"The Mountebanks" Cut Song

W. S. Gilbert

Piano

Alfred Cellier

Pietro.

When your clothes, from your hat to your socks, Have
ev'-ry-thing spins like a top,

And your

tickled and scrub'd you all day;

When your brain is a musical

stock of endur-ance gives out; If some mis-creant pro-pos-es a
"The Mountebanks" Cut Song

box, With a barrel that turns the wrong way;

(Mutton chop, with potatoes and beer.)

When you chop

find you're too big for your coat,

And a great deal too big for your

mouth is of flannel-like mine—

And your teeth not on terms with their

vest, With a pint of warm oil in your throat,

And a spiders crawl over your spine,

stumps, And with mumps;

And a

pound of tacks in your chest;

When you've got a beehive in your

muscles have all got the mumps;

When you're bad with the creeps and the
head, And a sewing machine in each ear; And you

crawls, And the shivers, and shudders, and shakes And the

feel that you've eaten your bed, And you've got a bad headache down

pattern that covers the walls Is alive with black beetles and

snakes; When your lips are like under-done paste, And you're

highly gamboge in the gill; And your mouth has a coppery

jump when an open door slams, And you've got to a state which is
"The Mountebanks" Cut Song

Pno.

34

Taste, known to the medical world as "Jim-Jams,"--and where-

Pno.

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ever you tread, from a yawning abyss you recoil with a

Pno.

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you are better in bed, for depend upon this, you are

Pno.

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not at all, not at all well.

Pno.
Notes

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