My Object All Sublime - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

MY OBJECT ALL SUBLIME
From "The Mikado."

A more human Mikado never
Did in Japan exist,
To nobody second,
I'm certainly reckoned,
A true philanthropist.
It is my very Immune endeavor
To make, to some extent.
Each evil liver
A running river
Of harmless merriment

Chorus.
My object all sublime
I shall achieve in time-
To let the punishment fit the crime-
The punishment fit the crime..
And make each prisoner pent
Unwillingly represent
A source of innocent merriment,
Of innocent merriment!

All prusy dull society sinners,
Who chatter and bleat, and bore,
Are sent to hear sermons
From mystical Germans
Who preach from ten to four.
The amateur tenor, whose vocal villanies
All desire to shirk,
Shall, during off-hours,
Exhibit his powers
To Madame Tussaud's wax work.-Chorus.

The lady who dies a chemical yellow,
Or stains her gray hair puce,
Or pinches her finger,
Is blacked like a nigger
With permanent walnut juice.
The idiot who, in railway carriages,
Scribbles on window panes,
We only suffer
To ride on a buffer
In Parliamentary trains.

The advertising quack who wearies
With tales of countless cures,
His teeth, I've enacted,
Shall be extracted
By terrified amateurs.
The music hall singer attends a series
Of masses and fugues, and "ops"
By Bach, interwoven
With Spohr and Beethoven,
At classical Monday Pops.

The billiard sharp whom any one catches,

His doom's extremely hard-
He's made to dwell
In a dungeon cell,
On a spot that's always barred.
And there he plays extravagant matches
In fitless finger-stalls,
On a cloth untrue,
With a twisted cue,
And elliptical billiard balls.-Chorus

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