

Complimentary

BANTING



BY
HOWARD PAUL.

3

BOSTON.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co 277 Washington St.

Cinn.
J. Church Jr.

N. York.
W.A. Pond & Co.

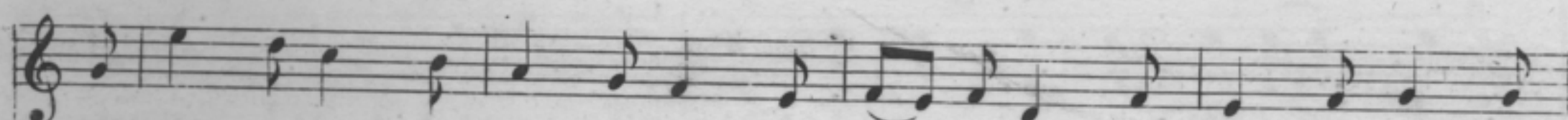
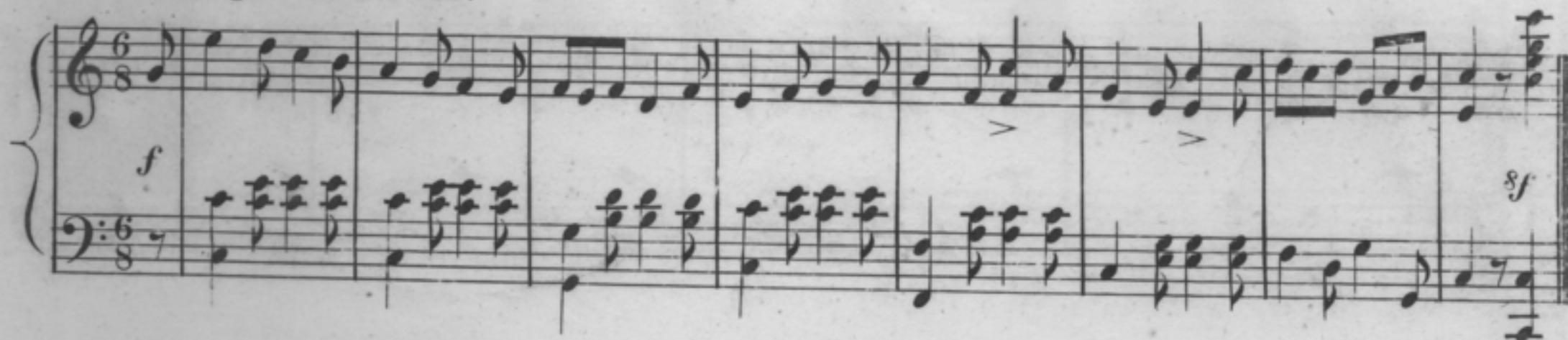
Chicago.
Lyon & Healy.

Boston.
J.C. Haynes & Co.

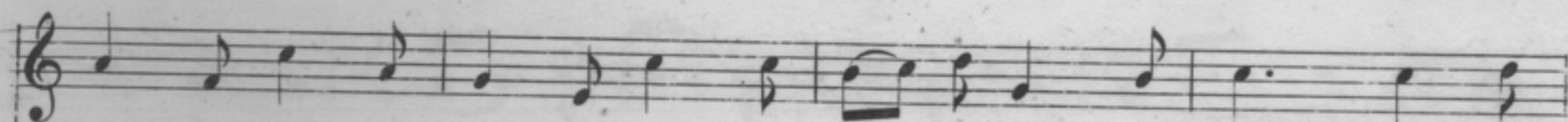
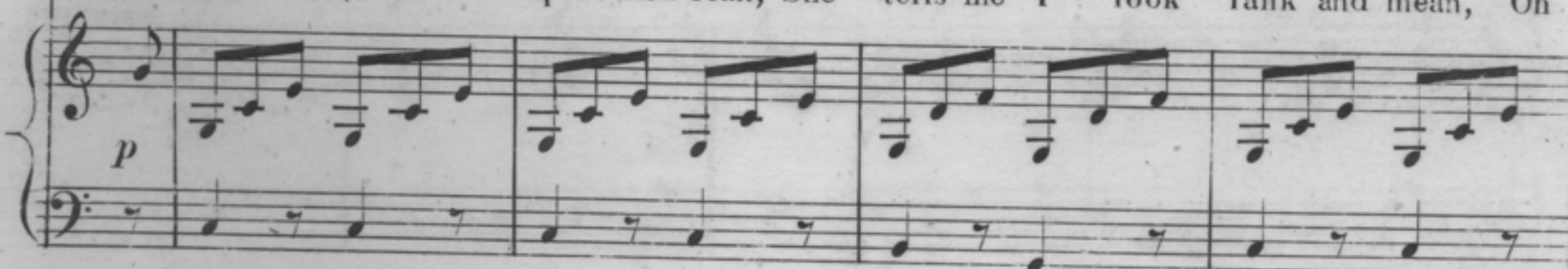
Phil?
J.E. Gould.

