

Cough, John, Cough, And Make The Baby Laugh - song lyrics

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COUGH, JOHN, COUGH, AND MAKE THE BABY LAUGH.

Written by Thomas Pinder. Music by W. F. Lancelot

You see that I'm a married man, at least I think you ought;
By eighteen months of wedded bliss some trouble I've been taught;
I'm father of a bouncing boy who's always wide-awake;
And I've to cough to keep it quiet until my jaws they ache.
Spokes-Yes, I'm the happy parent of a 'crying doll.' I've bought rattles,
India-rubber tooth-rings, sugar-sticks and everything else I could think of, but
it is impossible to keep that child quiet, except in one manner; And that is why
my wife is always crying out:

Chorus.

Cough, John, cough, John, cough, and make the baby laugh;

Cough, John, cough, John, and make the baby laugh.

Why don't you keep it still? Its crying makes me ill;

Cough, cough, cough, John, and make the baby laugh.

Some call the baby "pretty pet," and ask us out to tea.
Where I've to act the part of nurse, And dance it on my knee;
My wife she sits down with the rest to have a good "blow out,"
But as that blessed infant squalls, to me she's sure to shout:- Chorus.

I never get a wink of sleep, for when in bed at night.
The baby's sure to waken up, And cry out with affright;
My wife commands me with one word and then begins to snore,
While I've to hug that wretched child about the chamber floor.

Spoken-Fancy me roused from my virtuous couch at midnight by a dig in
the ribs, and told to carry that wretched baby about in my night shirt, singing,
"Hush a -bye, baby," etc. It's "Don't you hear, John; wake up, John; get
up, John," And - Chorus.

My trouble never has an end, it's morning, night And noon;
If I continue coughing so, I'll have a coffin soon;
I hear the baby coughing now, And, as my throat is sore,
If you, my friends, will cough with me, you'll quiet it I'm sure.

Spoken-I feel as though I had the hooping cough, and could swallow a box
of Keating's Cough Lozenges. So, just to keep the baby quiet, we'll-
Cough, boys, cough, etc.