# Nine medical songs / words by J. Blumfeld, G.H. Ransome, and F.H.; the music composed by C.N. Chadborn.

#### **Contributors**

Blumfeld, Joseph. Ransome, G. H. Chadborn, C. N.

#### **Publication/Creation**

London: Novello & Co., 1895?]

#### **Persistent URL**

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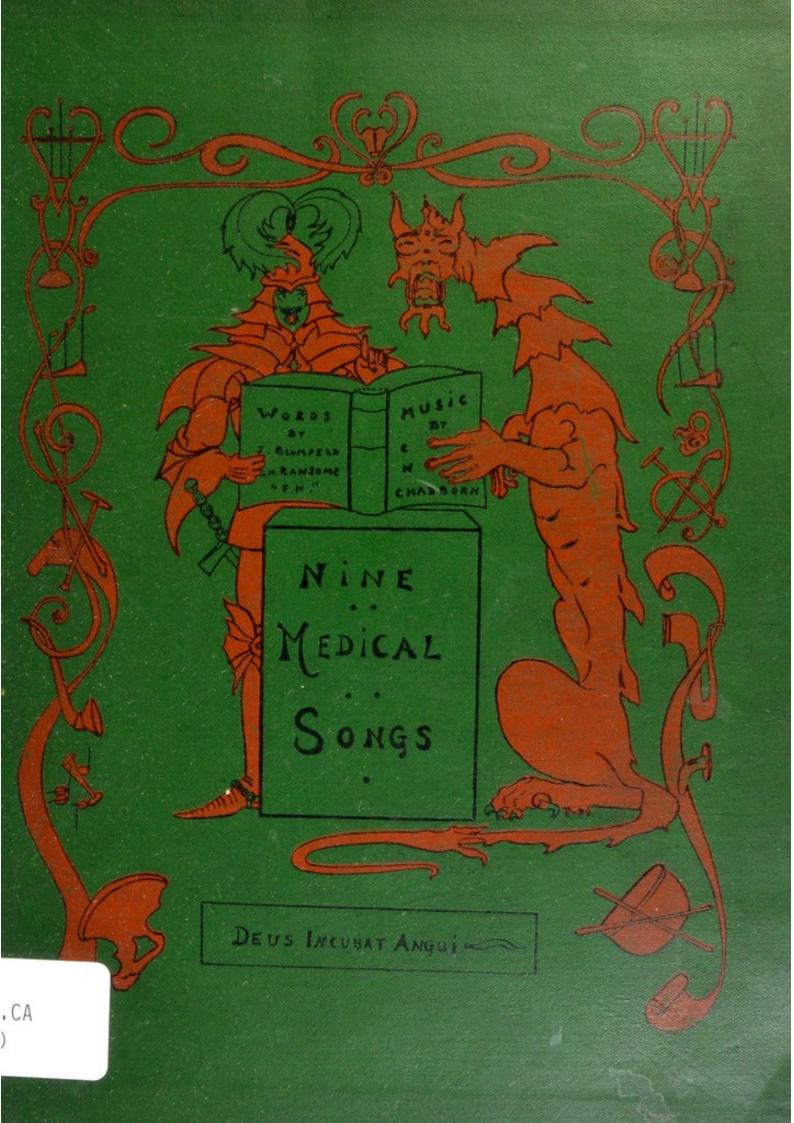
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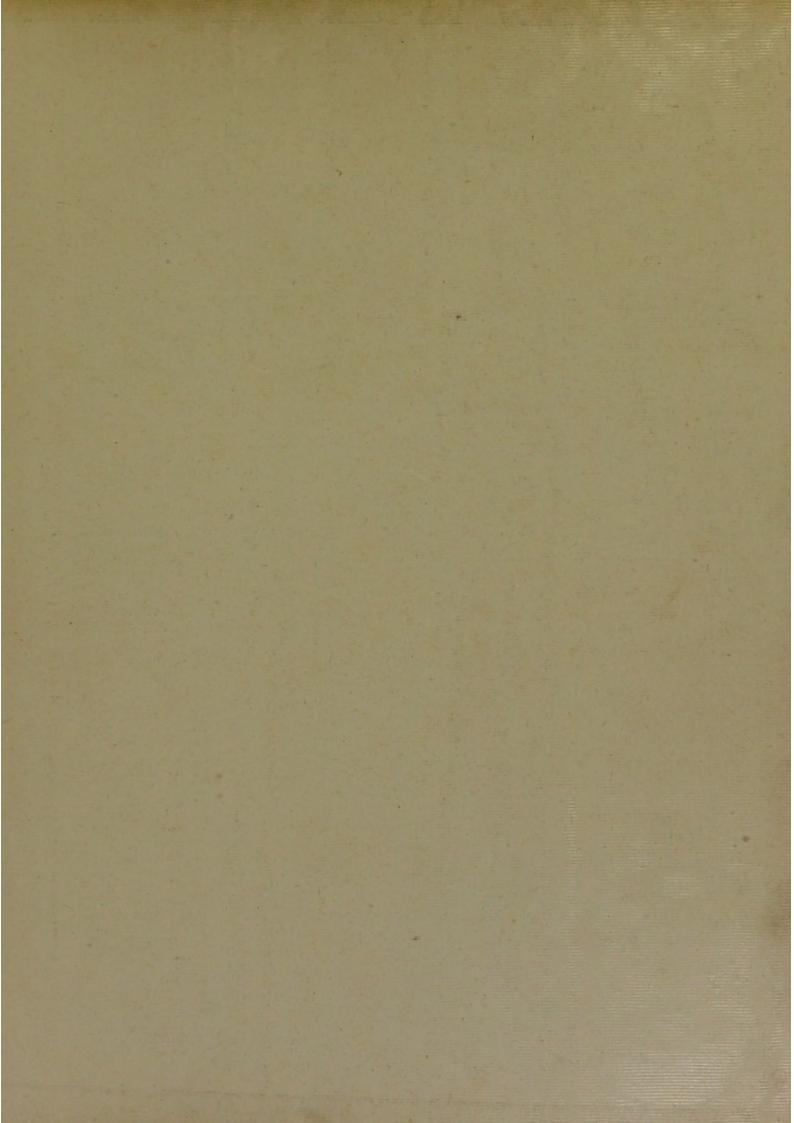
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# NINE



# EDICAL



ONGS

Words by

J. BLUMFELD, G. H. RANSOME, and F. H.

The Music Composed by

# C. N. CHADBORN.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.

(POSTAGE, THREEPENCE.)

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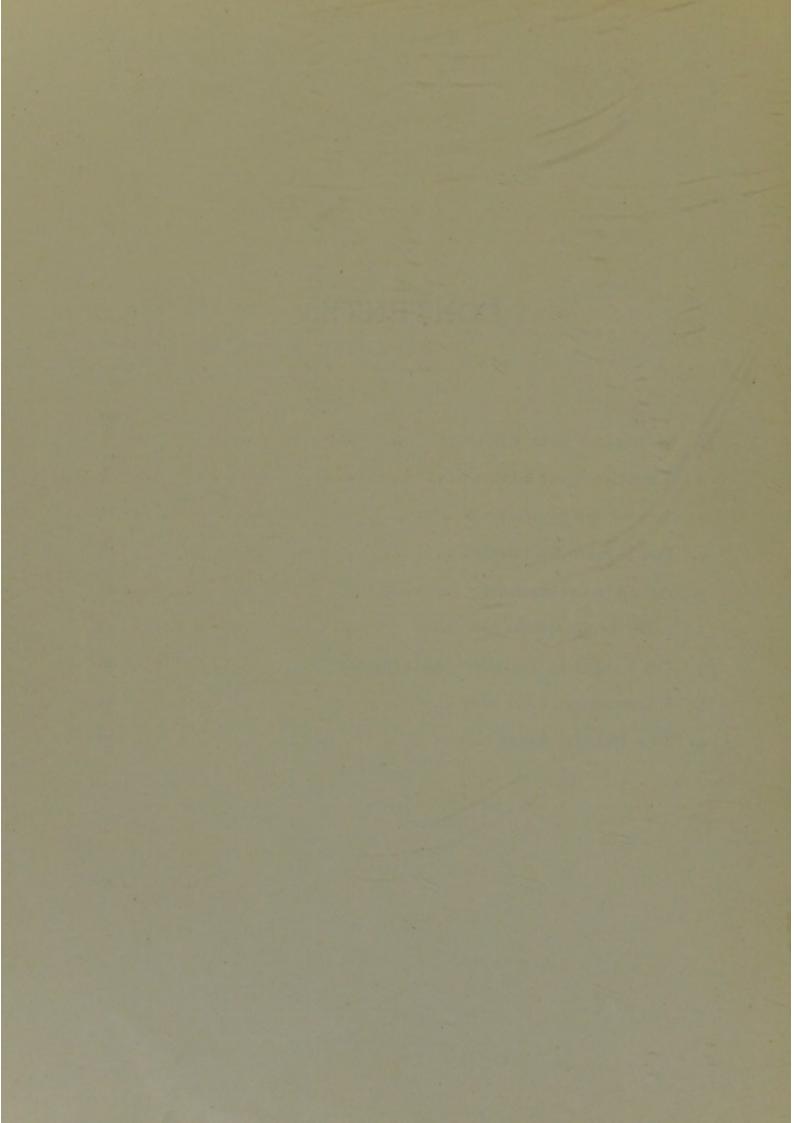


