

"TRICHINA SPIRALIS."

AIR:—"TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP."

There has lately been a fuss o'er a spiral little cuss
Which inhabits ill-bred porkers, we are told,
And keen science now affirms that *trichina* were the worms
That cooked King Herod's goose in days of old.

Chorus.—Tramp, tramp, tramp! the worms are marching,
Eating muscle as they go;
And although they there encyst,
They will freely still exist
In the human frame,—believe me, it is so!

Dr. Edwards, who is sound on the microscope, has found
That their structure is as perfect as can be;
But a Doctor came to spy, with an unbelieving eye,
And he couldn't, wouldn't, shouldn't, didn't see.

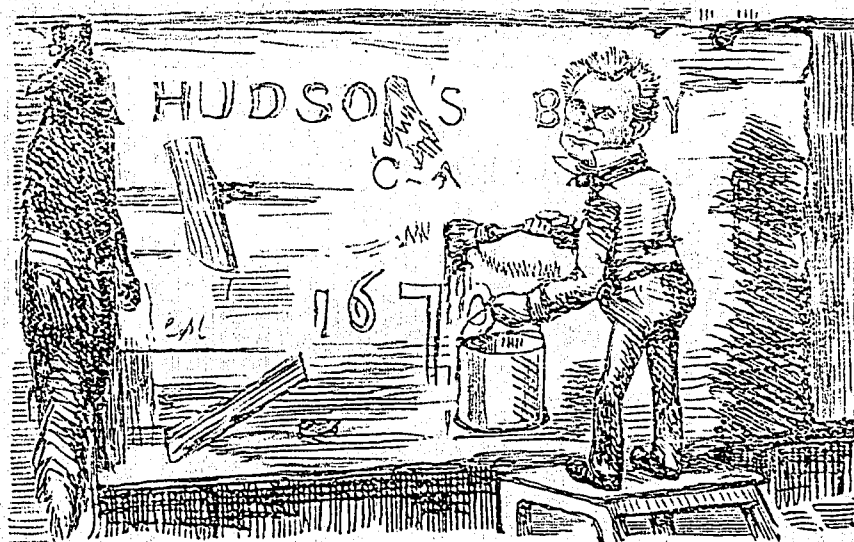
Chorus.—Meanwhile—still the worms are marching, &c., &c.

Then a Howard and a Drake did a new discovery make
In some ham of that afflicted family—
Though a Trenholme failed to find, and went almost out of mind,
'Cause he couldn't, wouldn't, shouldn't, didn't see.
Chorus.—Meanwhile—still the worms are marching, &c., &c.

Now, the other Doctors too, who the fatal ham did view,
That the pig had *trichiniasis* agree;
So the worms were photographed, and the Cynic gaily chaffed
All the learned men who couldn't, wouldn't see.
Chorus.—Meanwhile, still the worms are marching, &c., &c.

And the Board of Health, I see, has at length commissioned three
Skillful Doctors, with their microscopes, so rare,
To examine bacon-rind, and to try if they can find
Any worms, or germs, or spe-m-s, or "critters" there.

Chorus.—Meanwhile—still the worms are marching,
Here, and there, and everywhere;
In our biscuit, in our cheese,
In our sugar, if you please,
As to water! you may drink it, if you dare!



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