The Scientific Man - song lyrics

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

THE SCIENTIFIC MAN.
Copyright, 1895, by Framis, Day * Hunter.
Words and Music by Charles Osborne.

I once knew a man and he was
An encyclopedia,
He could tell you the weight of the moon to an ounce.
And the name of every star;
He'd stand on a slope with a big telescope
And squint at Venus bright,
'Till all the pas of the girls in Mars
Complain'd that 'twas not right.
He used to say that the Milky Way
Was at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight:
He analyzed fogs from the Isle of Dogs,
And set the river alight.
They had to admit he'd got the wit
And learning in his mind.
Of Europe, Irope, Lorop, Stirrup,
And Jalap, all combined.

Chorus.
And he knew all about etymology,
Hebrew, Shebrew, Jewjuology:
Syntax, tin-tacks, hob-nails, boot-jacks,
He was full as a moving van;
Those who crack'd and back'd up Edison,
Swore his jaw was more than medicine;
Simply because people said he was
A durn'd learn'd scientific man.

He could jaw for a week in ancient Greek,
And spout on the ages dark,
He'd "pinch "your watch to indulge in Scotch,
And "welch" at Monmouth Park;
He'd bolt and bunk like a Chinese junk,
And dance a German waltz;
And inflate his lungs with various tongues
From Dutch to Epsom Salts.
He'd a beak like a parrot, the color of a carrot,
With a Roman wart on top:
A swan-like throat, like an old mud boat,
And a breath like a chemist shop.
A long moustache, like weeds in a marsh,
And a temper sour and crabby;
He nap and scrap with a Russian or a Jap,
And swear like a drunken cabby.-chorus.

He could tell from a speck of mud upon your neck
The place where you were born;
And just from the touch he'd say how much
Your coat would fetch in pawn;
He'd guess your weight by the size of your pate,
And what seems still more strange,
He'd boldly assert, by the wrinkle of your shirt,
That you required a change:
He was nearly as quick at arithmetic
As a New York Central train:
He had grammar and addition and bunk-a-doodleition,
And division and collision on the brain;
He collared a degree at a university,
And all the Profs, cried "Mercy!"
When he won a prize for a book-that size-
On "Insect Lire in Jersey." - Chorus.

He could draw a map, a barrow, or a trap.
And square a circle to a "T;"

And he could swear, from the color of your hair,
What your politics might be.
Around his room a sweet perfume
Invariably did dwell;
That scent, one night, to the house set light,
And blew the house to Halifax.
When the coroner was told the place was cold,
He came up to the scratch:
They found one rib that looked like a squib,
And smelt like a brimstone match,
They sniffed and yelled and an inquest held,.
Those gentlemen in fustian,
Said they, "By gom! he's busted from
Spontaneous combustion!" -Chorus.

From the music archive at www.traditionalmusic.co.uk