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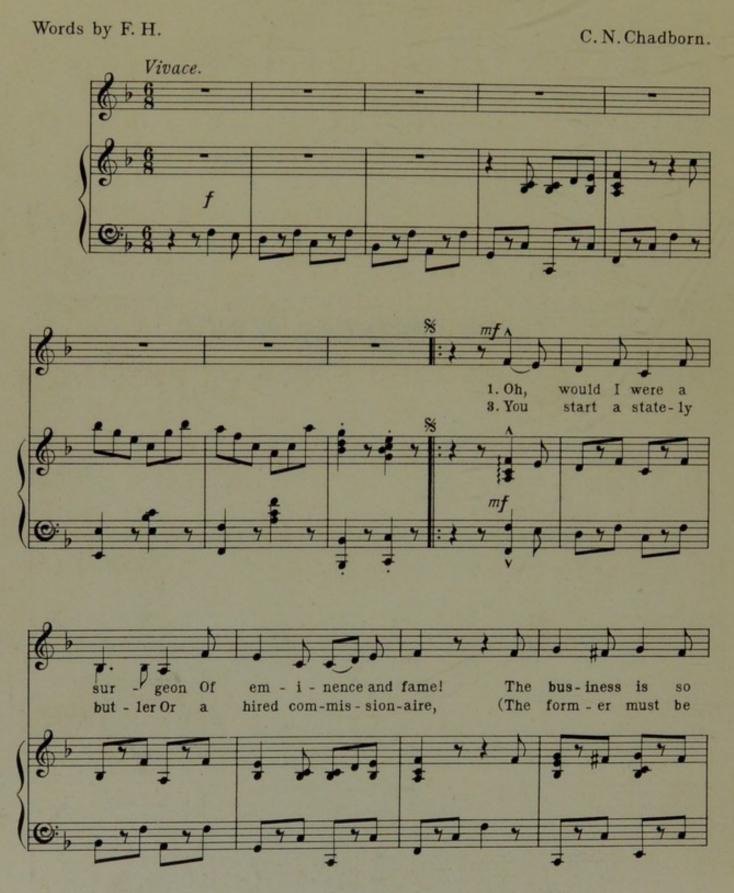
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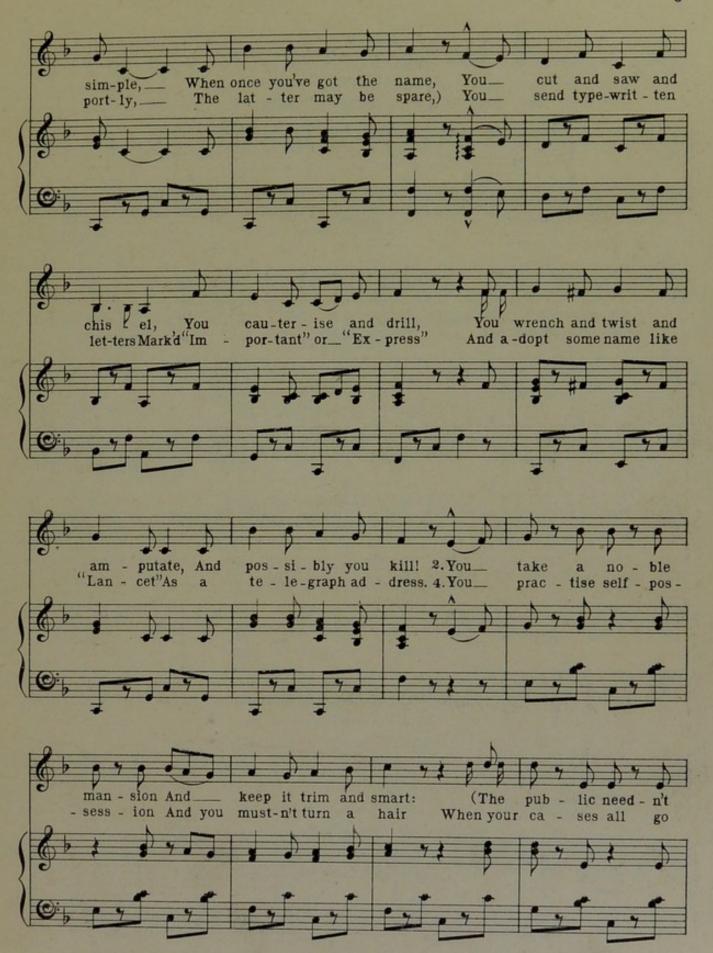
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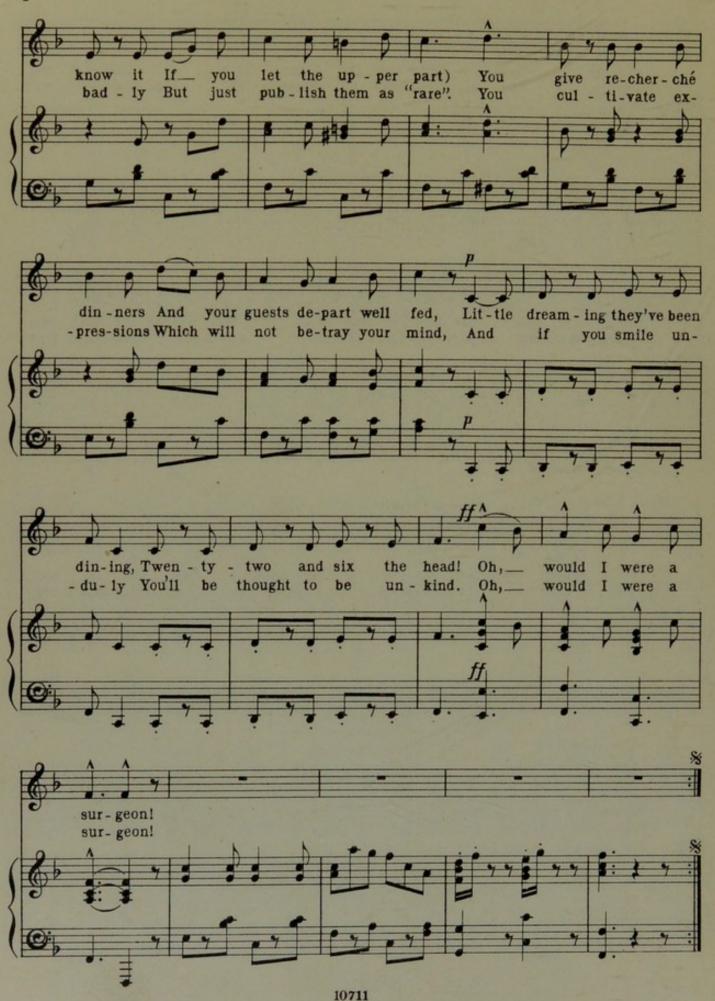
NINE MEDICAL SONGS.

# OH, WOULD I WERE A SURGEON.









5.

At home for consultation
You are seated at your ease,
And you shovel in the guineas
Just as fast as e'er you please;
And as each new patient enters
You should be collecting three,
Just to quietly remind him
Of your customary fee!

R

Then you lecture at the College"
In a professorial style,
On the tumours found in gad-flies
Or on crocodilian bile;
And you grow a bit eccentric
In your usual mode of life,
Letting everybody know it
Through the medium of your wife.

Ref. Oh, would I were a surgeon!

7.

You adopt some special hobby
Where expenses are but slight
Just to pose before the public
In a philanthropic light:
It is best to choose a subject
Like "Religion and the Birch"
Which will bring you into contact
With the elders of the Church.

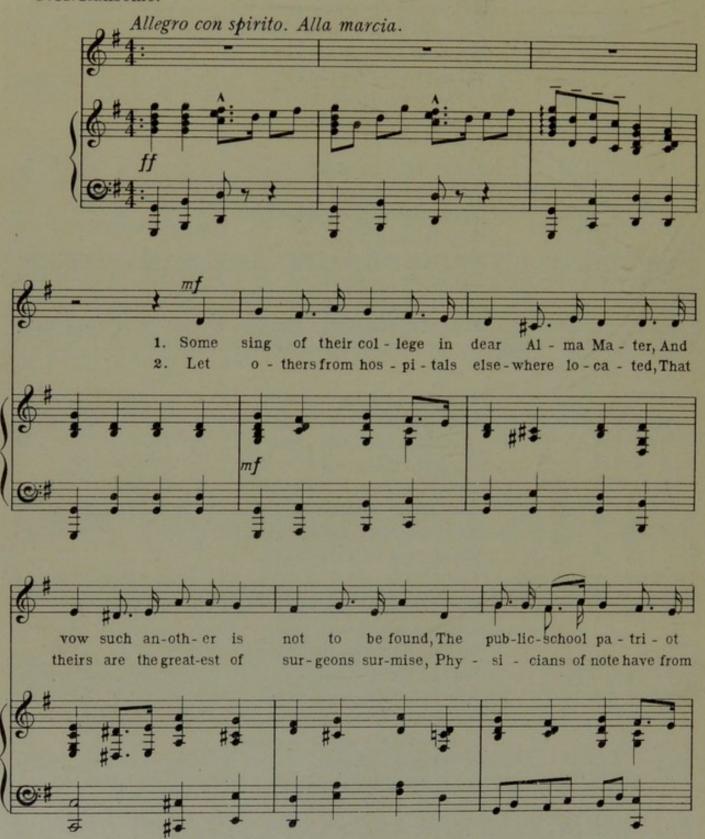
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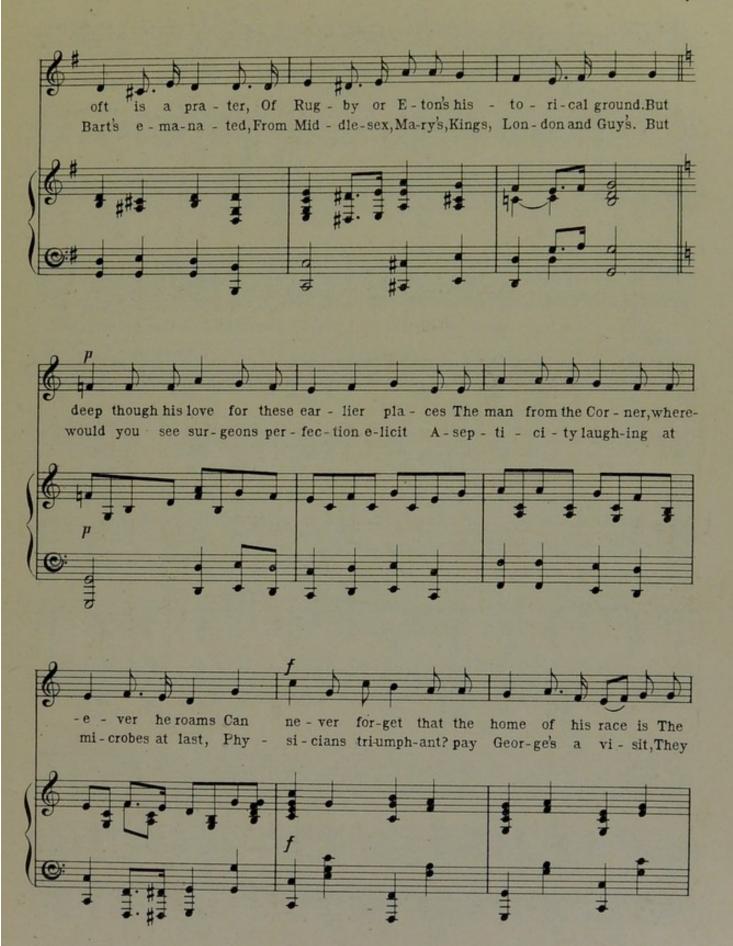
When you get half blind and shaky
And too weak to saw a bone
You take to writing pamphlets
Rather medical in tone:
This will render you for ever
Independent of the knife,
And will help to swell the earnings
Of a conscientious life.

Ref. Oh, would I were a surgeon!

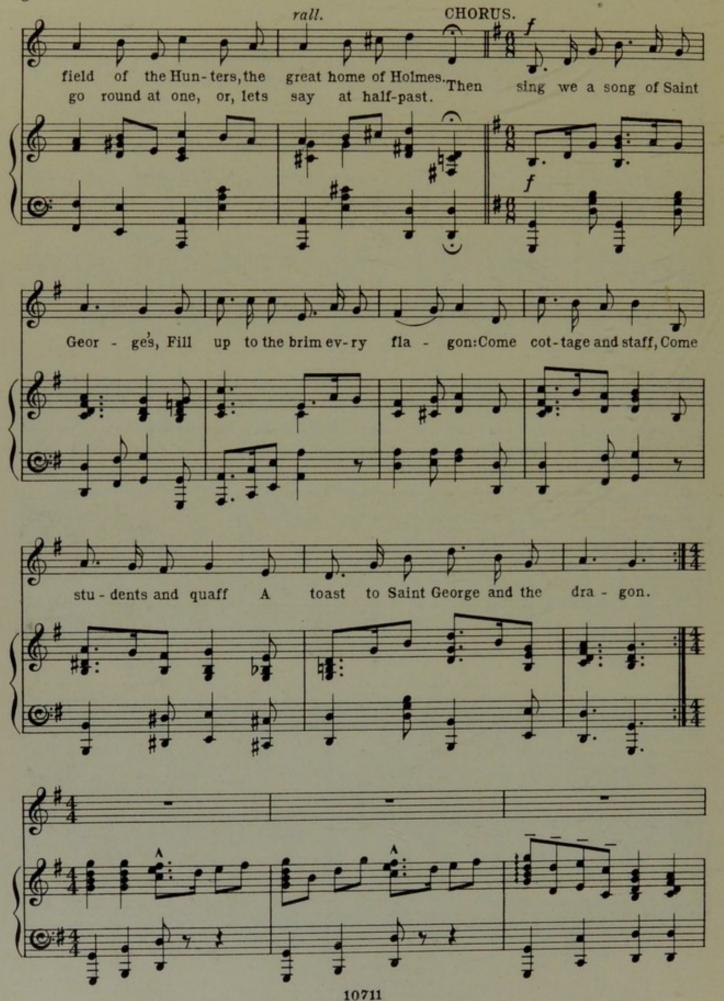
# A SONG OF SAINT GEORGE'S.

