

The Wax-work Show - song lyrics

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

The Wax-Work Show.

Sung by Tony Pastor.

I've commenced a little show of wax figures in a row,
The men and women that are known to fame;
Each figure you shall see, for my wax-work show is free.
And the best in all this country I do claim.
I've an imported blonde putting paint and powder on-
I've captivated the old chaps in the pit;
And Harriet Beecher Stowe kicking up a mighty row
Because her Summer pants they would not fit;
I've got George Francis Train, in senses once again-
And Little Mac, in Jersey, all the go;
A policeman was so good, to tell a lie he never would-
The finest figure in my wax-work show.

I've an honest bank-cashier, no depositor need fear,
He never stole a dollar in his life;
A widow, who, 'tis said, with a rich man would not wed,
And did prefer to be a poor man's wife?
I've the famous Sitting Bull pulling Queen Victoria's wool-
An Indian trader who was not on the beat-
A parson who don't know all about the world below-
A. temperance man who once was* known to treat-
I've got Lydia Thompson's bust, by Count Johannes crushed-
Gordon Bennett, as he stood and shot the foe-
Some whisky Babcock took-the back hair of Sheridan Shook-
You'll find them all in my great wax-work show.

I've tears shed by Jim Blaine, the great senator from Maine,
When he was unto Conkling reconciled;
I've Parson Beecher's smi'e, when his pews sold for a pile-
A Philadelphia poem wrote by Childs;
A receipt how to win, made when Hayes was counted in-
The man who said he liked his mother-in-law;
Miss Claflin's waterfall-the eye-glasses of Oakey Hall-
A girl insured her life one (lime could draw;
I've a Massachusetts man, who to make believe you can,
That Boston is not heaven here below;
A picture that took, of Talmage seeing the Black Crook-
You'll find them all in my wax-work show.

I've got the legs of Sunset Cox, with SammyTilden in a box-
I've got a politician who liked to work;
I've the brain of Baldy Smith, in a nutshell to be safe-
And a piece of Russia's mercy shown the Turk;
The hat John Kelly wore, when from Ireland he came o'er-
The singing-bump of Sankey newly tuned;
The skull of Thurlow Weed-the confession of Boss Tweed-
And the last free lunch that General Grant consumed;
I've the groan which Shakespeare made, when by Dr. Landis
The gout won't leave Magician Heller's toe; [played-
A cat old Bergh did save, from a sad and early grave-
They'll all be found inside my wax-work show.