

I wish that I could swim like

J. B. JOHNSON.

NOTICE.—MR. PEARSON has secured the sole right of Printing the above song. Pirates beware

Written by TOM HAINES; Sung with Immence Success by ALF WALKER.

OH! would I were a little fish,
Upon the water skimming,
Oh! let me be one, 'tis my wish,
I am so fond of swimming;
'Tis true, I can float like a stone,
And yet I've not found out boys,
The *Real Right Art*, I swim I'll own,
With one leg on the ground, boys.

Chorus:

Oh! J. B. Johnson, I wish that I were him,
Oh! J. B. Johnson, he is the man to swim,
And has'nt he the pluck? he floats just like
a dnck,
I wish that I could swim, like J. B. Johnson.

I have seen J. B. Johnson swim,
And did feel much delighted,
Oh! don't I wish that I were him
Poor me, he has benighted.
I often dream that I'm a Whale,
Down in the briney ocean,
Wagging my enormous tail,
As fast as Locomotion.

Johnson leaped from London Bridge,
And I have tried to do it,
I placed one foot upon the ridge,
Then back again I drew it,
Think's I, some how, I must contrive,
And will not rest content, sirs,
Till in the Thames I take a dive,
Right off the Monument, sirs.

The other day he tried to swim,
To Calas right from Dover,
The task seem'd easy unto him.
When seven miles were over,
Right through the sea, he seem'd to fly,
He stop'd, tho' not through failure,
When I can swim, you'll see I'll try,
To go right to Australia.

Sold by T. Pearson, Manchester, also by
T. Sansom, 99 Coleshill Street, Birmingham,
R. Hutchinson, Meadow Lane, Leeds.
M. Crangle, 38, Church Street, Sunderland.
T. & W. Plant, Newcastle Street, Nottingham.

MEDICINE.

JACK

Sung by ALF WALKER; the peoples favorite

I AM a leaned Sugeon, my name is Doetor
Quack
My draughts and Pills to cure your ills I
carry on my back,
My medicine's are the nastiest that ever cured
a pain,
If once you tasted them I know, I you'd never
be ill again,

Chorus:

Then oh, my! anybody ill, anybody ill. any-
body ill, oh! my hi!
I'm doctor Quack, quack, quack-a-ka-quack,
I cure of any attack,
I've syrup of squills and cammille pills,
And they call me Doctor Quack.

I've lotions for the meales and I've powders
for the croup.
I cure the girls of whooping cough, by taking
off their hoop,
My plaisters are so very strong, they draw
out all your teeth,
And last week drew a ton of coals from here
to Hampstead Heath.

I've got pills for the complexion, if you rub'em
in at night,
If you bered as beet-root in the morning you'll
be white,
They'll cure a smoky fire, and take away the
kettles boil,
They're made of railway grease and soap,
dutch cheese and castor oil.

I've got a syrup you can take, for tooth-ache
the nose,
I've pewders for a wooden arm and pills for
timber toes,
I stop the mouths of scolding wives, their
double teeth I draw,
I clap a paddlock on their tongues, which
them hold their jaw.

I've oinment 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 won't!—then he must ge elsewhere to
trade, must Doctor Quack.

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