J. Blumfeld and G. H. Ransome.

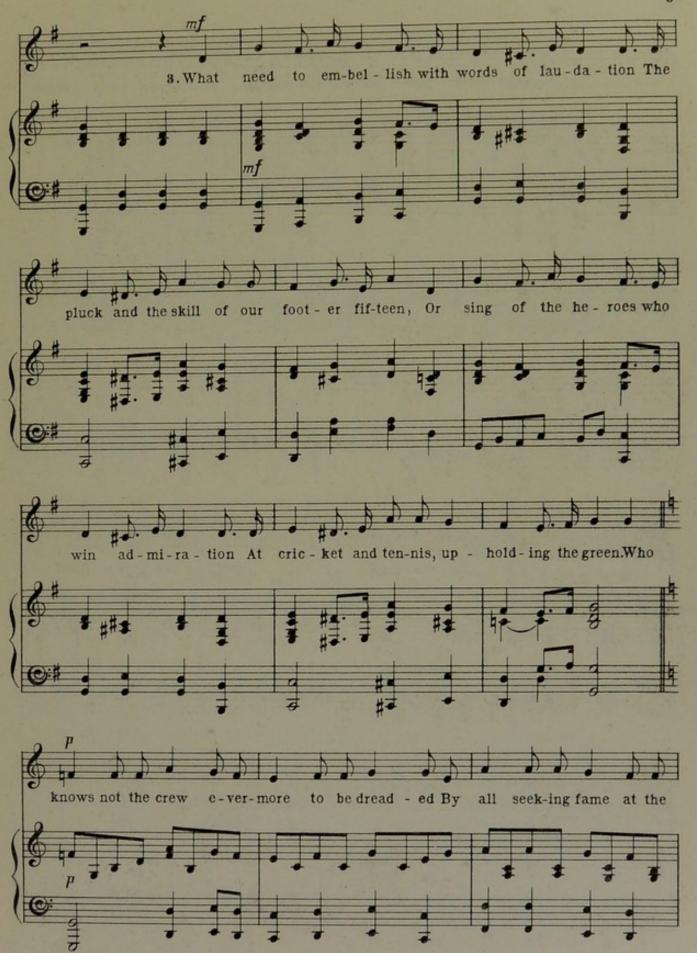


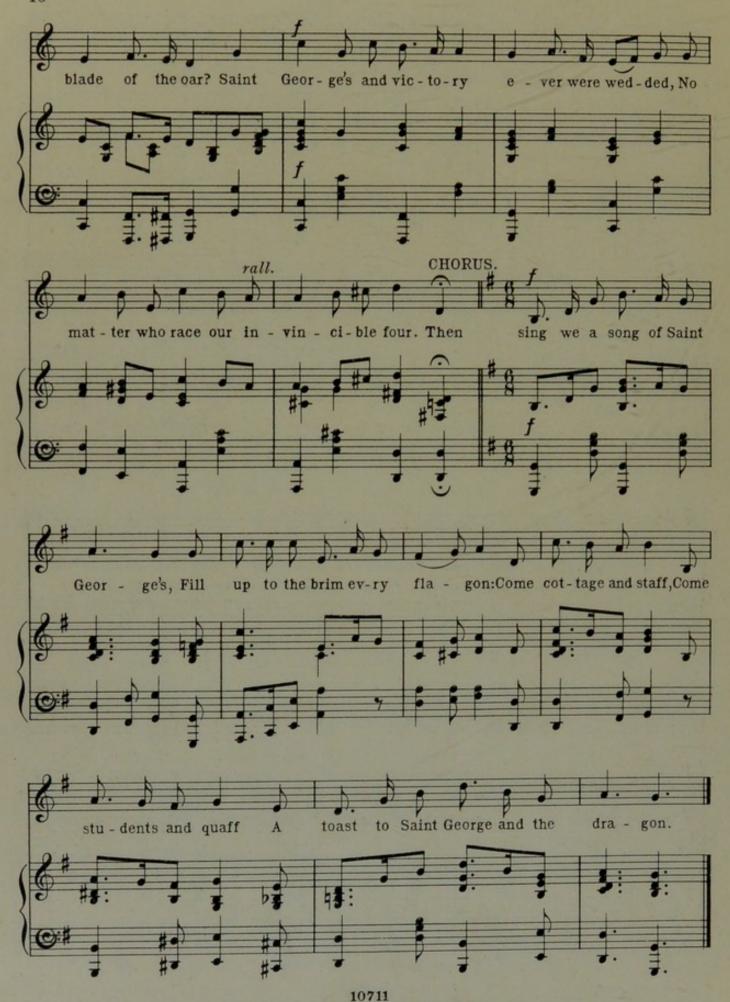






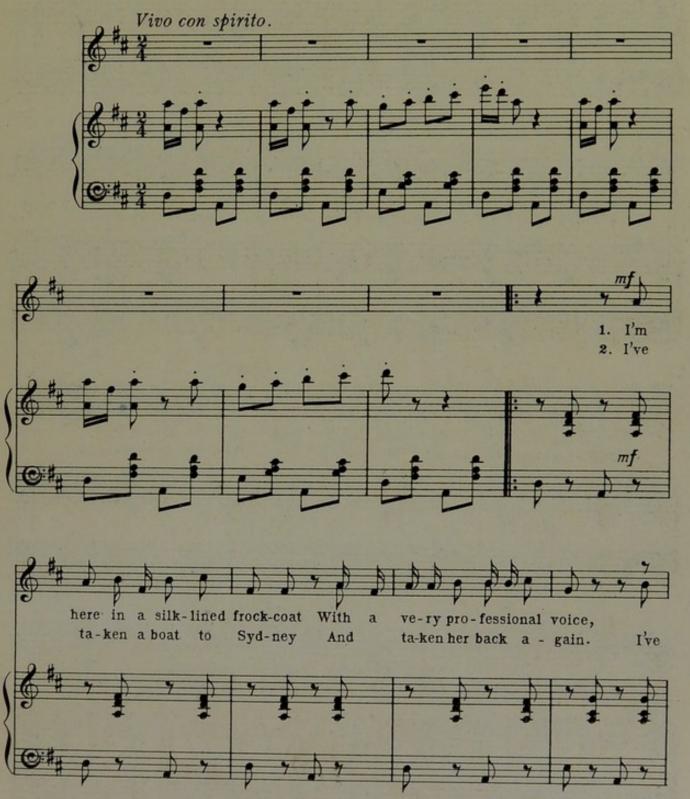


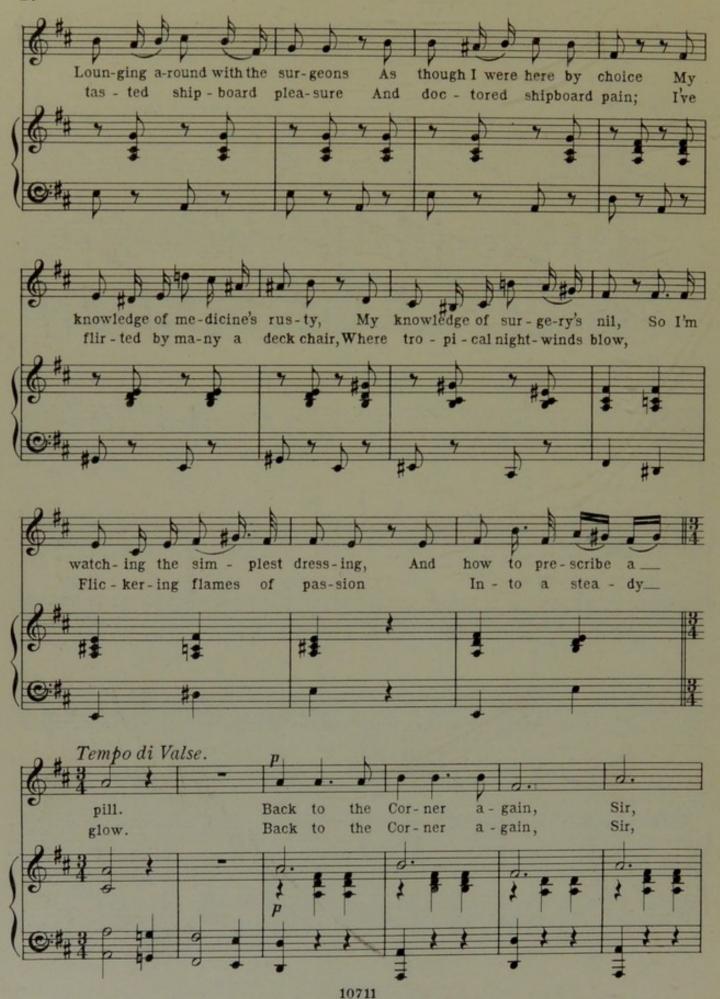




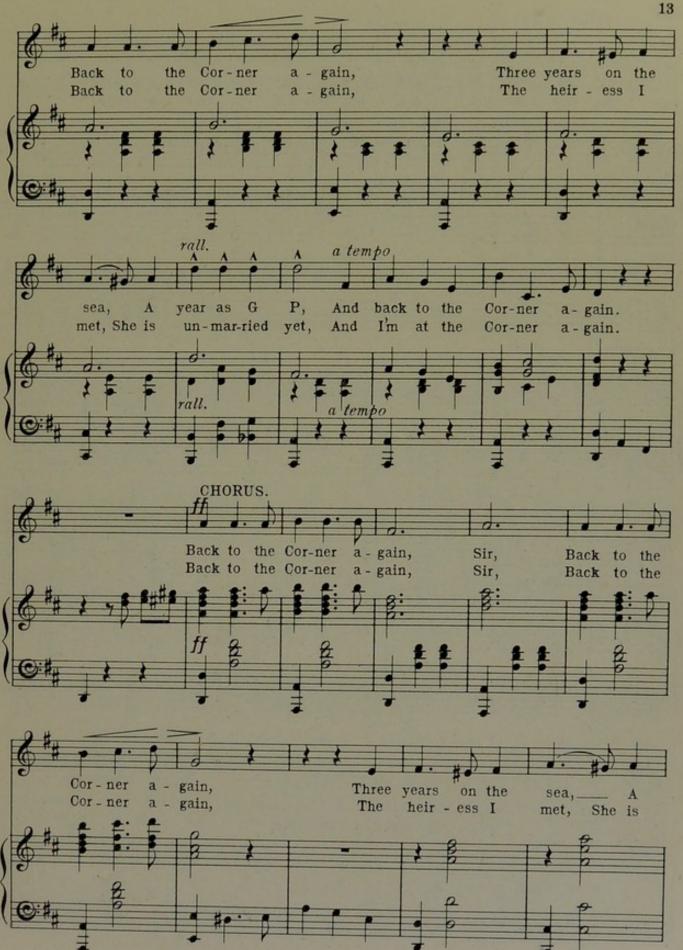
### BACK TO THE CORNER AGAIN.

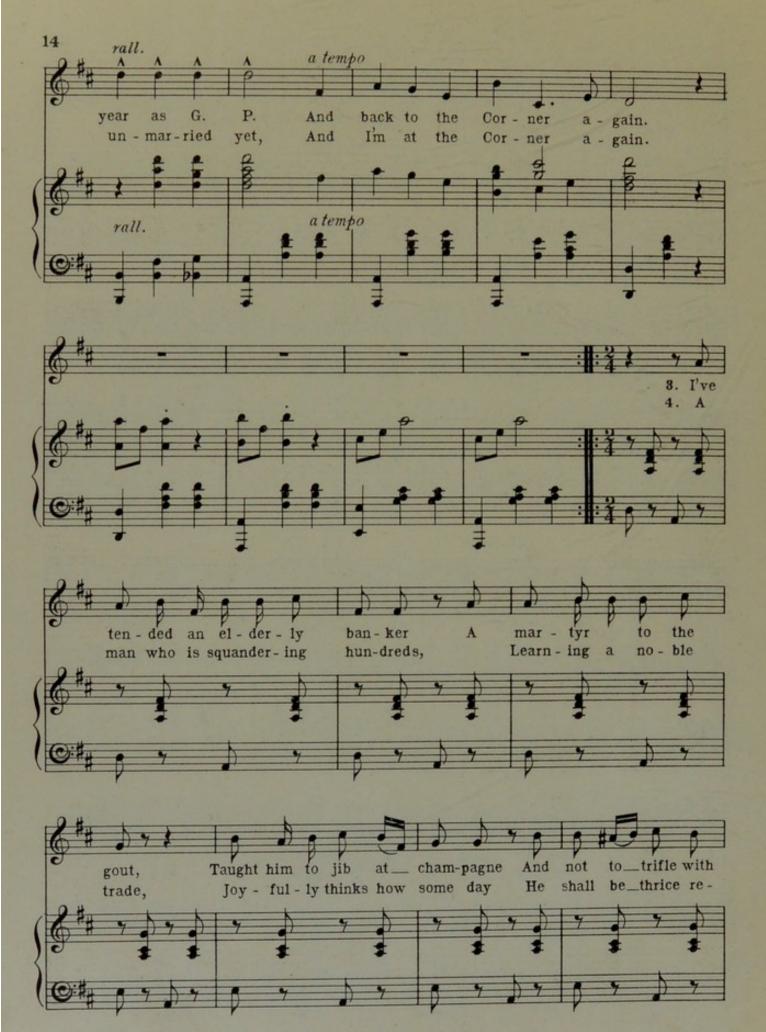
#### J. Blumfeld.

