I've got you under my skin
(Cole Porter)

Spreadin faster than an eye can blink
So I had to sit down and take time to think
Of how to spread the word to people all across the land
To make sure they putting out a helping hand
Neneh Cherry know the story so it must be told
About a group of people left in the cold
Caught by a plague slowly they fade
From immune deficiency you see called "AIDS"
No knowledge of the facts, kept in the dark
Scolds my soul and it hurts my heart
The young and elderly just running blind
Hurts so bad they denied their own kind
Papa turned around and said that ain't mine
It just made it hard for life on the line
And it's a shame to see a little child mature
Growing up knowing that there ain't no cure

(Chorus)
I've got you under my skin
I've got you under my skin
... Pure pain they give me...
I had a friend once by the name of Mary Jane
Out with the guys and getting high was her only game
And now the tears in her eyes, there she lies
It drove her crazy, all the boys say that's it
I told you so but you reached the point of no return
Instead of pride you take the hardest way you had to learn
Oh mommy dearest, don't you know that I miss her so
That's why I sing this song
Just to let her know

(Chorus)

Use your mentality, wake up to reality
I'be got you deep in the heart of me
Share your love, don't share the needle.
Music of the day

The Trooper Cut Down – the Original Words (18th Century)

As I was a-walking down by the Lock Hospital
Dark was the morning and cold was the day
Who should I spy but one of my comrades
Draped in a blanket and cold as the clay.

Then beat the drums slowly and play the pipes
towly
Sound the dead march as we carry him along
And over his coffin throw handfuls of laurel
For he's a young trooper cut down in his prime.

O mother, o mother come sit you down by me
Sit you down by me and pity my plight
My body is injured and sadly disordered
All by a young woman my own heart's delight.

Had she but told me when she did disorder me
Had she but told me about it in time
I might have got salts and pills of white mercury
But now I'm cut down in the height of my prime.

Get six of my comrades to carry my coffin
Six of my comrades to carry me on high
And each of them carry a bunch of white roses
So no-one may smell me as we pass them by.

At the street corner there's two girls a-standing
One to the other she whispered and said,
"Here comes that young squaddy whose money we
squandered,
Here comes a young trooper cut down in his prime."

On top of his tombstone these words they are written,
"All you young fellows take warning by me,
Keep away from them flash girls who walk in the city,
The girls of the city was the ruin of me."
by 1916 he was suffering from the effects of terminal syphilis. He suffered later from dementia, paranoia, paralysis and other symptoms. Despite his ill health, he recorded six piano rolls that year — "Maple Leaf Rag“, "Something Doing," "Magnetic Rag," "Ole Miss Rag," "Weeping Willow Rag" and "Pleasant Moments - Ragtime Waltz". These are the only records of his playing we have…… Wikipedia
Disease song of the day

Medical Love Song

Monty Python

Chorus:

Gonococcal urethritis
Streptococcal balanitis
Meningomyelitis
Diplococcal catholitis
Epidydimitis
Interstitial keratitis
Syphilitic coronitis
And anterior ureitis

Other lyrics available by request
Song of the day:
STD or not STD?

Johnny Cash

“Ring of Fire”

From album “The Best of Johnny Cash”

Love Is A Burning Thing
And It Makes A Fiery Ring
Bound By Wild Desire
I Fell Into A Ring Of Fire

CHORUS:
I Fell Into A Burning Ring Of Fire
I Went Down, Down, Down
And The Flames Went Higher

And It Burns, Burns, Burns
The Ring Of Fire
The Ring Of Fire

The Taste Of Love Is Sweet
When Hearts Like Ours Meet
I Fell For You Like A Child
Oh, But The Fire Went Wild

CHORUS
Disease transmission songs

1. Tiny Tim & Miss Sue – “True love” from album “Songs in the key of Z”

2. Tiny Tim – “She left me with the herpes”
Diseases of diseases poem

- So, the naturalists observe, the flea,
  Hath smaller fleas that on him prey;
  And these have smaller still to bite 'em;
  And so proceed, ad infinitum
  
  Jonathan Swift (ca.1700)

- Great fleas have little fleas
  Upon their backs to bite 'em
  And little fleas have lesser fleas,
  And so on ad infinitum
  