BANTING.

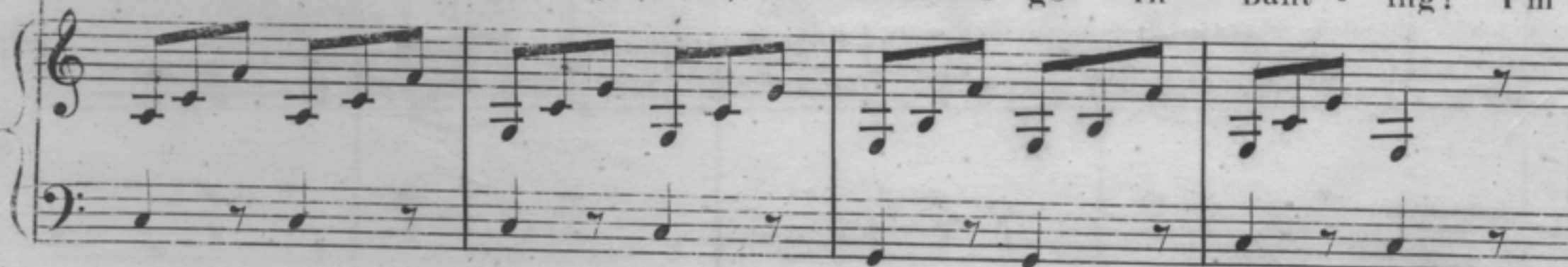
Allegro Moderato.



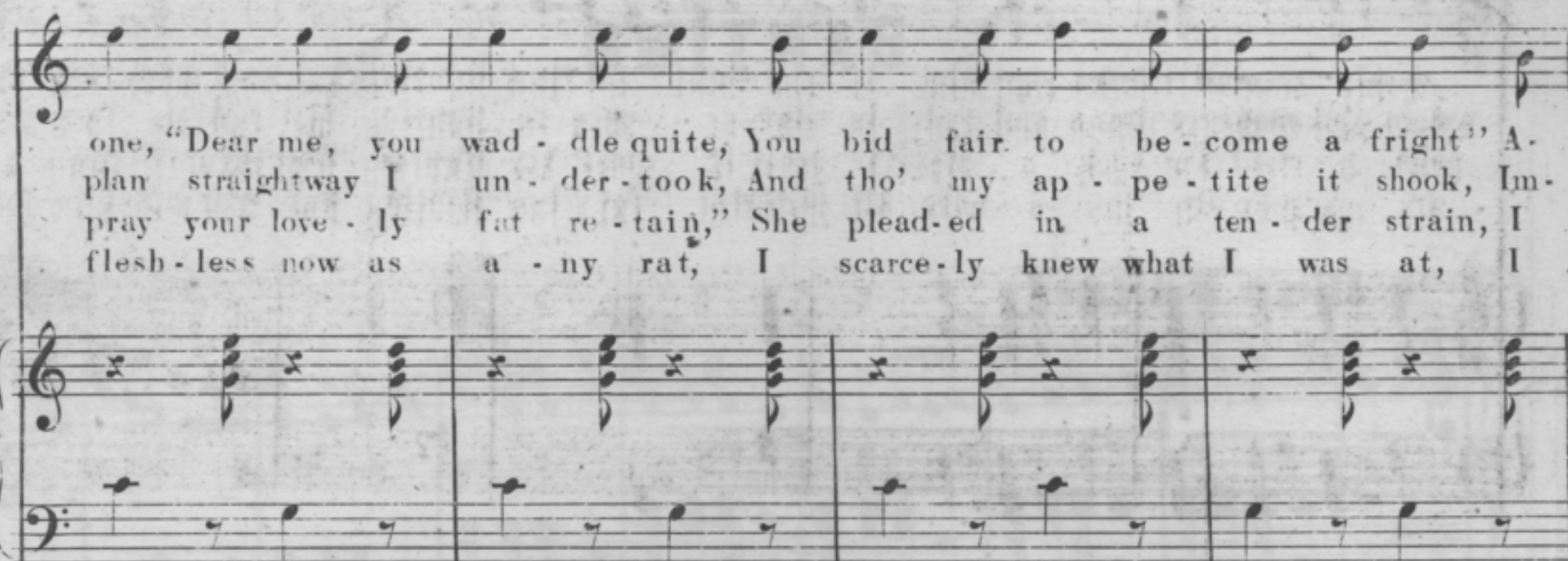
1. Some time a - go where - e'er I stray'd I heard the ob - ser - va - tions made, To
 2. At these remarks I took af - fright, And so resolv'd that ve - ry night, I'd
 3. Ere this re - duc - ing I es - say'd I wooed a ve - ry charming maid, Who
 4. And now I've grown so spare and lean, She tells me I look lank and mean, Oh