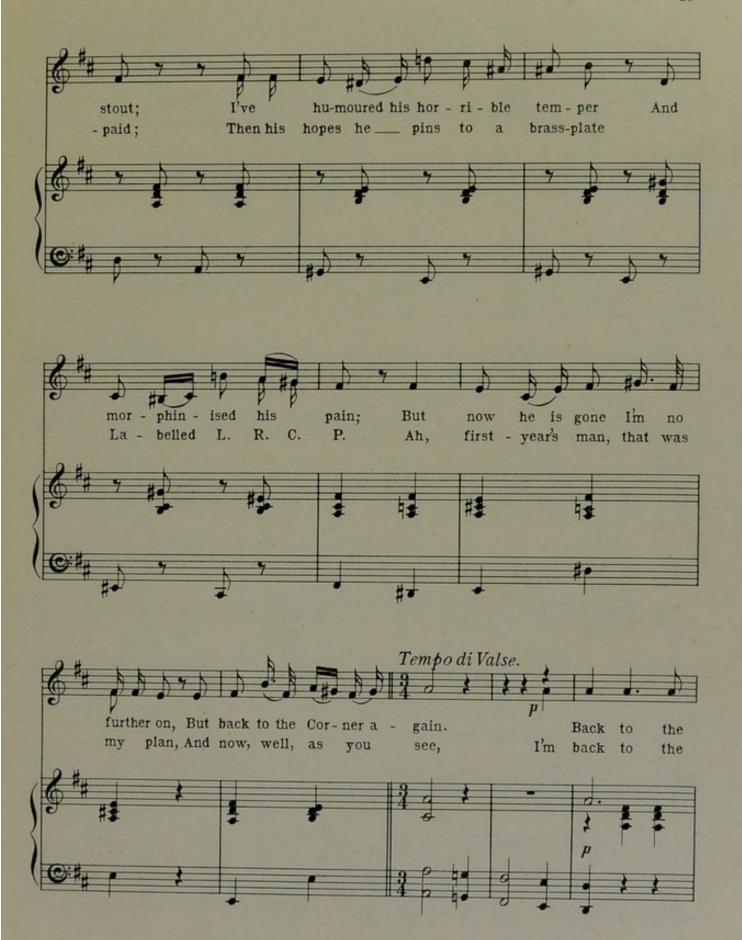


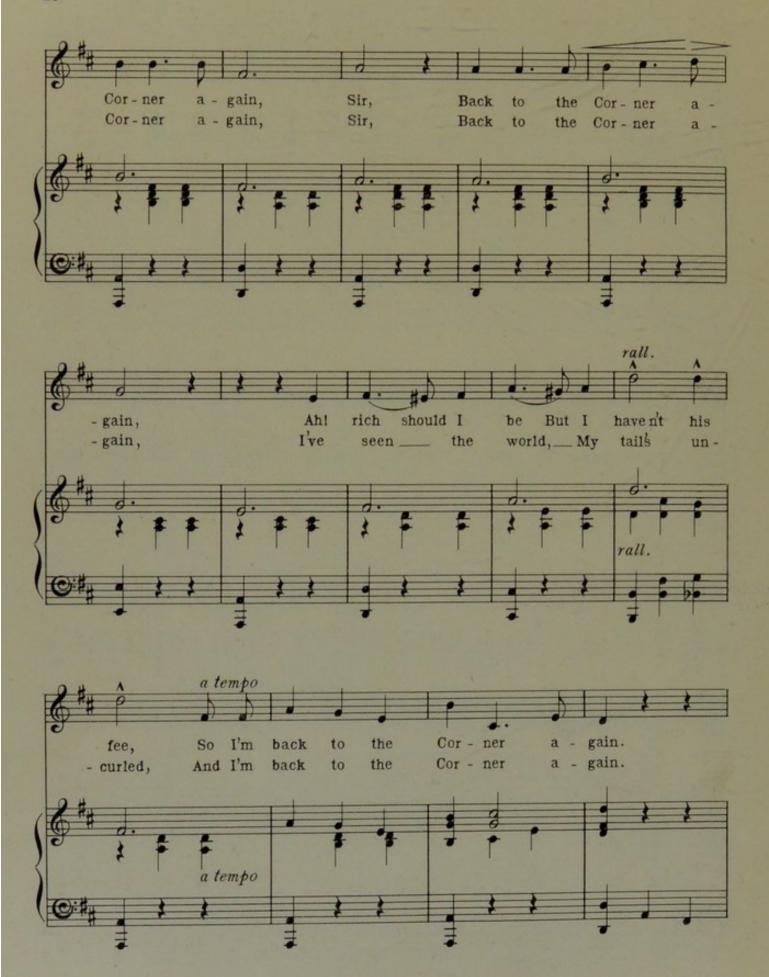


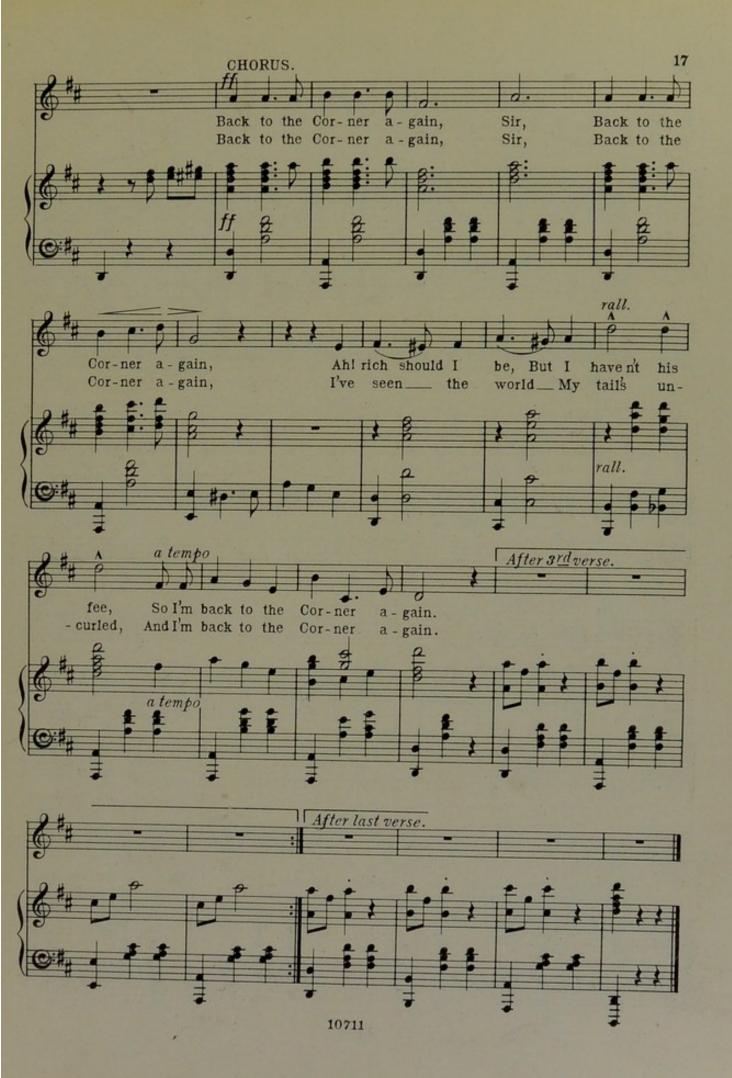






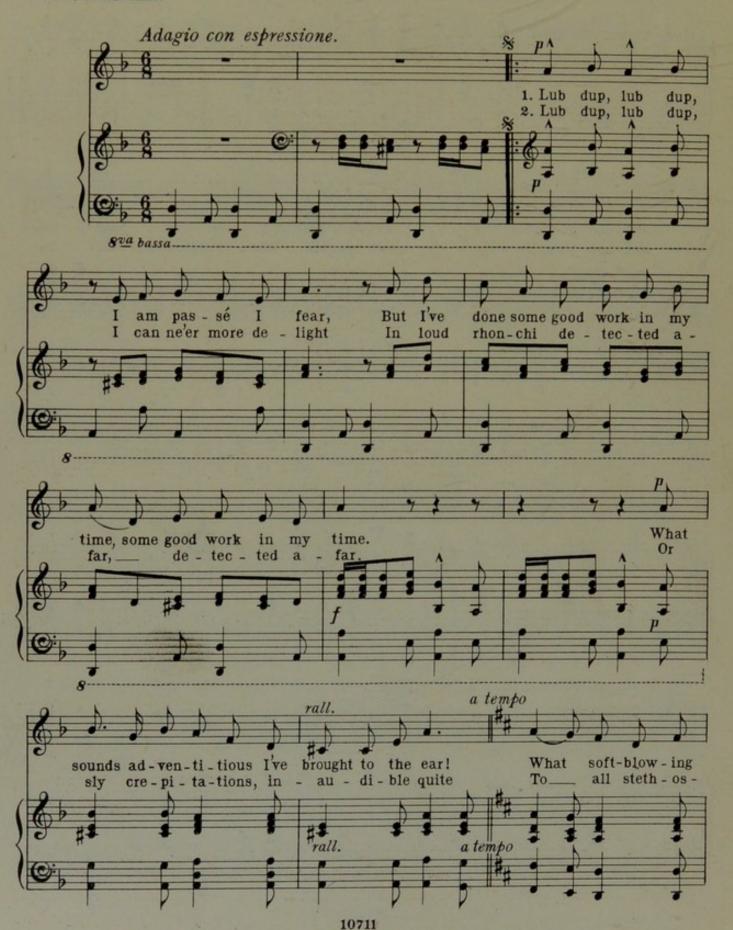


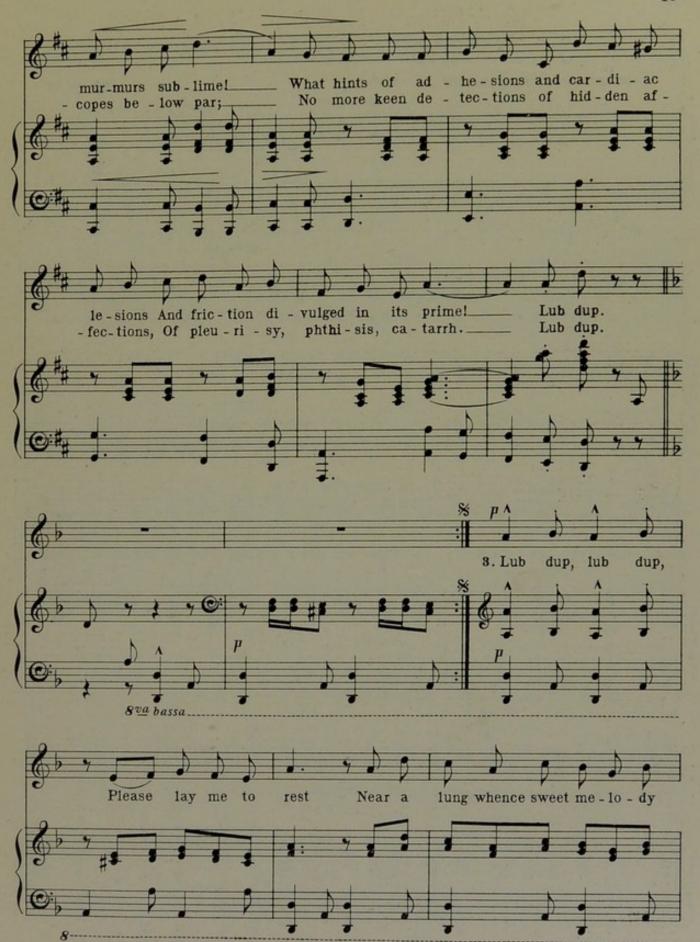


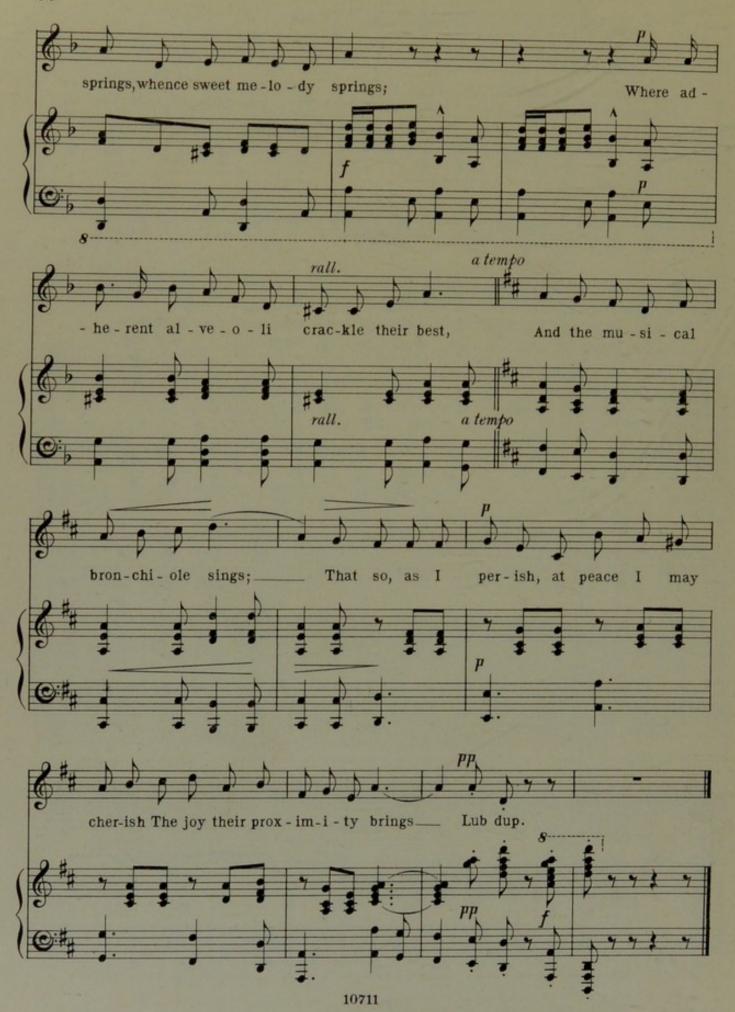


