

How suggestive

TO THE AFFLICTED.

OIL ON THE BRAIN

*The Yankees boast that they make clocks
Which "just beat all creation:"
They never made one could keep time
With our great speculation.
Our stocks, like clocks, go with a spring,
Wind up, run down again:
But all our strikes are sure to cause,
"Oil on the brain."*

*Stock's par, stock's up,
Then on the wane:
Ev'rybody's troubled with
"Oil on the brain."*

SONG AND CHORUS.

BY
EASTBURN.



Philadelphia: LEE & WALKER, 722 Chestnut St.

New York: S. T. GORDON.....Boston: O. DITSON & CO.

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"OIL ON THE BRAIN."

COMIC BALLAD.

Words and Music by EASTBURN.

Lively.

Piano.

1. The Yankees boast that they make clocks Which "just beat all cre-a - tion:" They ne-ver made one
2. There's various kinds of oil a - float, Cod-liv - er, Cas - tor, Sweet; ♪ Which tend to make a

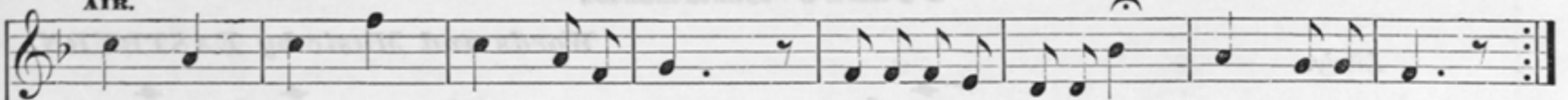
could *keep time* With our great specu - la - tion. Our stocks, like clocks, *go with a spring*, Wind
sick man *well*, And set him on his *feet*. ♪ But ours a cu - rious *feat* per - forms: We

up, run down a - gain: But all our *strikes* are sure to cause "Oil on the brain."
just a *well* ob - tain, And set the peo - ple cra - zy with "Oil on the brain."

"OIL ON THE BRAIN"

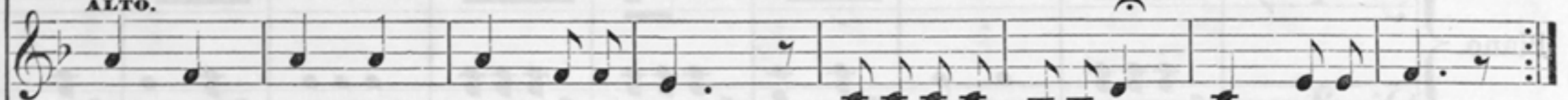
CHORUS.

AIR.

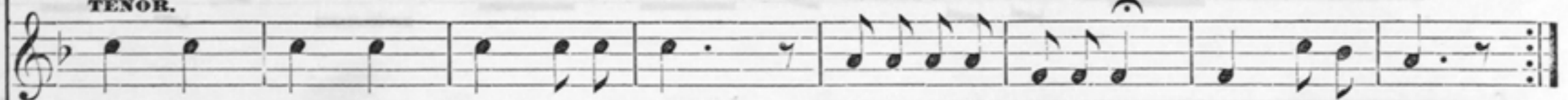


Stock's par, stock's up, Then on the wane: Ev'rybody's troubled with "Oil on the brain."

ALTO.

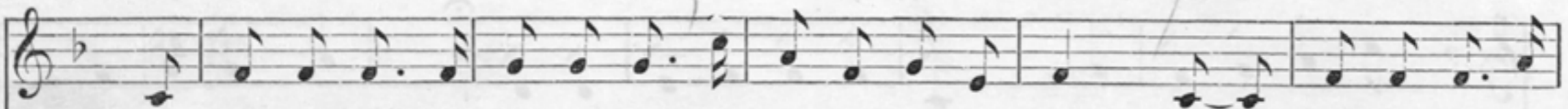
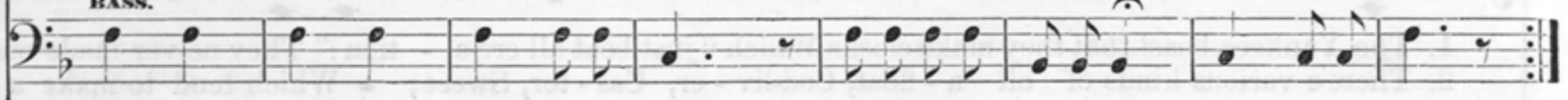


TENOR.



