

THE POOR MANS FRIEND.

Ballad.

THE WORDS BY

ELIZA COOK,

The Music

Composed & respectfully dedicated to

Mrs. Sophia Ostinelli

OF PORTLAND

MAINE.

By

HENRY RUSSELL.

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THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND.

Poetry by Miss Eliza Cook.

Music by Henry Russell.

MODERATO

ESPRESSIVO.

No

sa----ble pall, no waving plume, No thousand torch-lights to il-lume, No

parting glance, no struggling tear — Is seen to fall up-on the bier----- There

is not one of kindred clay,----- To watch the cof-fin on its way;----- No

mor-----tal form no hu-man breast, Cares--- where the poor--man's bones may

rest. But one deep mourner follows there, Whose grief out lives the funeral

prayer,--- He does not sigh, he does not weep,----- But will not leave the sad-less

heap----- No! he who was the poor man's mate, And made him more content with

fate,----- The old grey dog that shared his crust, Is----- all that

stands be---side his dust. He bends his liste_ning head as

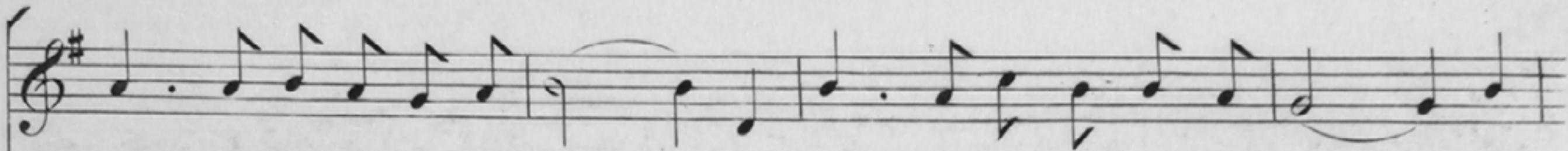
though----- He thought to hear a voice be---low,----- He

pines to miss that voice so kind,----- And won-ders why he's left be-hind. The

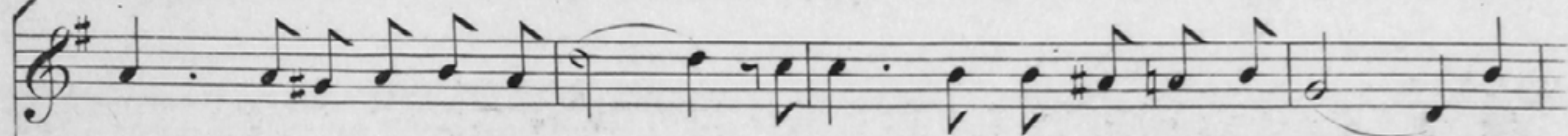
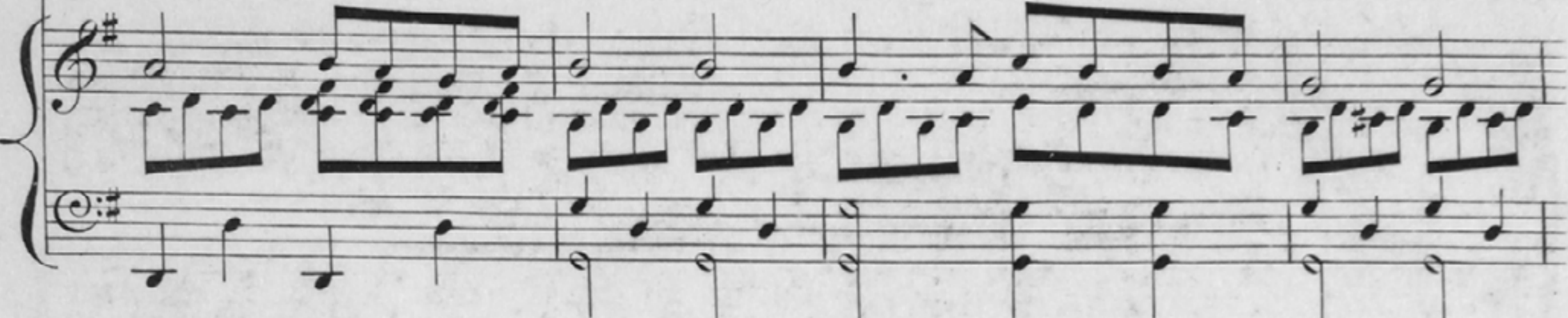
sun goes down, the night is come — He needs no food, he seeks no home — But