### THE VETERAN STETHOSCOPE.

#### G. H. Ransome.

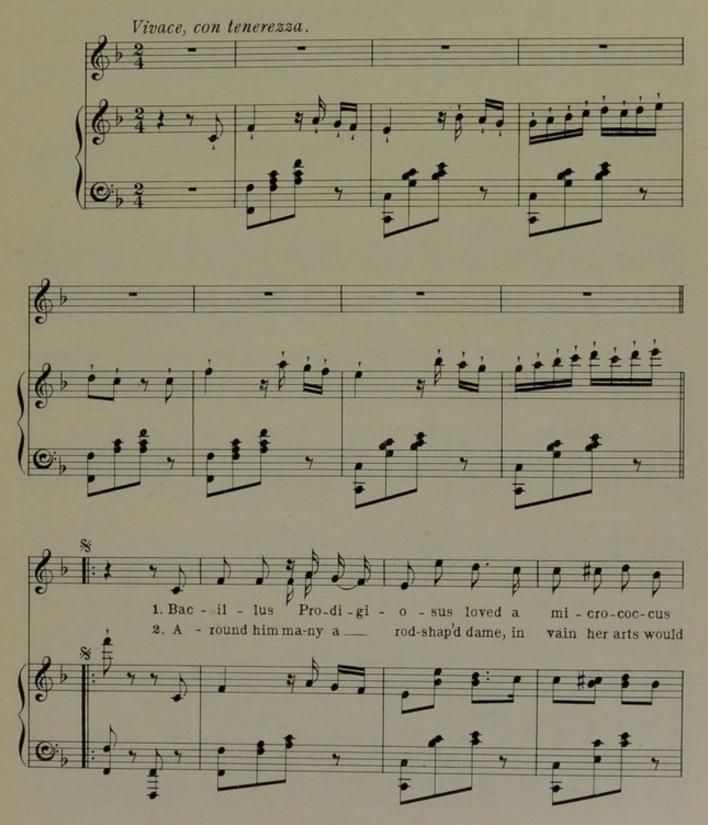


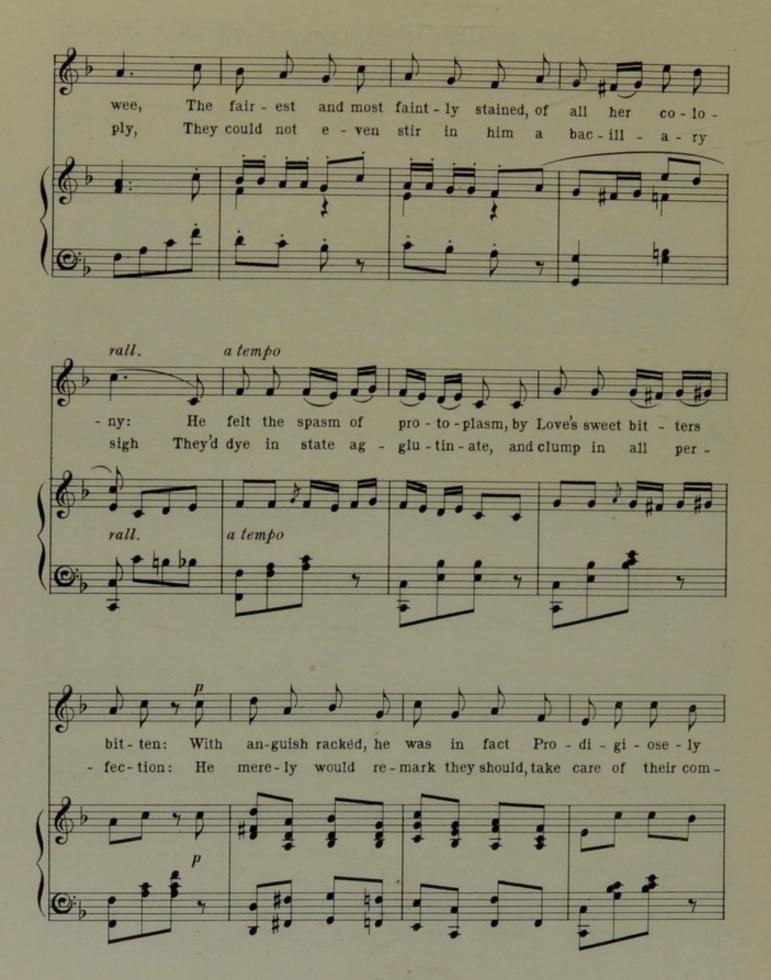


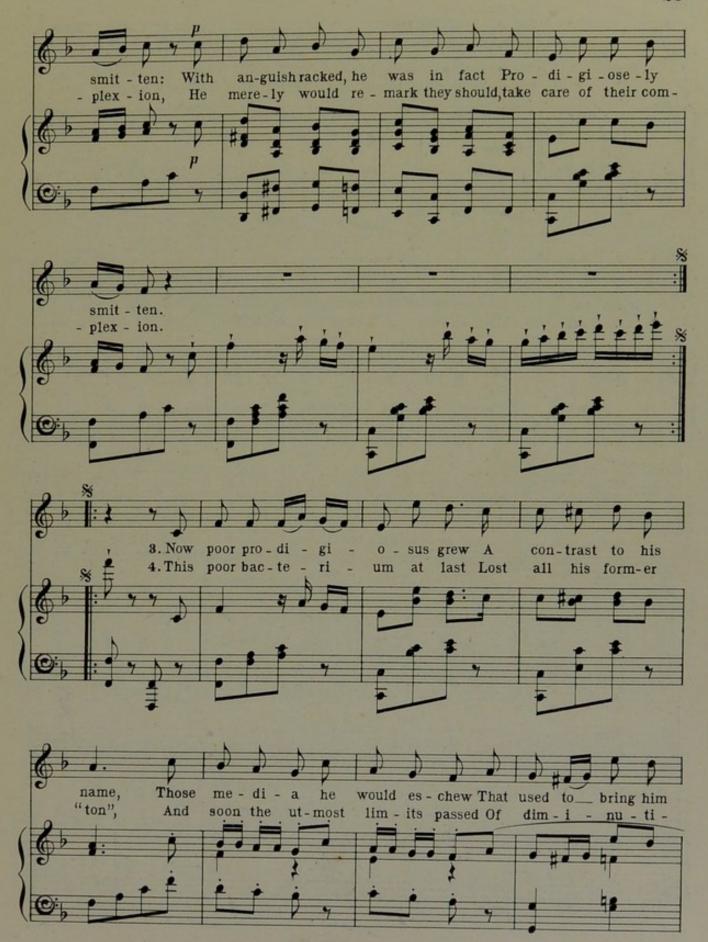


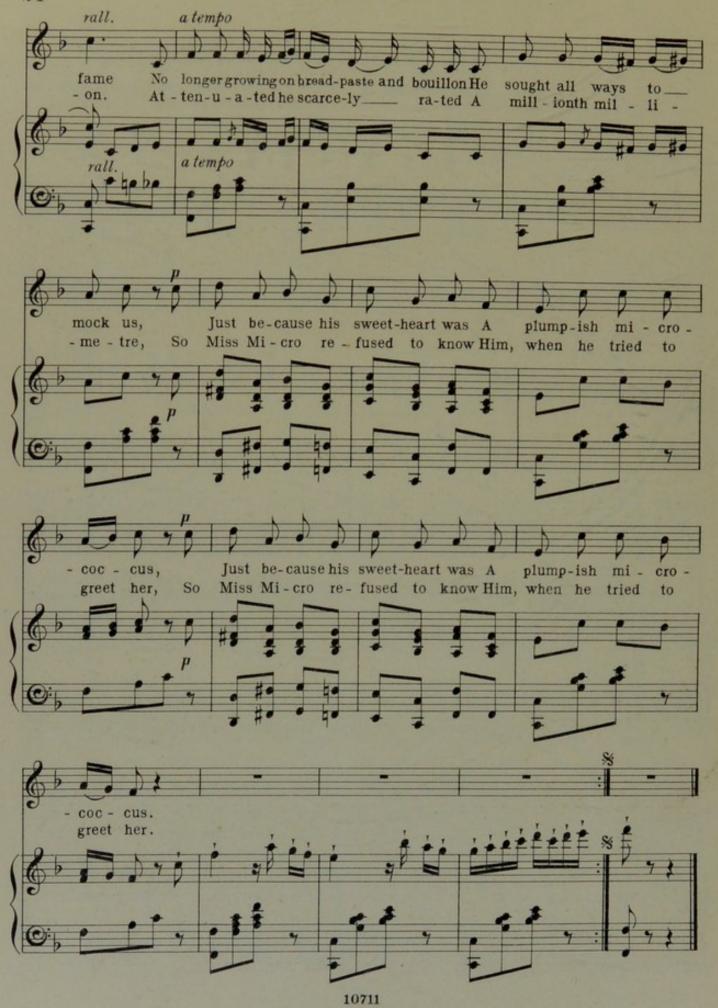
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#### J. Blumfeld.