Stock's par, stock's up, Then on the wane: Ev'rybody's troubled with "Oil on the brain."

BASS.

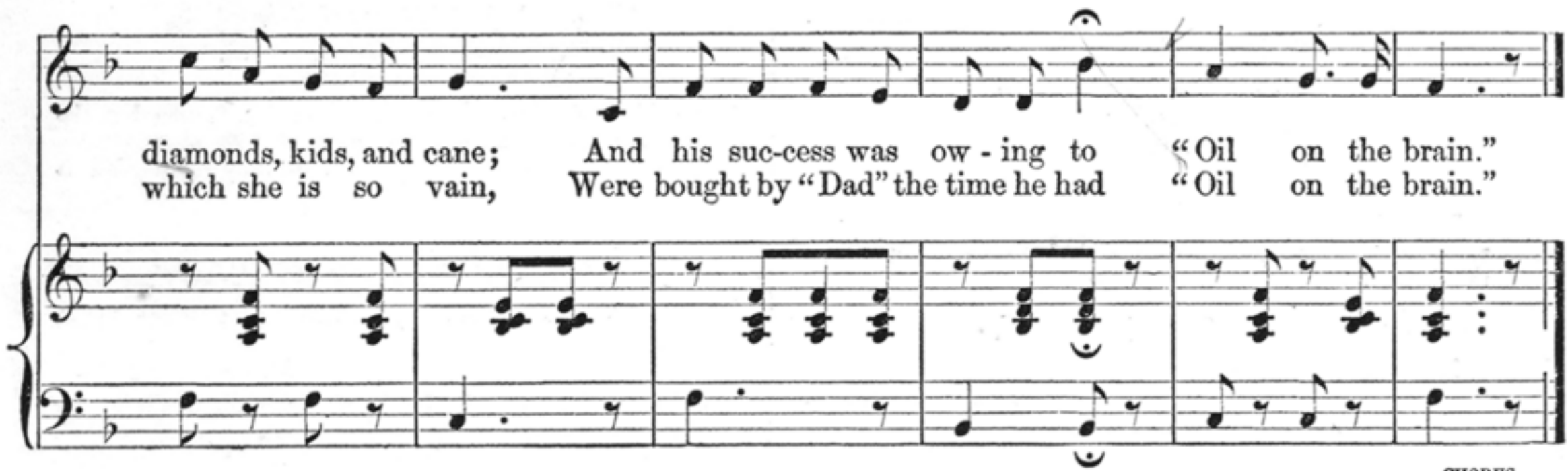


3. There's neighbor Smith, a poor young man, Who couldn't raise a dime; Had clothes which boasted
4. Miss Sim - ple drives her coach-and-four, And dresses in high style; And Mis-ter Shod - dy





ma - ny rents, And took his "nip" on time. But now he's clad in dan-dy style, Sports
courts her strong, Be-cause her "Dad's struck ile." Her jew - els, la - ces, velvets, silks, Of



diamonds, kids, and cane; And his suc-cess was ow - ing to "Oil on the brain."
which she is so vain, Were bought by "Dad" the time he had "Oil on the brain."

CHORUS.

5.

You meet a friend upon the street:
He greets you with a smile,
And tells you, in a hurried way,
He's "just gone into ile."
He buttonholes you half an hour:
Of course you can't complain,
For you can see the fellow has
"Oil on the brain."

Chorus.—Stock's par, &c.

6.

The lawyers, doctors, hatters, clerks,
Industrious and lazy,
Have put their money all in stocks,—
In fact, have gone "oil crazy."
They'd better stick to briefs and pills,
Hot irons, ink, and pen;
Or they will "kick the bucket" from
"Oil on the brain."

Chorus.—Stock's par, &c.

7.

Poor Mrs. Jones was taken ill:
The doctors gave her up:
They lost the confidence they had
In lancet, leech, and cup.
"Affliction sore long time she bore;
Physicians were in vain;"*
And she at last expired of
"Oil on the brain."

Chorus.—Stock's par, &c.

8.

There's "Maple Shade," "Excelsior,"
"Bull Creek," "Big Tank," "Dalzell,"
And "Keystone," "Star," "Venango," "Briggs,"
"Organic" and "Farrell,"
"Petroleum," "Saint Nicholas,"
"Corn Planter," "New Creek Vein."
Sure, 'tis no wonder many have
"Oil on the brain."

Chorus.—Stock's par, &c.

* Must be a fact: author saw it in the "Ledger."