O'dwyer Caught A Cold - song lyrics

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O'DWYER CAUGHT A COLD.
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Words by Walter H. Ford. Music by Jack w. Bratton.

O'Dwyer had an awful cold, a frightful one, he thought,
His wife gave him a chilly smile, and that was how 'twas caught,
His friends all gave him free advice, by him 'twas never sought,
And any cure they might suggest O'Dwyer went and bought.
he heard of chest protectors, so he went and bought a trunk,
One friend suggested rum and gin, O'Dwyer soon got drunk;
At one's advice he eat so much that he could hardly speak,
Another said don't eat so much, he starved himself a week.

Some one told him cod liver oil his cold away would chase,
He took so much he dare not look a codfish In the face;
One said in water soak your feet, as hot as you can stand,
And now when he goes out to walk he does it on his hands.
His wife put mustard plasters on the middle of his chest,
For half a day he couldn't wear an undershirt or vest.
A friend said take a Turkish bath, alas, it did not work,
He took so many Turkish baths they thought he was a Turk.

Another said that quinine pills would surely cure his ills,
He couldn't think of Quinine, so he simply asked for pills.
One day "Hood's Sarsaparilla "caught his eye, he felt inspired!
He took a bottle; ever since he took it he's been tired.
One said he thought that Cuticura was his only hope,
He didn't know now to use it, so he eat the cake of soap;
Another said "eat onions, just as many as you're able,"
He did, and now he can't go out, his breath would stop the cable.

He bought some porous plasters, and they got him in a scrape,
He tried to get them off, but they got stuck on his shape:
He bought some Bull's cough syrup his throat and chest to clear,
Then told the man who sold it that Bull's syrup was a steer.
He took some capsules filled with oil, this awful cold to check,
Of course they got stuck in his throat, he got 'em in the neck;
His mother made him flaxseed tea, with lemon juice and spice,
He knew he'd have to take it, or take some more advice.

His wife pnt on a poultice and it soon began to draw,
It drew his eyes together, drew his teeth out of his jaw,
It drew his breath, it drew his picture, hung it in the gallery,
But with all its drawing powers it couldn't draw his salary.
At last he got disgusted, threw the physic to the cats.
He took a dose of Paris green, and then some rough on rats,
And now in drugs and chemicals no more his cash he spends,
And on his tomb they're going to put: "Save me from my friends."

"There's a land that is fairer than day,"
O'Dwyer thought that song very nice;
He will soon be waiting over the way,
For his body is now packed in ice.