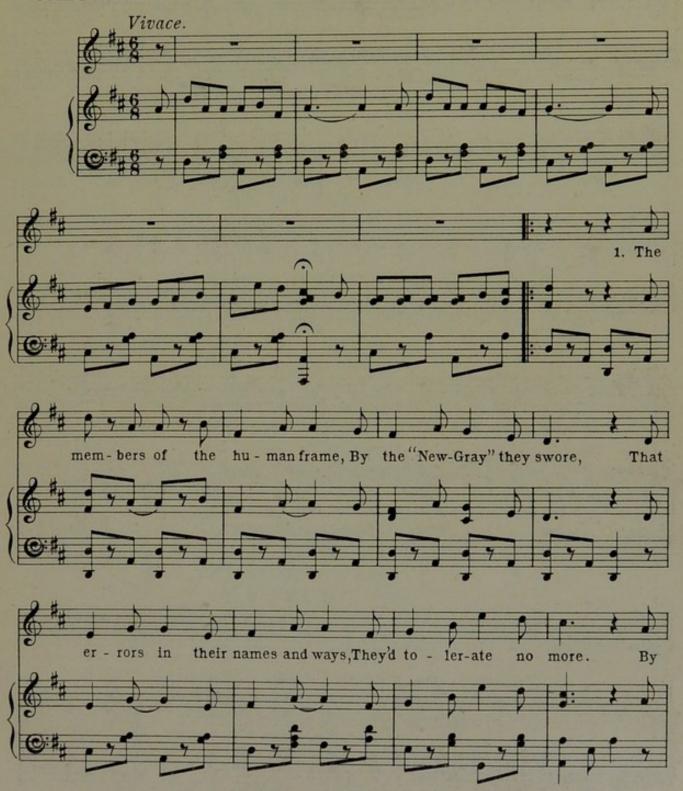


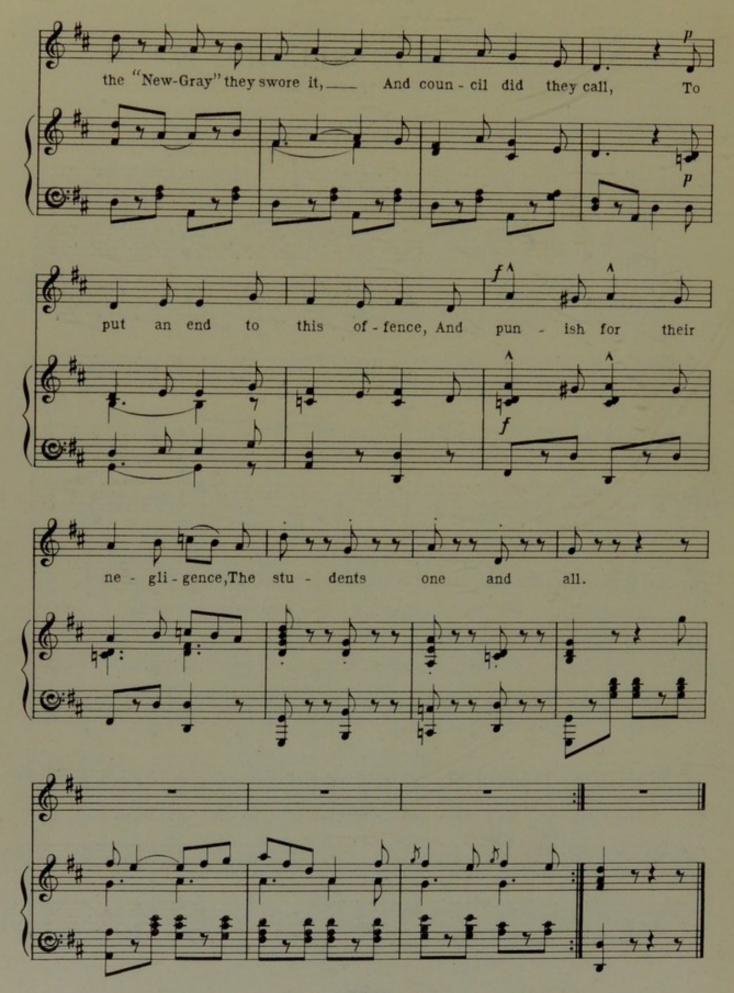




# A LAY OF THE DISSECTING ROOM.

#### G. H. Ransome.





2.

First up spake bluff Trapezius:

"Tis scandalous," said he,

"That stupid, lazy idiots
Should make mistakes in Me;
It's true they seldom blunder
When asked my form to spot,
But when they say with blatant mien,
I'm in relation with the spleen;
It is a little hot."

8

"You're right, Sir," squeaked the Tonsil,
"Such conduct, as you say,
Is really reprehensible,
If use the term I may,
I know that my position
Is hard to understand,
But, surely, if they thought awhile,
They ought to hesitate to style
Me the Parotid gland."

4.

Then many more unanimous

Took up the common cry;

Fat muscles self-complacent,

Phalanges young and shy;

And all alike agreed they must

Some drastic vengeance wreak;

But, when the Liver, blandly wise,

Asked them what means they could devise,

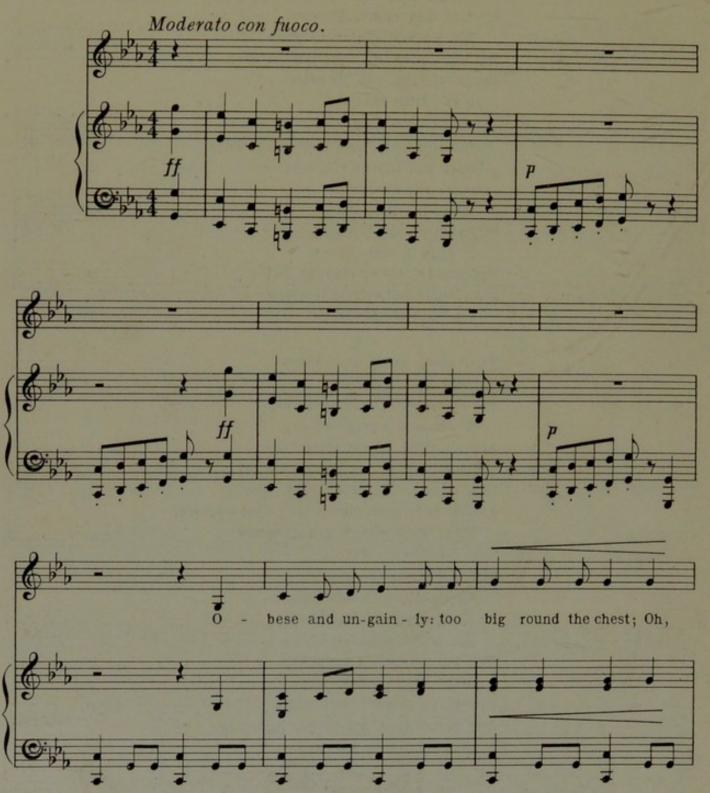
Then none were heard to speak.

5.

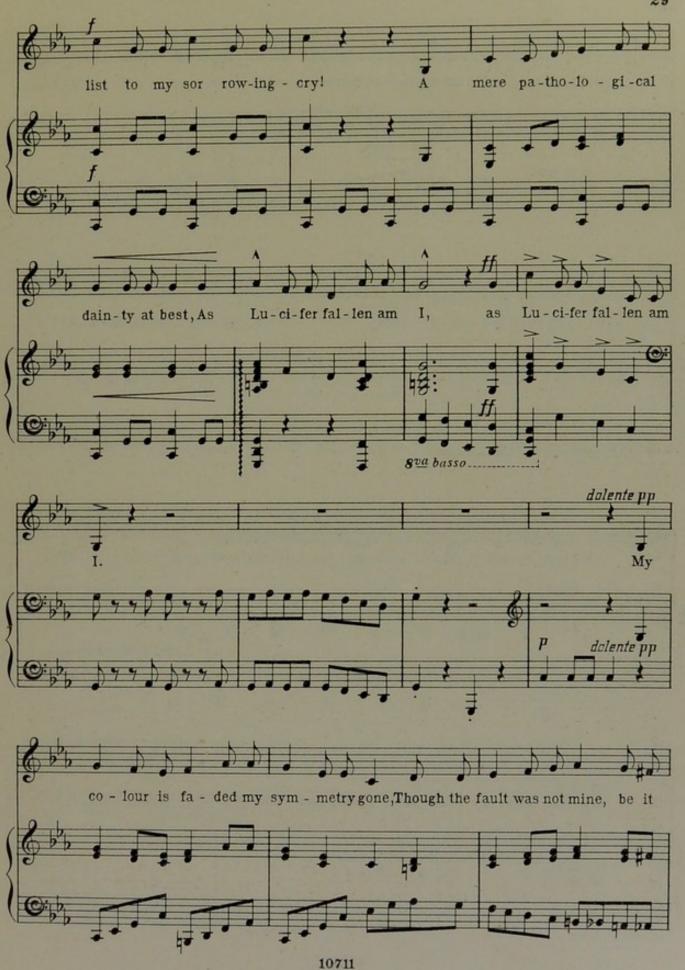
But last the wily ventricle,
Of bristling "bodfi" fame,
Said: "Gentlemen; the students
Are truly much to blame,
But, the revenge I purpose
Were deadliest by far,
So let us sap their wits away
And make them old before their day,
By keeping as we are."

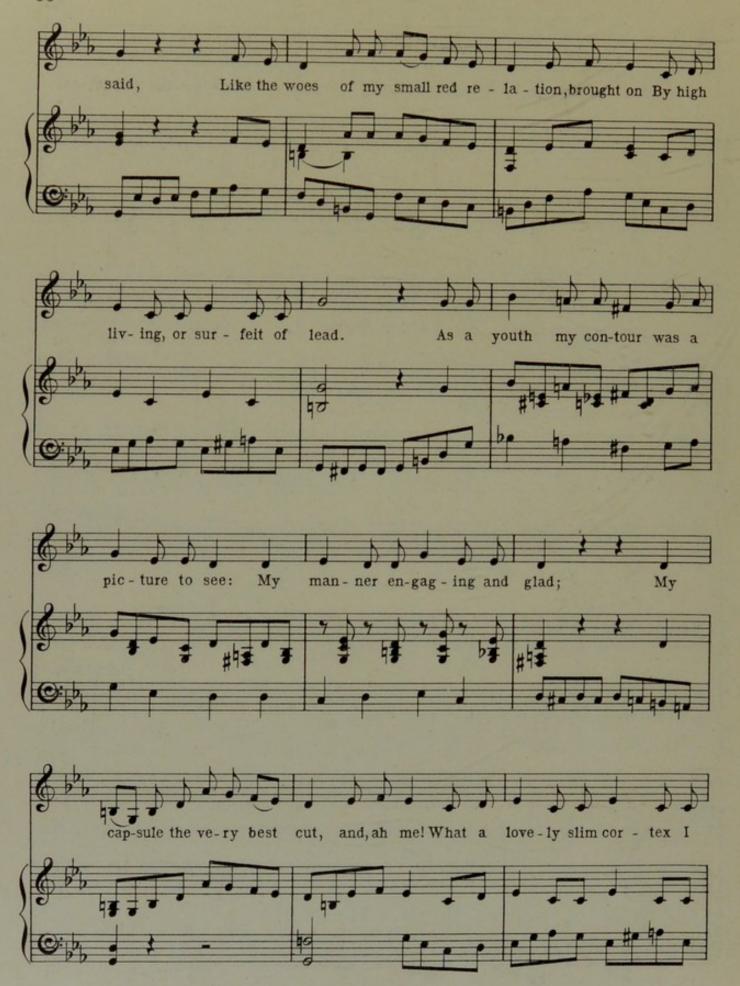
## THE LAMENT OF THE LARGE WHITE KIDNEY.

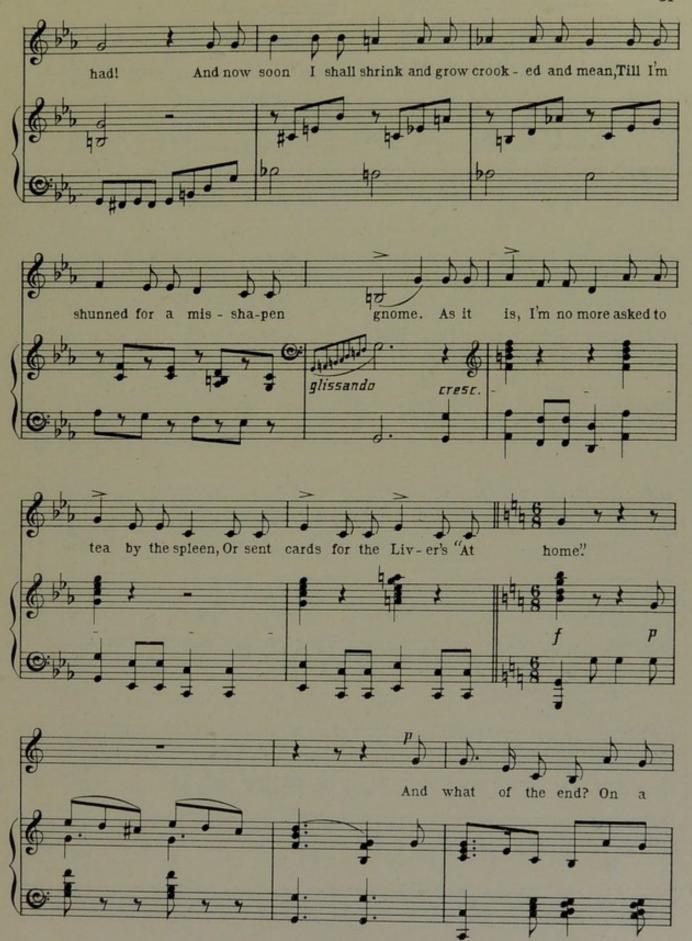
## G. H. Ransome.