stretched up on the dreamless bed, With----- doleful howl calls back the

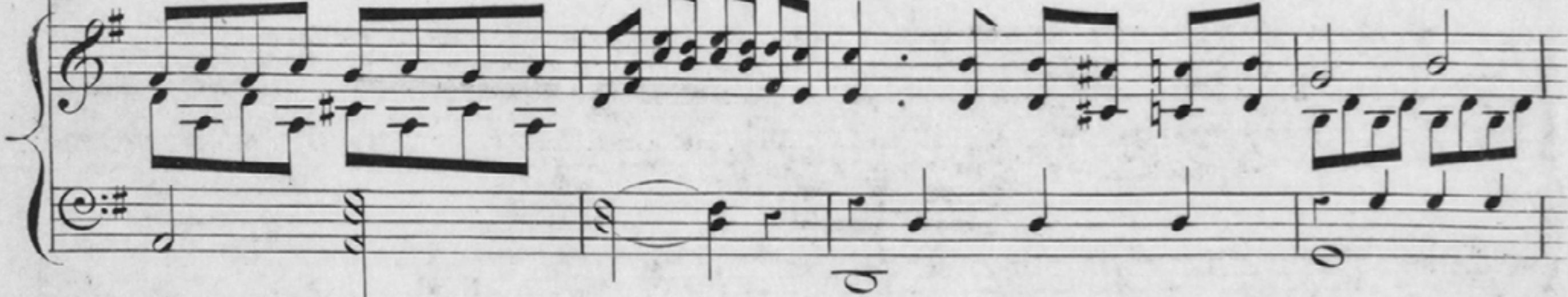
dead. The pass-----ing gaze may coldly dwell----- On



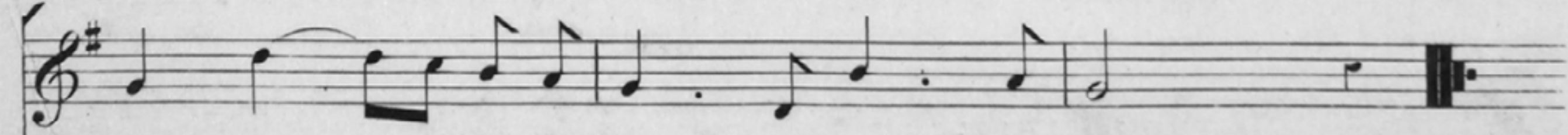
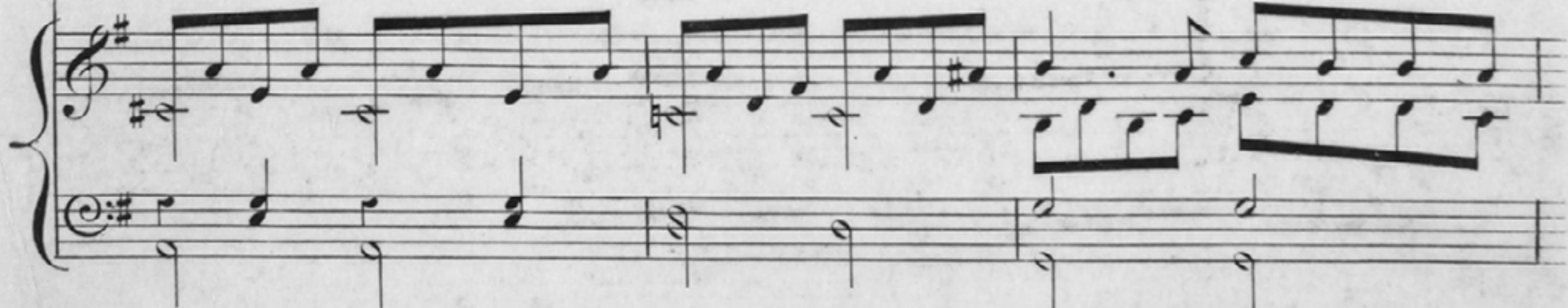
all that polished marbles tell, For tem_ples built on churchyard earth---- Are



claimed by riches more than worth But who would mark with undimm'd eyes The



mourn_ing dog that starves and dies,----- Who would not ask, who would not



crave, Such----- love and faith to guard his grave.