  DeMorgan (1915)
Disease poet of the day

William Blake

*The Ancient of Days*, 1794
Diseases of diseases poem

- So, the naturalists observe, the flea,
  Hath smaller fleas that on him prey;
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  And so on ad infinitum  
  DeMorgan (1915)
The sick rose

O Rose, thou art sick!
The invisible worm
That flies in the night,
In the howling storm,

Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy:
And his dark secret love
Does thy life destroy.
Prophetic Poem – a disease allegory?

by William Blake (from Songs of Experience 1794)

The Garden of Love

I went to the Garden of Love,
And saw what I never had seen;
A Chapel was built in the midst,
Where I used to play on the green.

And the gates of this Chapel were shut,
And "Thou shalt not", writ over the door;
So I turn'd to the Garden of Love,
That so many sweet flowers bore,

And I saw it was filled with graves,
And tombstones where flowers should be;
And Priests in black gowns were walking their rounds,
And binding with briars my joys and desires.
Disease painting of the day

William Blake
“Europe: a Prophecy”

The Plague in London

A figure wears a heavy black coat. Arm is at his side and he holds a large bell in his left hand. This is a bellman, tolling the time. Since his mouth is slightly open, he may be calling out during the plague, "Bring out your dead!"
Poem for Valentine’s Day

by William Blake (from Songs of Experience 1794)

The clod and the pebble

Love seeketh not Itsel to please,
Nor for itself hath any care,
But for another gives its ease,
And builds a Heaven in Hell’s despair.

So sings a little Clod of Clay,
Trodden with the cattles’ feet;
But a Pebble of the brook,
Warbled out these meters meet:

Love seeketh only Self to please,
To bind another to Its delight,
Joys in another's loss of ease,
And builds a Hell in Heaven's despite.
Allegorical Disease Poem for Valentine’s Day

by William Blake (from Songs of Experience 1794)

The Garden of Love

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And saw what I never had seen;
A Chapel was built in the midst,
Where I used to play on the green.

And the gates of this Chapel were shut,
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And tombstones where flowers should be;
And Priests in black gowns were walking their rounds,
And binding with briars my joys and desires.
HIV evolving within the body

- John Dunn: Music from DNA
  This artist (and others) translate DNA and protein sequences into music!!
- http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/18/genetic_music.html
  Look up “genetic music” on the web
Today’s Guest Lecturer

Dr. George Carlin

“Fear of Germs…”

From the CD “You Are All Diseased”
A mighty creature is the germ,
Though smaller than the pachyderm.
His customary dwelling place
Is deep within the human race.
His childish pride he often pleases
By giving people strange diseases.
Do you, my poppet, feel infirm?
You probably contain a germ.
"The More We Are Together"

Comes from a German drinking song, based on a legend about about a piper that fell into a plague pit (see next two slides).

The more we are together, together, together,
The more we are together, the happier we'll be. For your friends are my friends and my friends are your friends.

The more we are together, the happier we'll be. We're all in school together, together, together, We're all in school together, and happy we'll be.
Legend of Dear Augustin. (folklore of Viennese plague year of 1677)

Bagpipes vanished from Austrian culture long ago, and what very few museum specimens survive are problematical in regard to their origins. The tune "Ach Du Lieber Augustin," is still popular among children in German-speaking lands,
Translation of German/Austrian drinking song.....

Refrain:
O, my dear friend Augustin
Augustin, Augustin,
O, my dear friend Augustin,
I just can't win!

Money's gone, girlfriend's gone,
I just can't win, Augustin!
O, my dear friend Augustin,
I just can't win!

Coat is gone, staff is gone,
Augustin lies in the dirt.
O, my dear friend Augustin,
I just can't win!

Even that rich town Vienna,
Broke is like Augustin;
Shed tears with thoughts akin,
I just can't win!

Every day was a feast,
Now we just have the plague!
Just a great corpse's feast,
That is the rest.

Refrain

5. Augustin, Augustin,
Lay down in your grave!
O, my dear friend Augustin,
I just can't win!
Thank you for choosing to order this Ringtones

**Oh you dear Augustin - Child song**

Ringtones Category: Pop  
Ringtone Order Number: 10482

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Disease poem: The Germ

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- Ogden Nash
Diseases of diseases poem

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