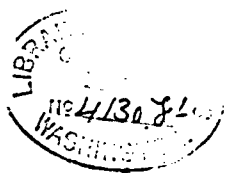


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OH! POOR OLD MAN.

Written and Composed by FREDERIC MACCABE.

Piano introduction consisting of two staves of music. The right hand plays a melody in G major, and the left hand provides harmonic support. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is present.

Solo. *Chorus.*

First line of musical notation for the vocal line, starting with a solo section and followed by a chorus section.

1. Good ev - 'ning, my friends, and I hope you are well. And we say so, and we
2. And when I grew up I was sent to a school. And we say so, and we

Piano accompaniment for the first line of the song, consisting of two staves of music.

Solo. *Chorus.* *Solo.*

Second line of musical notation for the vocal line, including solo and chorus sections.

hope so. Oh! my sad sto - ry I'm come for to tell. Oh! poor old man! When
hope so. Cos I couldn't learn they said I was a fool. Oh! poor old man! My

Piano accompaniment for the second line of the song, consisting of two staves of music.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by ROBERT M. DEWITT, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Oh! poor old Man.—1.



I was born, I b'lieve that I was ve - ry young and small in - deed; I could - n't eat though skin was white, and I was fair be - fore they took to teaching me; I al - ways cried, and



I could drink, but could - n't say a word; But soon I found my voice and 'gan to nev - er tried to learn my al - pha - bet; I used to drink the ink, I think, as



bel - low and to bawl, I did; I crowed and blowed and showed I knowed, such noise was never heard. Oh! they were al - ways beating me, 'Twas thro' my skin the ink work'd in, and made me black as jet. Oh!



Oh! poor old Man.—2.



Chorus. *Solo.*

b'lieve me that all that I tell you is true. And we say so, and we hope so. I
b'lieve me that all that I tell you is true, &c.

Chorus.

am the most un-hap-py man that ev - er you knew. Oh! poor old man!

- 3 I had many sweethearts when I was young and strong.
And we say so, and we hope so. .
But now all the girls laugh and say go along.
Oh! poor old man!
I once did love a pretty girl, and promised I would marry her,
I bought the ring, and everything was ready for the day;
And when the day arrived I called, and hoped to church I'd carry her,
She'd slop'd, elop'd, gone, done, and run with another man away. O! b'lieve me, &c.
- 4 If I had the cash I would treat you all round.
And we say so, and we hope so.
But in my pockets not a penny to be found.
Oh! poor old man!
But listen while I tell you what my little brother Jimmy did,
He borrowed all my money for to speculate, you know.
He put it in a bank whose liabilities was limited,
'Twas very rash, the bank went smash, and settled my poor hash. O! b'lieve me, &c.
- 5 My story is done, so now I'll go away.
And we say so, and we hope so.
For nobody here seems to mind what I say.
Oh! poor old man!
Well, now you know my woes, I s'pose you feel inclined to pity me,
I guess you must confess that I'm the unluckiest of men.
But, oh, I see you don't mind me, but just want to get rid o' me,
Well, anyhow I'm going now, but I will come again. O! b'lieve me, &c.