Medicine Jack : serio comic song / written & composed by Alfred Scott Gatty.

Contributors

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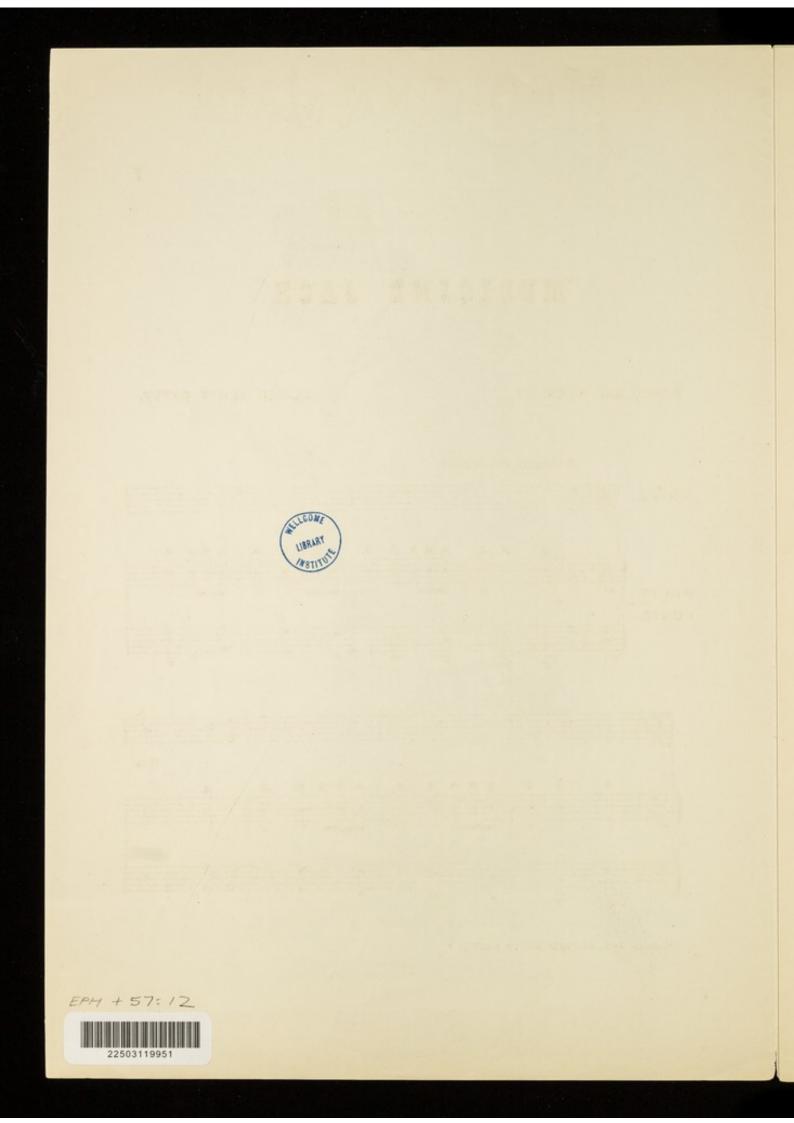
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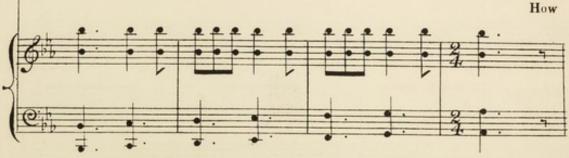
"MEDICINE JACK."

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

ALFRED SCOTT CATTY.

1





Medicine Jack. ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.



Medicine Jack, ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

2



Medicine Jack, ALFRED SCOTT GATTY,



Medicine Jack, ALFRED SCOTT GATTY

4

MEDICINE JACK.

How do my friends! How are you all? I hope you very ill! For then I trust, you let me sell you just von leetle pill They're made of rhubarb, squills and butter, soap and flour and cheese The more you takes, the less you vants: - I know they vill you please.

CHORUS_ Oh my! is any von ill, is any von ill, is any von ill? Oh my! is any von ill, is any von ill, Oh my!

I'm a

Jolly old Quack, Quack, Quack, What carries his pack on his back; I've plaisters and pills; I've rhubarb and squills And they call me Medicine Jack.

2

I never sell inferior qual-i-ty of Med-i-cine For that would be, as we all know, von big monstrous sin; I've pills for lettle baby,—I've pills for dear mama, And pills for brothers, sisters, nieces, aunts, and kind papa. CHORUS_Oh my! &c

3

My plaister, it is vaary goot for pains in head, in hair; For pains in arms, for pains in legs, for pains in everywhere. You varm it at the fire and apply it vaary hard 'Tis vaary goot, and vaary cheap, price fourteen pence the yard. CHORUS_Oh my! &c.

4

My draughts they keep out draughts, and colds out of your head; They should be taken late at night before you go to bed, And when you do prepare a doze give it one great big shake, And in a glass of water you von tablespoon should take. CHORUS_Oh my! &c.

5

D'you want to have some teeth drawn out, if so I am de man I've tweezers, crushers, pincers, spades, and pickaxe, in my van I can pull you out a dozen teeth vithout de slightest pain And then, as quick as lightning, I can stick them in again. CHORUS_ Oh my! &c.

6

You vill not buy my med-i-cine? var-goot, I do know vhy! Because you think poor Medicine Jack has told you von big lie! But I have told the truth to you, on my vord I do svear: And since you vill not buy my goods, I'll go and try elsevhere! CHORUS_Oh my! &c.

THE OULD SIDE CAR.

Words by P. J. O'REILLY.

Music by J. AIRLIE DIX.