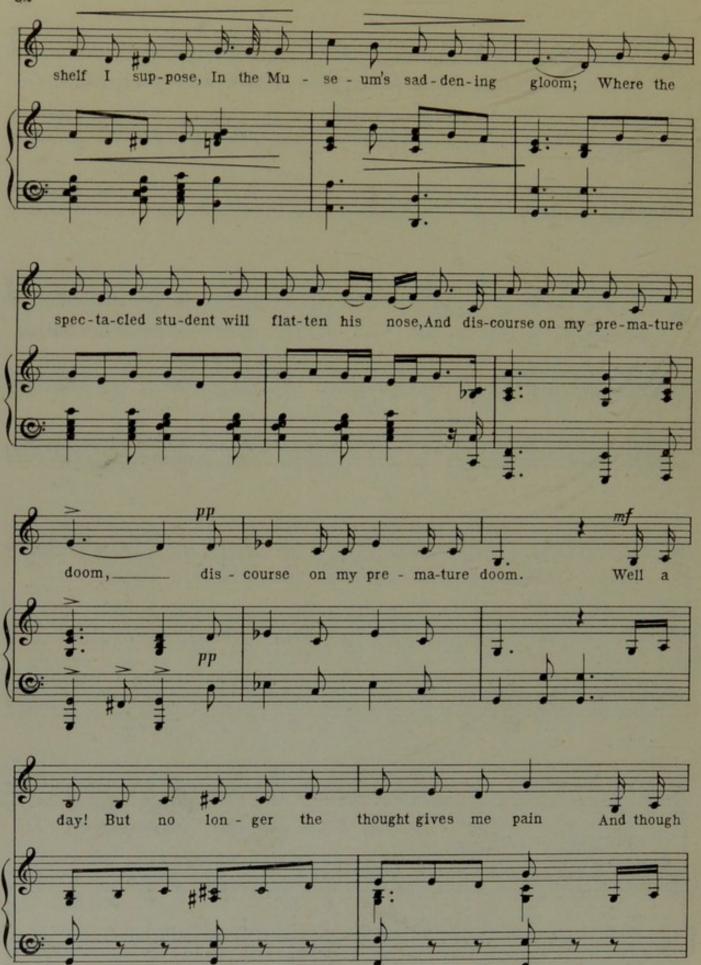




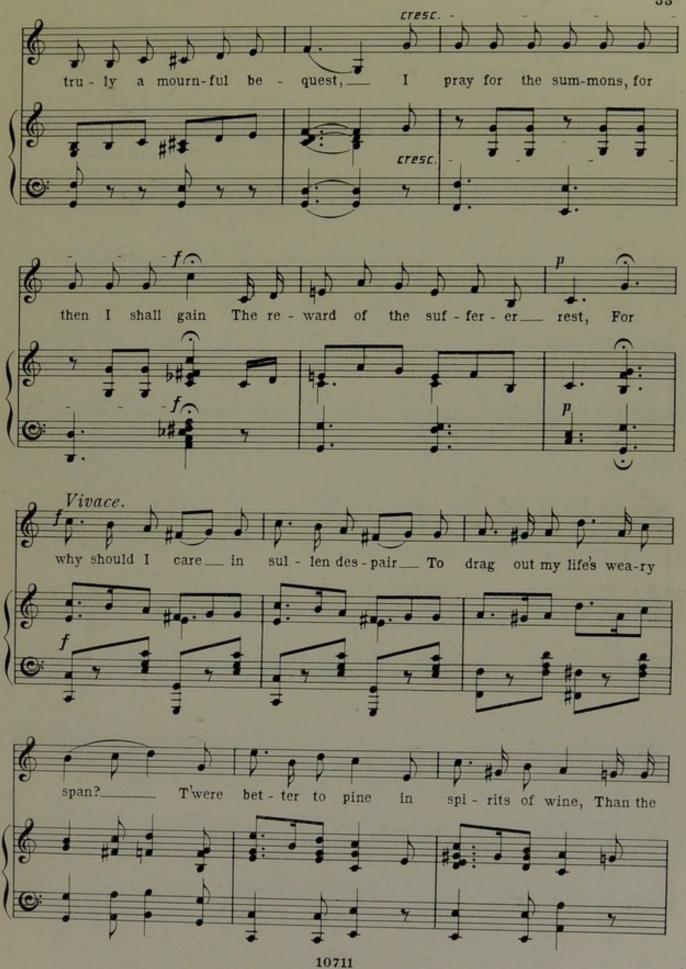


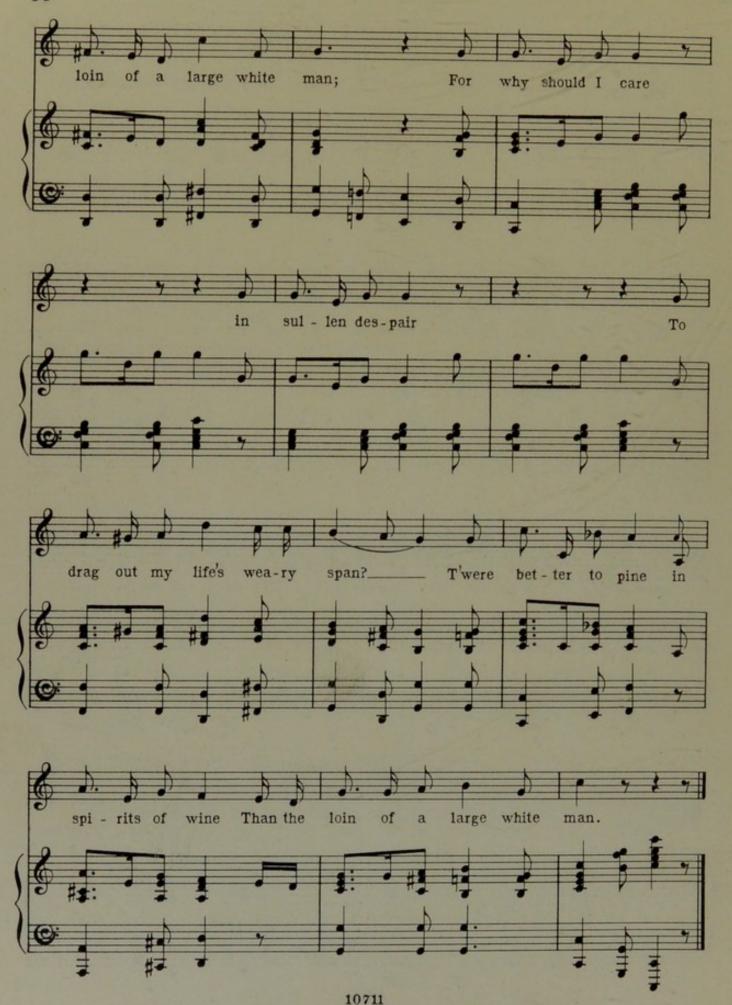






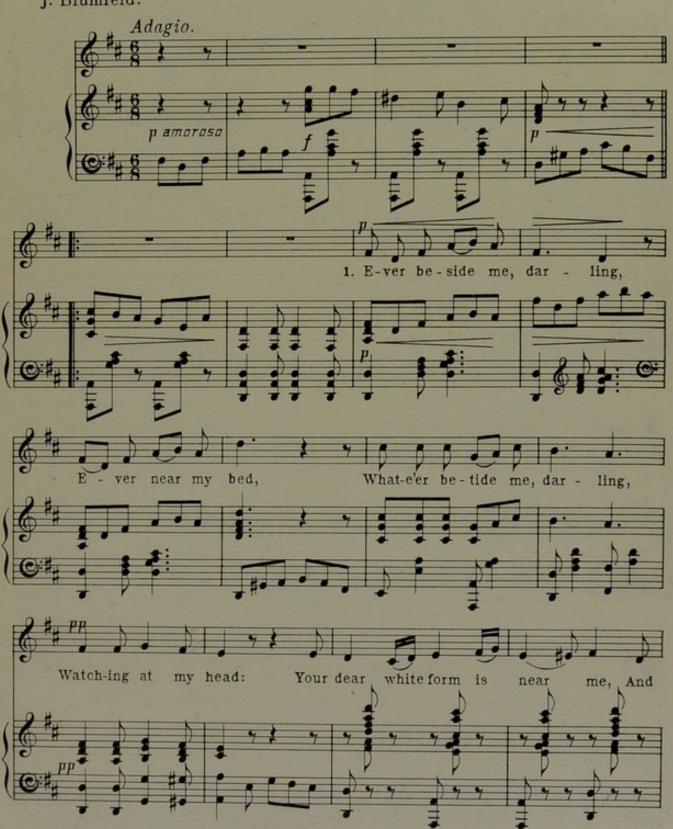




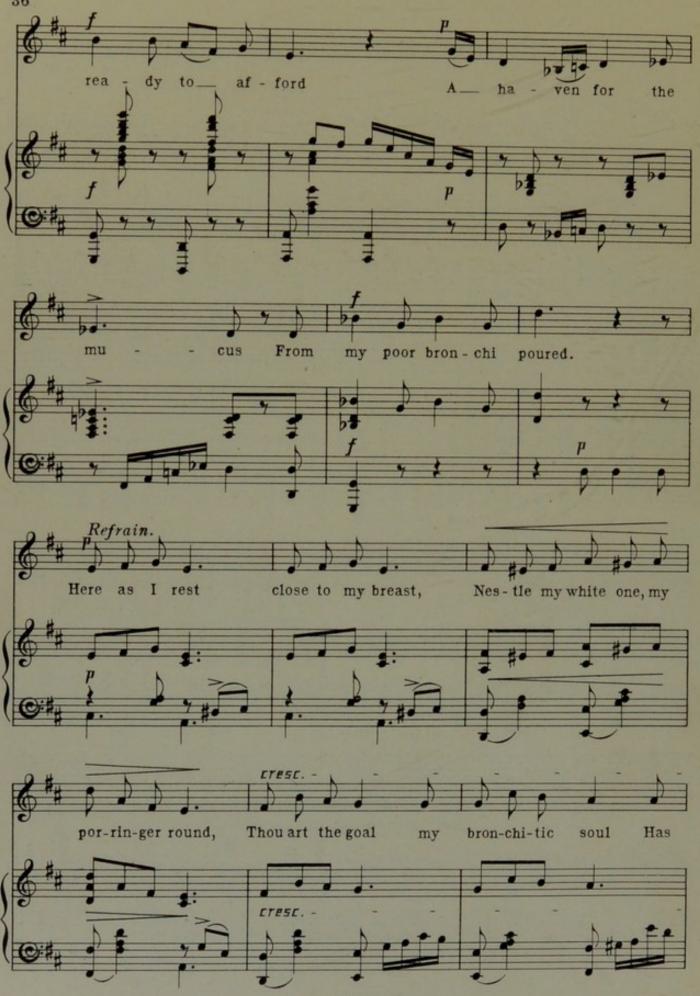


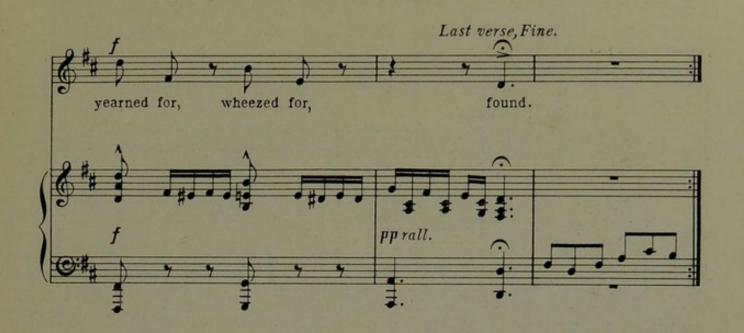
## A BRONCHITIC'S LOVE-SONG.

