Calomel

Calomel

Ye doctors all of every rank
With their long bills that break the bank,
Of wisdom's learning, art, and skill
Seems all composed of calomel.

Since calomel has been their toast,
How many patients have they lost,
How many hundreds have they killed,
Or poisoned with their calomel.

lf any fatal wretch be sick
Go call the doctor, haste, be quick,
The doctor comes with drop and pill
But don't forget his calomel.

He enters, by the bed he stands,
He takes the patient hy the hand,
Looks wise, sits down his pulse to feel
And then takes out his calomel.

Next, turning to the patient's wite,
He calls for paper end a knife.
" l think your husband would do well
To take a dosc ol calomel."

The man grows worse, grows bad indeed
" Go call the doctor, ride with speed."
The doctor comes, the wife to tell
To double the dose of calomel.

The man begins in death to groan,
The fatal job for him is done,
The soul must go to heaven or hell,
A sacrifice to calomel.

The doctors of the present day
Mind not what an old woman say,
Nor do they mind me when l tell
I am no friend to calomel.

Well, if I must resign my breath,

Pray let me die a natural death
And if I must bid all farewell,
Don't hurry me with calomel.

from American Ballads and Songs, Pound
No tune given: songs well to O Tannenbaum

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