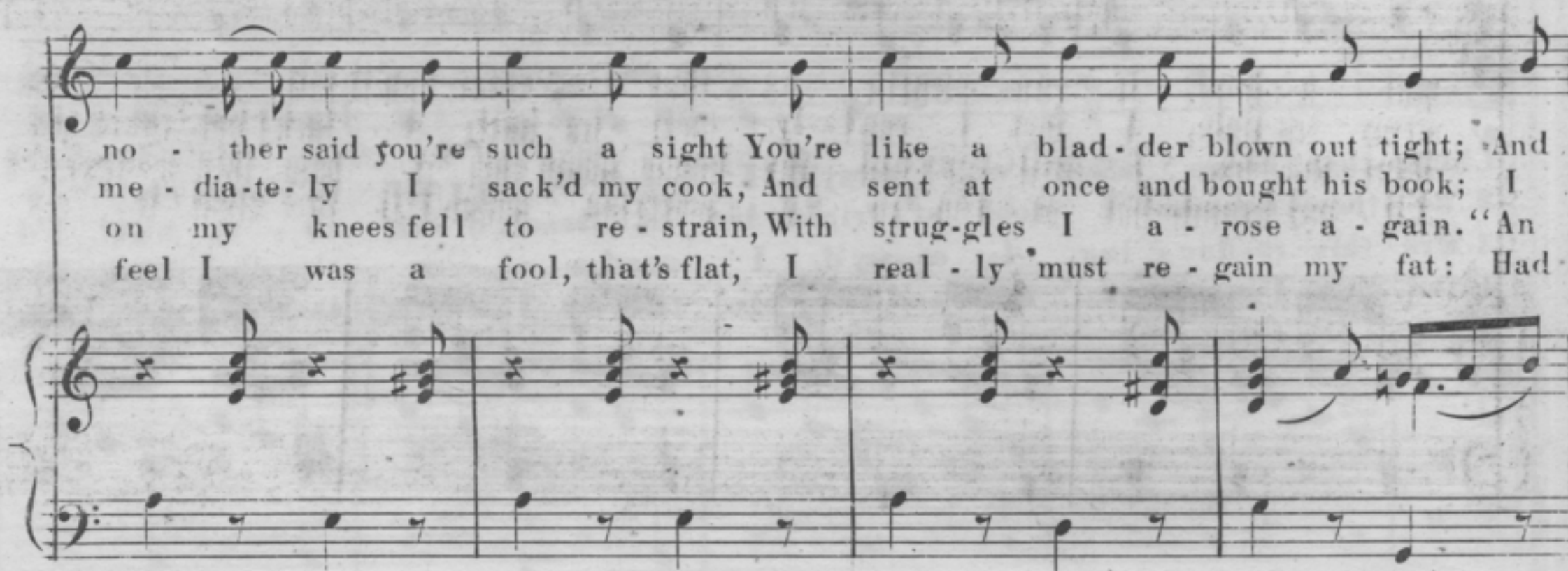
which I close at - ten - tion paid, "How ve - ry stout you're get - ting." Said
 put my - self at once on diet, And try this won - drous Bant - ing. A
 tried her ut - most to persuade Me not to fol - low Bant - ing - "Oh
 why was I so jol - ly green, Ex - treamesto go in Bant - ing! I'm



