



Gesundheit, Mr. Wob

There are two famous men,
They're always on the job;
One is Mr. Scissorbill,
The other is Mr. Wob.
Let praises then be sung,
(By hearts with sorrow wrung)
For the things they do—
And the way they coo
And the way they use their "lung"

CHORUS

O Mr. Scissorbill, O Mr. Scissorbill,
How much coin have ye taken to Liquor-
ville?

—I'm convinced you drink too much;
And your brain must need a crutch—
Yes, I hope to Christ 'twill make you sick-
er still.

Oh Mr. Wob, O Mr. Wob,
My head feels just as if 'twas being shod
I am sick and sore inside
And I fear I've strained my hide
More than likely, Mr. Scissorbill—
Gesundtheitly, Mr. Wob.

Oh hearken to my wail—
They are two famous men;
Please, O Mr. Editor,
Donate this space to them;
Although it may be wrong,
Please soak them with a song:
For the way they slave
And the way they rave—
'Tis an inspiration strong.

CHORUS

O Mr. Scissorbill, O Mr. Scissorbill,
Your dear wife now will certainly miss her
swill;

She will surely miss her hash—
Now that you have had you splash,
And I 'spose you've got the crust to kick
her still?

O Mr. Wob, O Mr. Wob,
My wife does everything but carry "hod,"
And although it's wrong to pun
She's my faithful, washin'-ton
And you love 'er, Mr. Scissorbill?
—All there's of her, Mr. Wob.

—T-bone Slim.