J. Blumfeld.









2.

Speak not of frail Trochisci
Sucked and sucked again,
Lin. Terebinth and Whiskey
Both alike are vain;
Tenacious mucus rends me,
And you alone can give
The coughing storm that bends me
A welcome short reprieve.
Ref. Here as I rest etc.

3.

Oft when the kind Physician

Bends a learned ear,

Taking up his position

Undeterred by fear,

For you I still forsake him

And, who so'er he be,

My frequent cough shall make him

Resign his place for thee.

Ref. Here as I rest etc.

4.

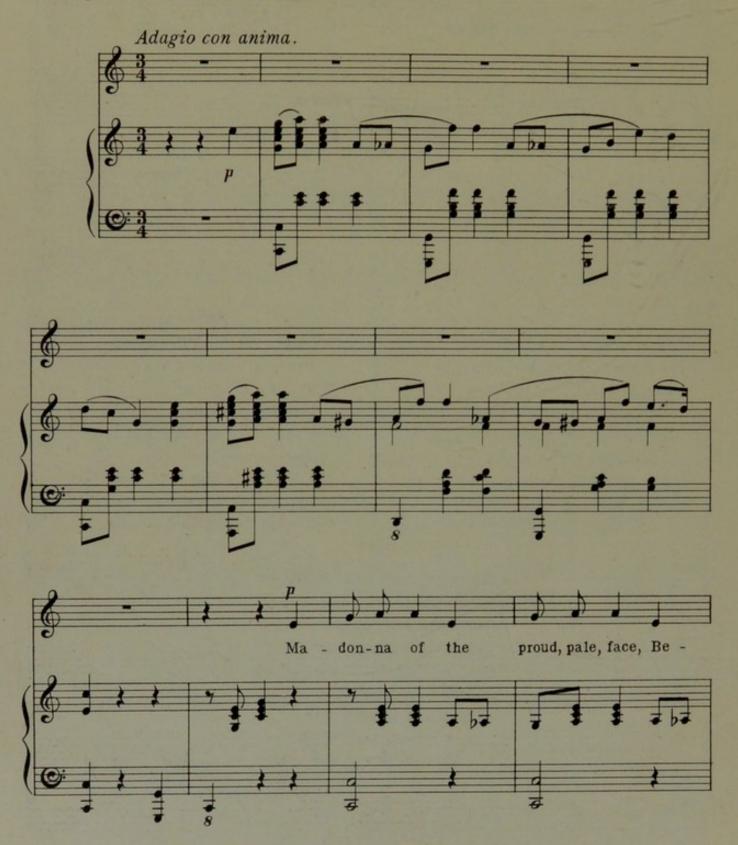
Cold is thy cheek and whiter

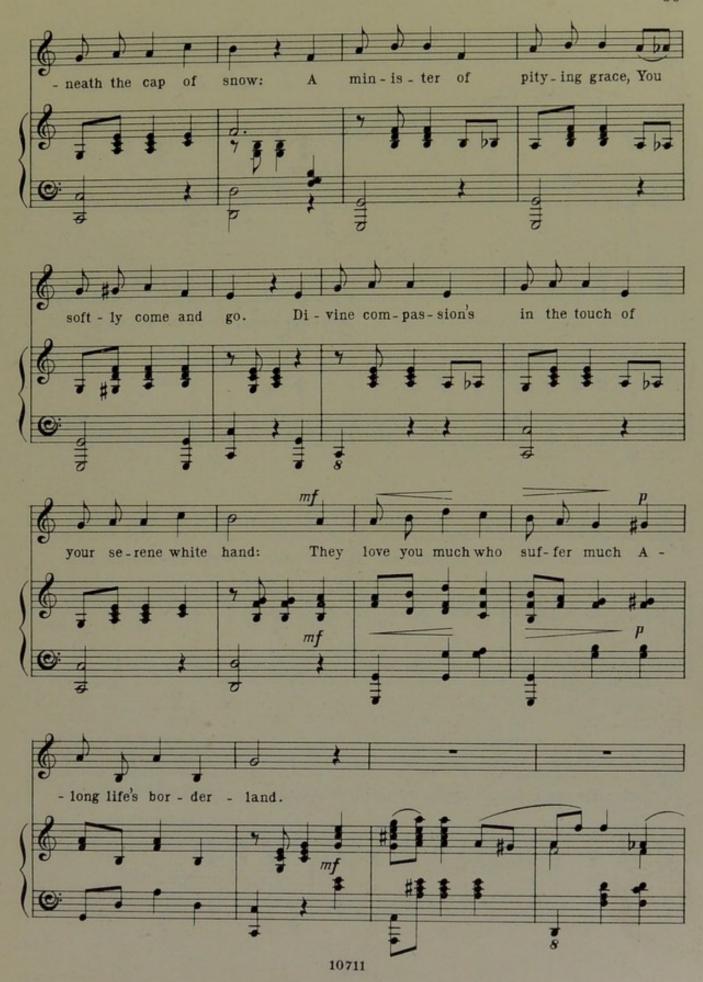
Than the driven snow,
Lighter and daily lighter
Does my off'ring grow.
Farewell! "Improved" I'm leaving
To join the stray O. P.
And you will be receiving
Some case instead of me.

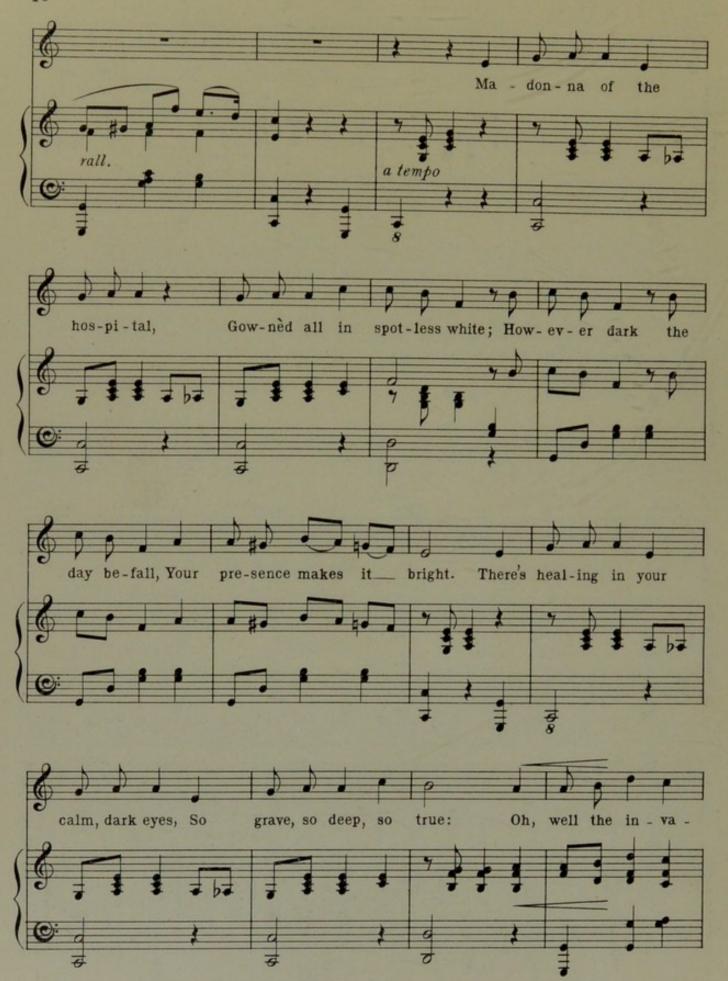
Ref. Here as I rest etc.

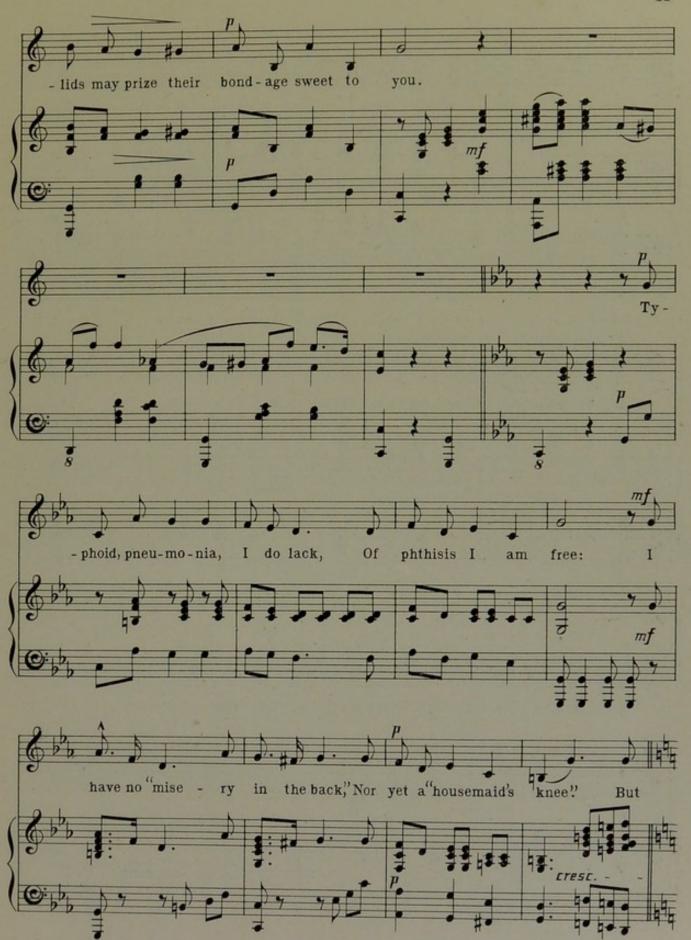
## TO A HOSPITAL NURSE.

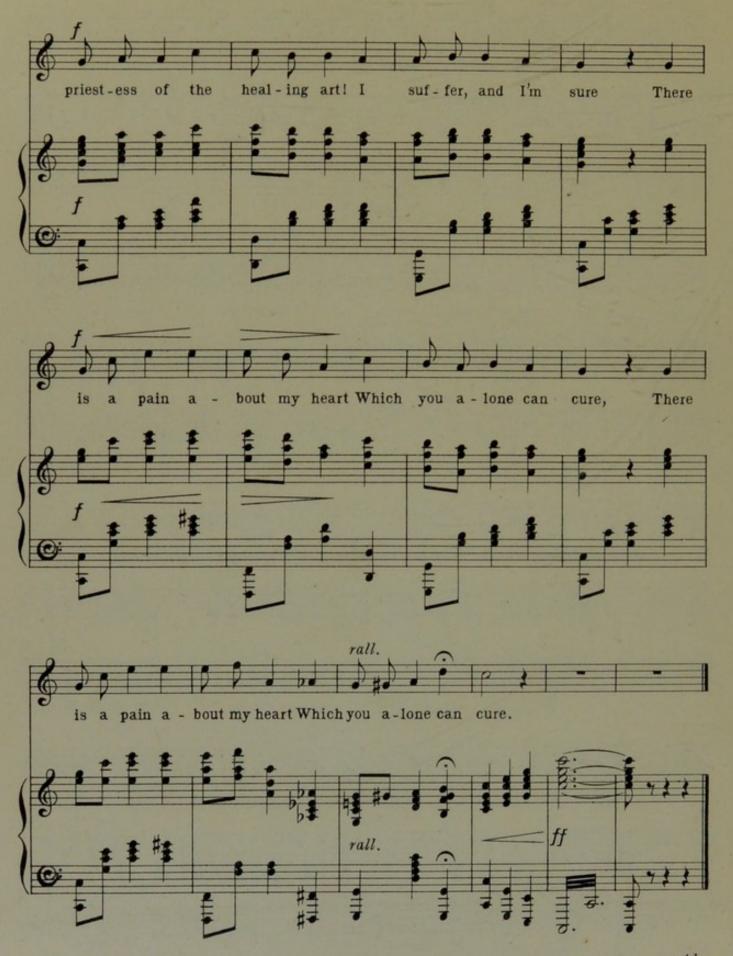
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