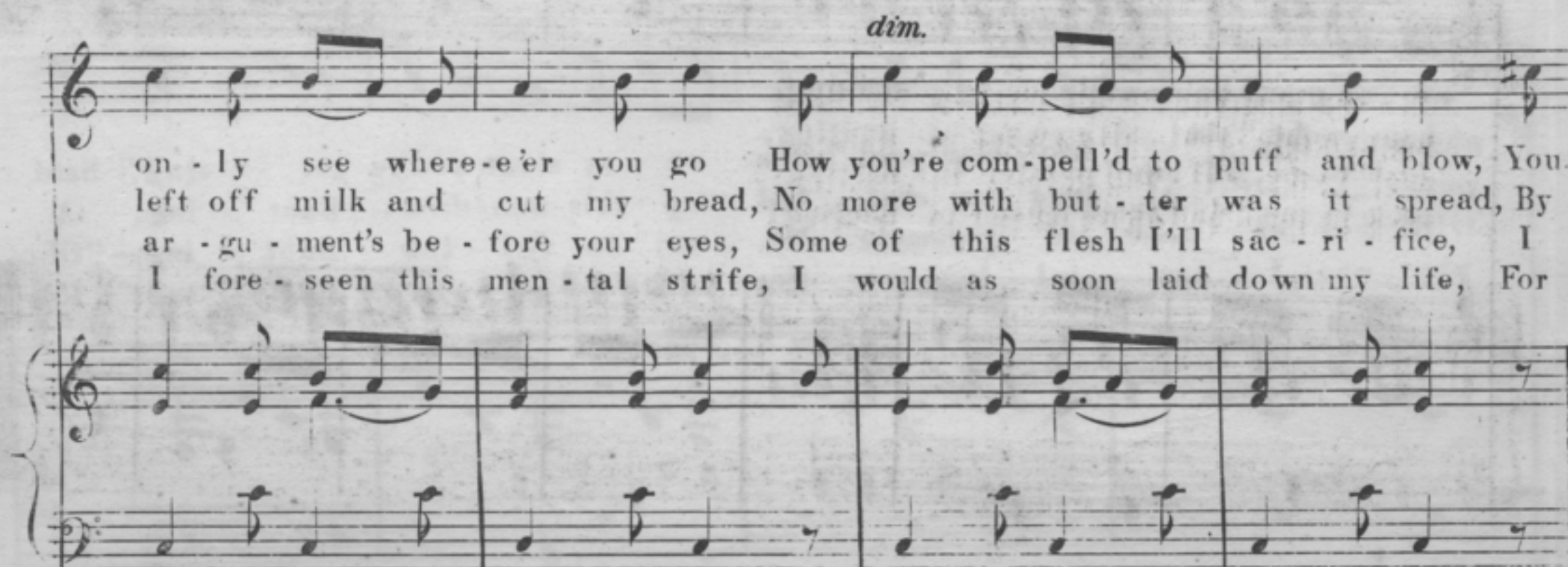
4.



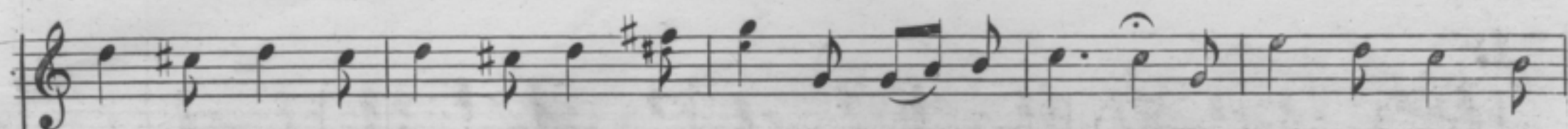
one, "Dear me, you wad - dle quite, You bid fair to be - come a fright" A -
 plan straightway I un - der - took, And tho' my ap - pe - tite it shook, Im -
 pray your love - ly fat re - tain," She plead - ed in a ten - der strain, I
 flesh - less now as a - ny rat, I scarce - ly knew what I was at, I



