TO
ERIC LEWIS.

COD LIVER OIL,

(A SONG OF THE SICK ROOM.)

*WORDS FROM

"The Carols of Cockayne",

Written by

HENRY S. LEIGH,

MUSIC COMPOSED,
and Sung by

GEORGE GROSSMITH

IN HIS NEW MUSICAL SKETCH

"AWAY FOR MY HEALTH."

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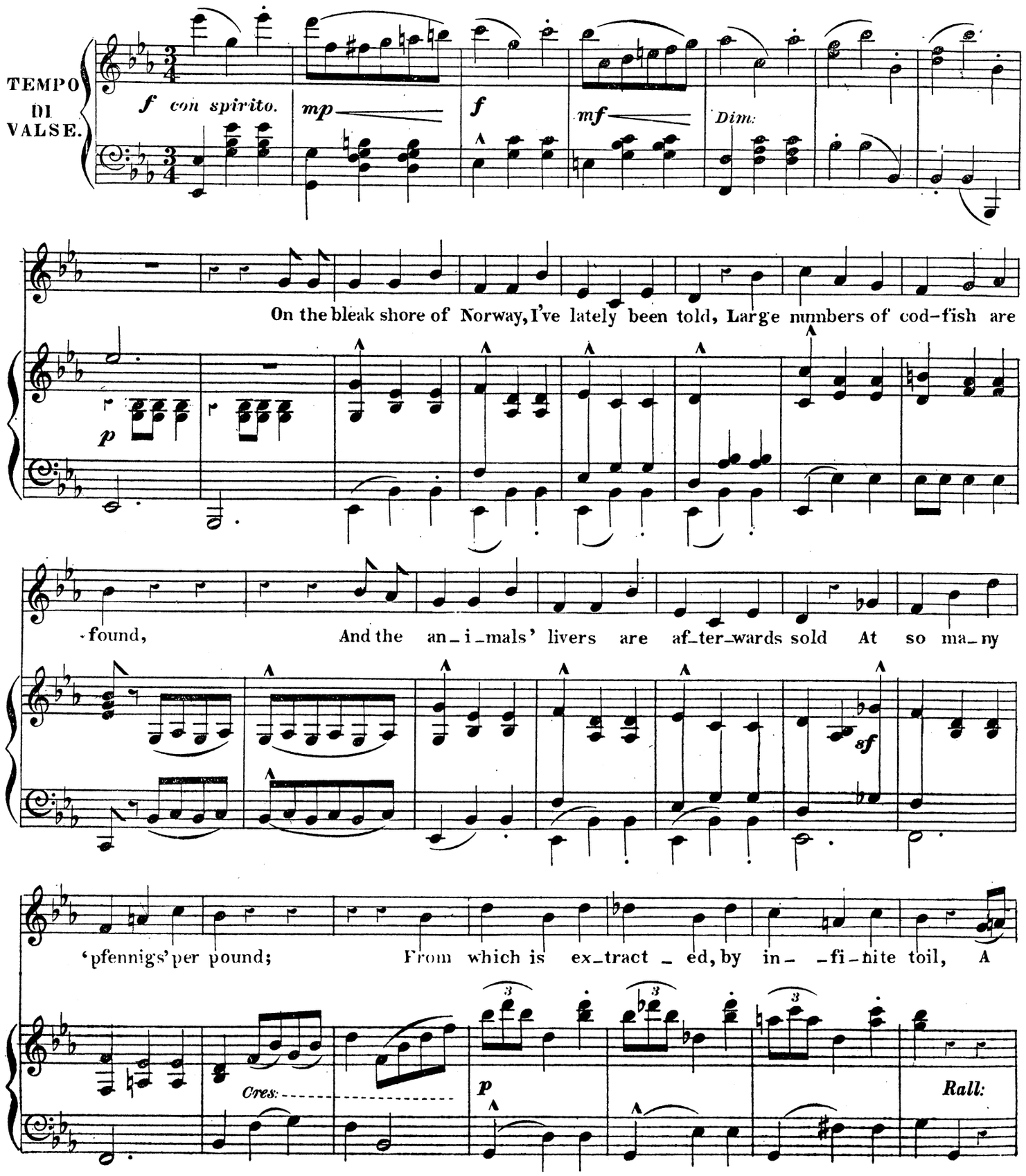
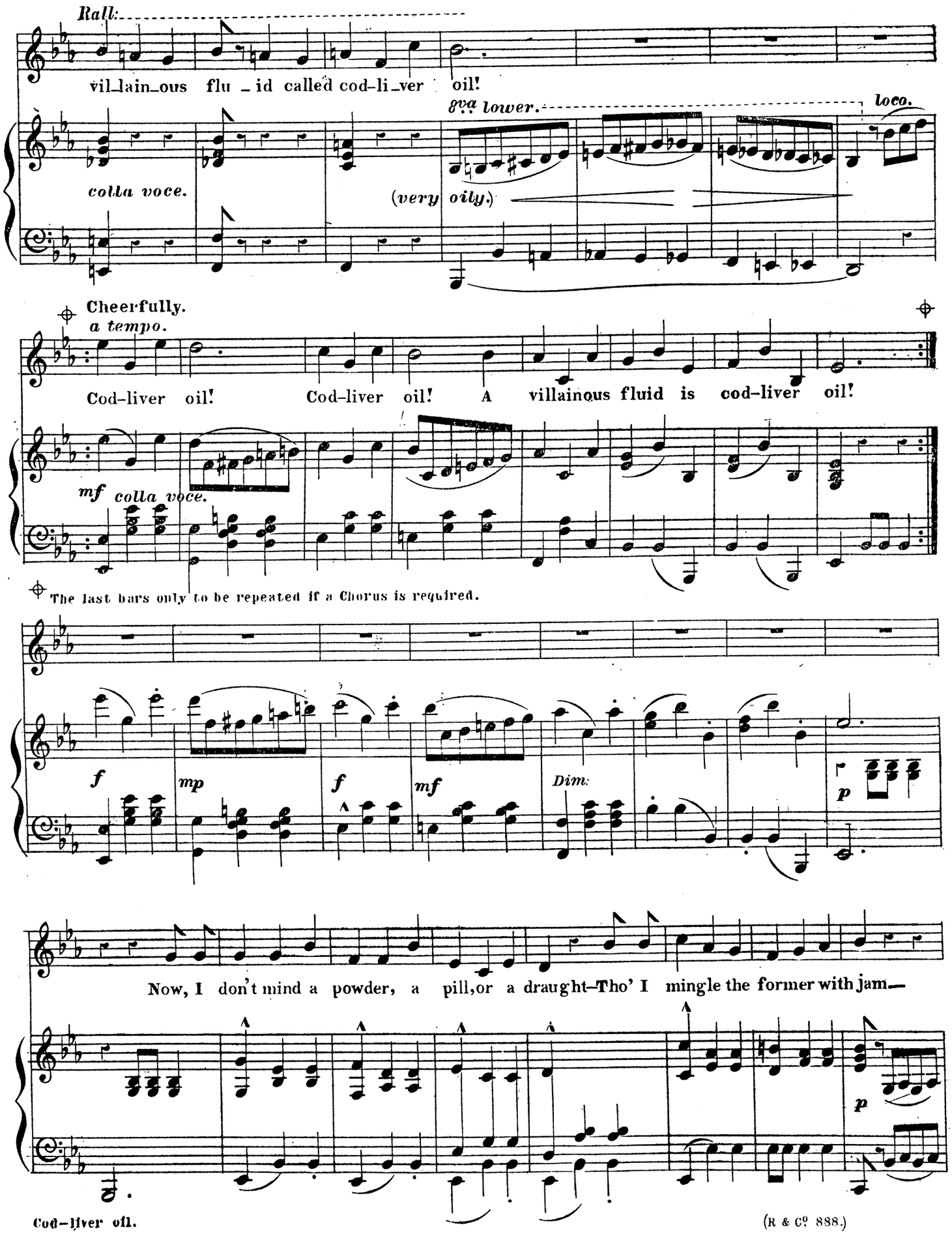
COD-LIVER OIL.

