A RARE OLD FELLOW

Words by Harry Cornwall.

Allegretto Brilliant.

Music by J. P. Sousa.

Piano.

Marcato a tutta forza.

1. King Death was a rare old fellow,
He sat where no sun could shine,
And he

2. The scholar left all his learning,
The poet his fancied woes,
And the

Piano.

Lifted his hand so yellow,
And poured his cold black wine.

Hur.

Beauty her bloom returning,
Like life to the fading rose Hur.

Copyright 1881 by Balmer & Weber.
Gioioso e brilliante.

Rah; Hurrah; Hur-rah, Hur-rah, Hur-rah for the cold black wine, Hur-rah, Hur-

raah; Hur-rah, Hur-rah, Hur-rah, Hur-rah for the cold black wine.

There came to him many a maiden Whose eyes had forgot to shine,

All came to the rare old fellow, Wholl augh till his eyes dropped brine, And he
maidens with grief o'er laden, For a draught of his cold blackwine.
Hurst gave them his hand so yellow, And pledged them in Death's black wine.

Ped.    * Ped.

rah! Hurrah! Hurrah, Hurrah, Hurrah for the cold black wine Hurrah Hurrah

rah Hurrah Hurrah Hurrah, Hurrah for the cold black wine

wine

3966 plus 3