



Philaddphia Bot. Meignen & Co. N<sup>o</sup> 217 Chesnut St.

PIANO.



Myn-heer VonShlop was a man renown'd, And for beauty was fam'd for miles a-round, But

yet all the ladies at him look'd shy, For at thirty he only was three feet high.

*pp*

Tiddi diddi dol lol tiddi diddi da Tiddi diddidol lol ti di lol la.

# STEAM PILLS;

OR, DR. MORISON AND MYNHEER VON SHLOP;

COMIC SONG, WRITTEN BY T. PREST.

MYNHEER VON SHLOP was a man renown'd,  
And for beauty was famed for miles around,  
But yet, all the Ladies at him looked shy,  
For at thirty, he only was *three feet high!*

This shocking disaster, it plagued him sore,  
For whenever he ventured outside his door,  
The people would bawl, and after him run,  
Crying, "there goes a queer little figure of fun!"

Half mad, Mynheer knew not what to do,  
Too old to grow taller he very well knew,  
When, all in the dumps as he sat, one day,  
Dr. Morison's chariot rolled that way.

This doctor, he banished all sorrows and ills,  
By making folks swallow his *Patent Steam Pills!*  
And so very "infallible" were their powers,  
That two would produce a new leg in three hours!

Says Mynheer, who now was inspired with vigour,  
"Such pills as these must make me grow bigger;"  
So he went to the doctor without more delay,  
Who gave him a dozen, then sent him away.

Von Shlop, delighted, went home to bed,  
But scarce on the pillow had laid his head,  
When the pills took effect, and he grew so, ifegs!  
That he knock'ed down the front of the house with his legs!

Then he got out of bed in great amaze,  
But upright his body he could not raise,  
For the pills were so strong, in one hour or nigh,  
The Dutchman had grown nearly seven feet high!

From the door of his room he could make no retreat,  
So he stepp'd thro' the front of the house to the street;  
But his terror increas'd when he had got in it,  
His legs shot up full two inches a minute!

The effect of the pills was so strong besides,  
That his lanky legs took such terrible strides,  
He steer'd through the streets at a deuce of a racket,  
More swift than the fastest-going Steam Packet!

The people, alarmed, did quickly fly,  
When they saw this huge Colossus speed by,  
While Von Shlop begg'd help they'd be bestowing;  
But his legs kept on, and his body kept growing!

So fast did his stature and size increase,  
That he strode over rivers and lofty trees;  
And in less than a day so much taller was he,  
That the tops of the houses scarce reach'd his knee?

In vain he tried his growth to stay,  
The pills were so strong they kept working away;  
And his body increased so in bulk and might,  
That he knock'd down whole streets in the course of his flight.

For years he kept running and growing, 'tis said,  
Till at last, poor Von Shlop, he grew himself dead;  
And so great was the shock when he fell on the ground,  
That it shook all the country for twenty miles round!

When dead—as the truth I would sing in my song,  
His nose it measured full three yards long;  
His mouth was four yards wide, or nigh,  
And a man who was peeping tumbled into his eye!

When the "Crowner's Quest" next morn went to see,  
They were very much puzzled where Von Shlop could be,  
His body was *gone!*—their verdict was just—  
Dr. Morison's pills had turned him to dust.

Poor Mynheer's story I've told at *length*,  
I've not *enlarged* on his growth or strength;  
He *stood high* in the world, nobody denies,  
Yet *large* was his woe, and *great* his sighs!