

Album: [Since Time Immoral](#) - Artist: The Kipper Family

The sun had set behind the hill across the dreary moor,  
When sickly and lame a boy there came up to a doctor's door.  
Can you tell me where e'er there be one who can me assist  
To cure my ills, prescribe me pills, and be a pharmacist,  
And be a pharmacist ?

My fathers dead, my mother too, and I'm not too well myself,  
So I'd be glad if you could spare some medicine from your shelf.  
If I can stop inside your shop out of the fog and mist,  
I'll work all day to earn my pay and be a pharmacist,  
And be a pharmacist.

The doctors wife said, Cure the lad, he seems so pale and sick.  
Yes father do, cried his daughter dear, these pills should do the trick.  
Don't make him go out in the snow, I really must insist,  
But let him stay and earn his pay and be a pharmacist  
And be a pharmacist.

The man that was a boy is now assistant in the shop,  
But at pharmacist's assistant he was not prepared to stop.  
And often he'd look at the poisons book, and find there in the list,  
That there's many a potion to aid his notion to be a pharmacist,  
To be a pharmacist.

So that was not surprising when the poor old couple died,  
Which left the boy the business and the daughter for a bride.  
A knowing gleam in his eye was seen, as bride and bridegroom kissed,  
Blast me, he say, now that's the way to be a pharmacist,  
To be a pharmacist.