy ill, a - ny - bo - dy ill Oh, my hi! I'm

*f*



Doc - tor quack, quack, quack - a - ka - quack, I cure you of a - ny at - tack, . . . . I've

sy - rup of squills and I've cam - o - mile pills, And my name is Doc - - - tor

Quack . . . .

*mf* *f*

## 5.

i've ointment for a mother-in-law, she swallows half a pound,  
 She'll never trouble you again for she will sleep so sound,  
 Who'll have a gross of leeches? shall I put them on your back?  
 You wont — then he must go elsewhere to trade, must Doctor Quack!

*Repeat Chorus.*