

Godfrey's Cordial



Come young and old, short and tall,
 Little, big, great and small;
 The naked truth I'll tell to all—
 About old Godfrey's Cordial.
 Our innocence is all a sham,
 He dearly loved his bit of lamb,
 About his sheep he cared not a d—
 She admired his Godfrey's cordial.
 He stroked her hair—and all the rest,
 Unlaced her stays and done his best;
 Says he by this job he'll feather my nest,
 With my nice Godfrey's cordial.

He kissed and cuddled her—right and tight,
 He said, she was his heart's delight;
 Then in a cab they rides all night,
 He gave her Godfrey's cordial.

To the Gardeners', the people said,
 He oft times there pop'd in his head,
 But he managed to dig the parsley bed—
 His seed was Godfrey's cordial.
 He felt her pulse all on the stairs,
 Who ever saw him—nobody cares,
 He must stand all the repairs—
 How sweet was Godfrey's cordial.
 So in a cab she was ruined quite,
 She says you are my heart's delight,
 If things shall not turn out right,
 I shall lay it to Godfrey's cordial.

In course of time things did pass by
 To Mrs. S—t she began to cry
 Oh my dear nurse she did cry—
 I've taken some Godfrey's cordial.
 I know I am poisoned—I do declare,
 Such a row was here and there—
 Look for the doctor everywhere—
 They call him Godfrey's cordial.
 For he loves all the Girls to please
 But still its not always the cheese;
 He cures all complaints for head to knees,
 And they likes his Godfrey's cordial.

I'll tell you all both this and that,
 All flat fish is not a sprat,
 The truth is yet to be got at—
 About old Godfrey's cordial.
 Some says now what is this about,
 My mother he don't know I'm out
 Or I don't like Godfrey's cordial.
 But all opinion is on one side,
 With the doctor of course she liked to ride,
 Thinking perhaps she might be the old man's guide
 Oh how she liked his caudle.

So fathers and mothers pray beware,
 For fear your girls get in a snare,
 Girls of yourselves I pray take care,
 And mind the doctor's cordial.
 Don't let your children on music play,
 For fear they're danced away,
 For young—they might be led astray,
 If they are fond of doctor's cordial.
 Don't let them ride in a cab about,
 In time they will get rather stout
 Their parents then will be in a doubt,
 about old Godfrey's cordial.



1850