(A BALLAD OF THE SICK ROOM.)

WRITTEN BY HENRY S. LEIGH. COMPOSED BY GEORGE GROSSMITH.




Rall:
vil_lain_ous flu _ id called cod-li_ver oil!
8va lower.
loco.
colla voce.
(very oily.)
Cheerfully.
a tempo.
Cod-liver oil! Cod-liver oil! A villainous fluid is cod-liver oil!
mf colla voce.
The last bars only to be repeated if a Chorus is required.
f
mp
f
mf
Dim:
p
Now, I don't mind a powder, a pill, or a draught—Tho' I mingle the former with jam—
p

And many's the mixture I've cheerful_ly quaff'd, And the pill I have gulp'd like a

fz

lamb. But then I en_ve_lop my pills in tin-foil, And I can't do the

Rall:

p

Rall:

same with my cod-li_ver oil!

8va lower.

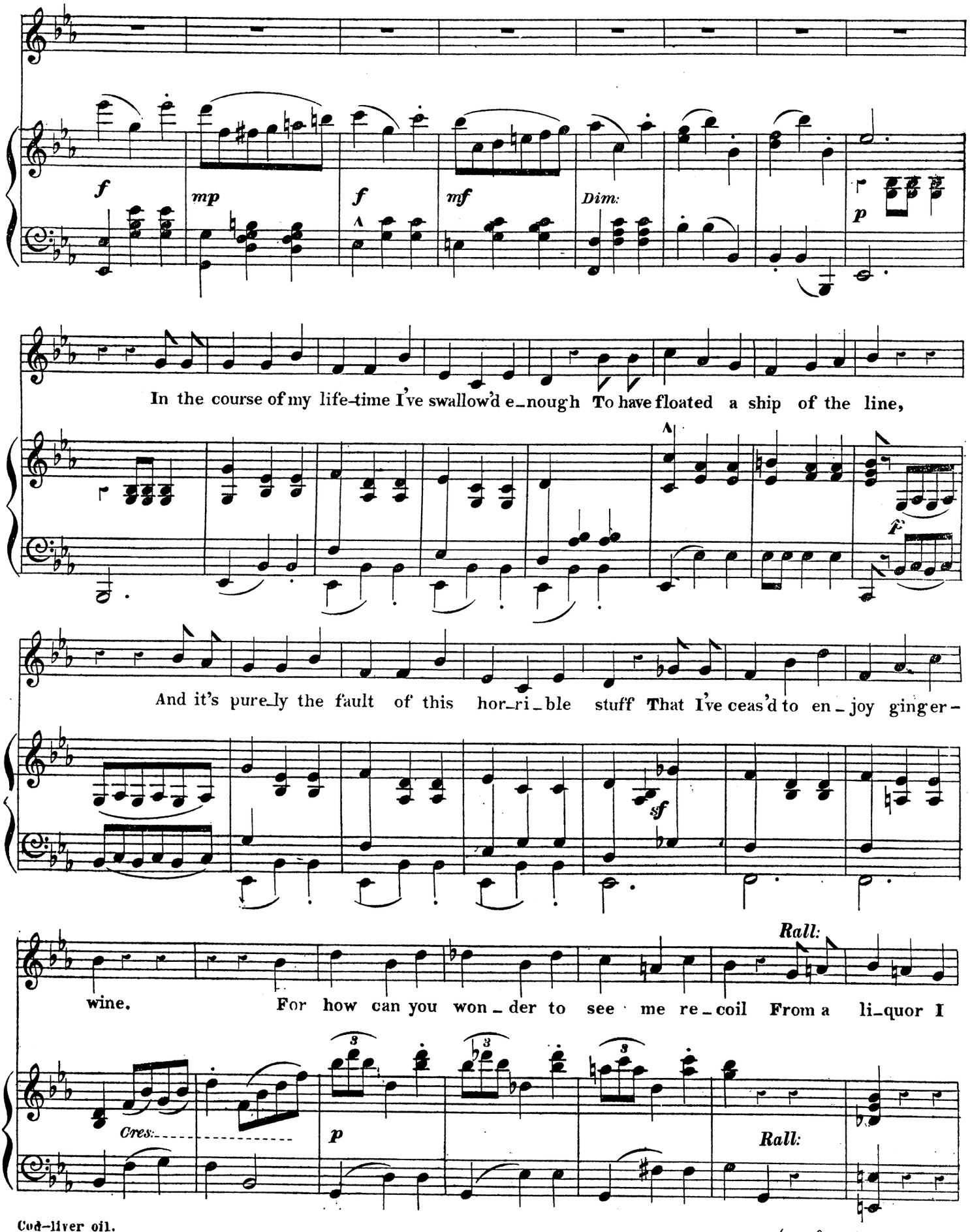
loco.

a tempo.

Cod-liver oil! Cod-liver oil! But I can't do the same with my cod-liver oil!

mf

(R & Co 888.)



Cod-liver oil.

mixed with my cod-liver oil?

8va lower. loco.

a tempo.

Cod-liver oil! Cod-liver oil! A li-quor I've mixed with cod-li-ver oil!

mf

f *mp* *f* *mf* *Dim:* *p*

There are few deeds of daring from which I should quail—There are few things I'd tremble to do—

p

(R & C° 888.)

But there's one kind of ton_ic that makes me turn pale, And quite spoils my appetite, too;

fz *Cres.*

Rall:

But, you see, just at pre_ sent, I've got none to spoil, So I don't mind al_lud_ing to

p *Rall:* *colla voce.*

cod-liver oil!

a tempo.

cod-liver oil!

8va lower. *loco.* *mf*

Cod-liver oil! So we'll join in a bumper of cod-liver oil! oil!

(R & Co. 888.)

MAFEKIN' NIGHT.

WRITTEN AND SUNG BY
ALBERT CHEVALIER.

MUSIC BY
ALFRED H. WEST.

Chorus.

Wot oh! we cried On Maf-e-kin' night, on Maf-e-kin' night! Wot oh! Out-side! On Maf-e-kin' night, on Maf-e-kin' night! We all be-'aved, Al-tho' we raved, An' the old flag waved, The moke on 'is back wore a Un-ion Jack, An' Par 'ad 'is whisk-ers shaved!

1st Verse.

I was walkin' long o' Lizer,
Thought it wiser
'Cos they eyes 'er,
I'd took 'er for an outin'.
Sez she— poutin'—
"Wot's that shoutin?"

A cove 'e starts a'ollerin'
Crowds a-follerin'
(Flags a-collarin')
A-cheerin' all the way.
"Baden Powell!— Bobs! 'ooray!"
An' "Brayvo! Dublin Fusiliers!"

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