

# The Dying Boy's Request - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

THE DYING BOY'S REQUEST.

Oh! mother, listen to my ditty,  
For I am growing weak,  
Get papa's big sledge-hammer,  
And gently press me on the cheek;  
Tie me to a telegraph wire,  
And slowly let me fall,  
Have my body pulverized,  
And stuffed with codfish balls;  
Put chest-protectors on my feet,  
And soak my head in lard,  
Sell me to a bologna peddler  
For seventy-five cents a yard.

Tie me to a kicking mule,  
And rub my gums with glue,  
Buy me a paper of virgin leaf.  
And give me one more chew;  
Let me starve with Dr. Tanner,  
Throw me in a sewer,  
Let me join a circus.  
Feed me on milk that's pure;  
Assassinate me with a big tomato,  
For I've got a terrible gall,  
I'm dying with a Hungarian wart on my neck.  
From doing a funny fall.