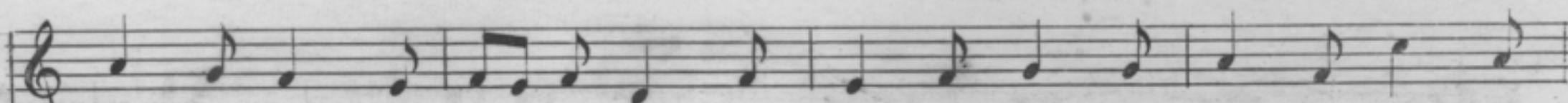
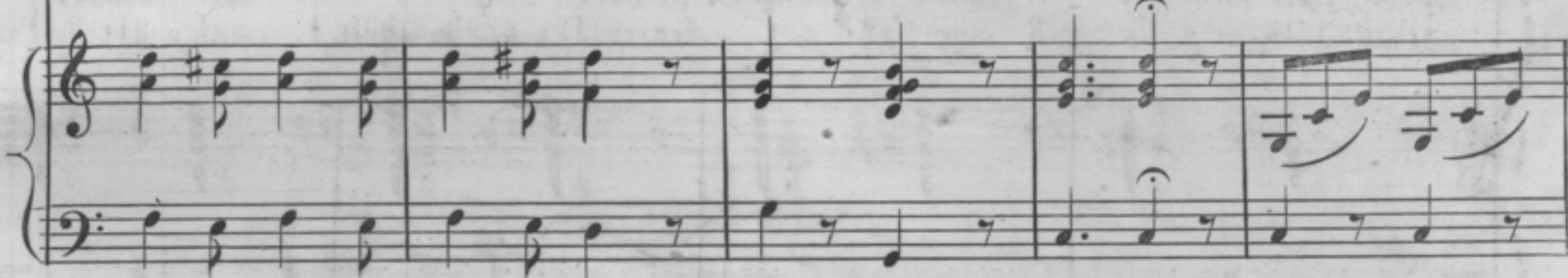
no - ther said you're such a sight You're like a blad - der blown out tight; And
 me - dia - te - ly I sack'd my cook, And sent at once and bought his book; I
 on my knees fell to re - strain, With strug - gles I a - rose a - gain. "An
 feel I was a fool, that's flat, I real - ly must re - gain my fat: Had



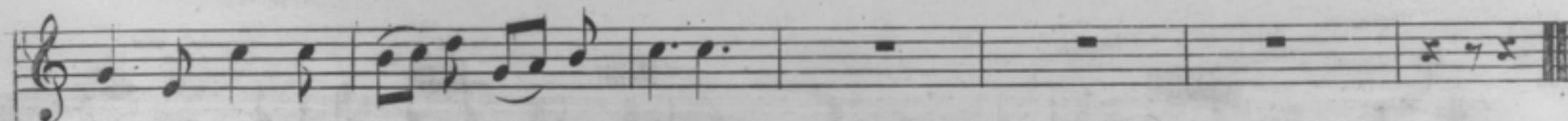
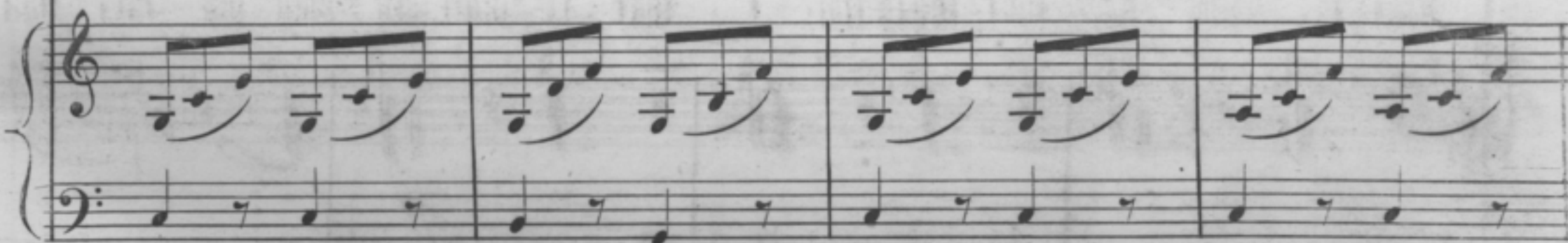
dim.
 on - ly see where - e'er you go How you're com - pell'd to puff and blow, You
 left off milk and cut my bread, No more with but - ter was it spread, By
 ar - gu - ment's be - fore your eyes, Some of this flesh I'll sac - ri - fice, I
 I fore - seen this men - tal strife, I would as soon laid down my life, For



surely soon will burst your clo' If you dont fol-low Banting. You wont much lon-ger weight and measure drank and fed, In def-er-ence to Banting. My rud-dy face soon. can't a-rise, I'm such a size. I real-ly must try Banting." Well then if you a its no joke to lose a wife, All thro' that fel-low Banting. But o'er mis-for-tune.



get a-bout, If you contin-ue thus so stout, You'll fall a vic-tim grew so pale, A fact I real-ly must be-wail, A lack! but "there-by Bant-ing be, I will for-bid the banns quoth she, "I hate thin men, you're I'll not brood, And as I'm in a marrying mood, I'll in-stant-ly go



to the gout, You really must try Banting. hangs a tale" That all grew out of Banting. lost to me, If you persist in Banting." back to food, And that's the end of Banting!

