Ballad of Lydia Pinkham

Ballad of Lydia Pinkham

Let us sing (let us sing) of Lydia Pinkham
The benefactress of the human race.
She invented a vegetable compound,
And now all papers print her face,

O, Mrs. Brown could do no housework,
O, Mrs. Brown could do no housework,
She took three bottles of Lydia's conpound,
And now there's nothing she will shirk,
she will shirk,

Mrs. Jones she had no children,
And she loved them very dear.
So she took three bottles of Pinkham's
Now she has twins every year.

Lottie Smyth ne'er had a lover,
Blotchy pimples caused her plight;
But she took nine bottles of Pinkham's--
Sweethearts swarm about her each night.

Oh Mrs. Murphy (Oh Mrs. Murphy)
Was perturbed because she couldn't seem to pee
Till she took some of Lydia's compound
And now they run a pipeline to the sea!

And Peter Whelan (Peter Whelan)
He was sad because he only had one nut
Till he took some of Lydia's compound
And now they grow in clusters 'round his butt.

From My Pious Friends and Drunken Companions, Shay with some extras from RG's mis-spent youth.
DS