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## Pauper's funeral.

New York: C. Holt Junior (156 Fulton St.), 1845

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THE PAUPERS' FUNERAL

as sung by the

HUTCHINSON FAMILY,

Music by

J. J. HUTCHINSON.

Words by

the late

Thomas Hood, Esq.

Dedicated to their esteemed Friend

GEO. ENDICOTT, ESQ.

QUARTETT.

A. Holt's Co. N.Y.

NEW YORK.

25 Cents.

Published by C. HOLT JUNR 156 Fulton St

Entered according to Act of Congress in the Year 1845 by C. Holt Junr in the Clerk's Office of the Dist Court of South Dist of New York.

D. HOLT,  
MUSIC DEALER,  
Madison, Wis.



THE PAUPER'S FUNERAL.

SOPRANO.  
ALTO  
or 2<sup>d</sup> Sopr.  
TENOR.  
BASS.

There's a grim horse hearse in a jolly round trot, To a church yard a pauper is

There's a grim horse hearse in a jolly round trot, To a church yard a pauper is

Detailed description: This block contains the first line of the musical score. It features four staves for Soprano, Alto (or 2nd Soprano), Tenor, and Bass. The music is in a common time signature (C) and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are: "There's a grim horse hearse in a jolly round trot, To a church yard a pauper is".

go...ing I wot; The road it is rough and the hearse has no springs, And

go...ing I wot; The road it is rough and the hearse has no springs, And

Detailed description: This block contains the second line of the musical score. It features four staves for Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. The lyrics are: "go...ing I wot; The road it is rough and the hearse has no springs, And".

hark! to the dirge—the sad driver sings Rattle his bones,

hark! to the dirge—the sad driver sings Rattle his bones, his

Detailed description: This block contains the third line of the musical score. It features four staves for Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. The lyrics are: "hark! to the dirge—the sad driver sings Rattle his bones," and "hark! to the dirge—the sad driver sings Rattle his bones, his". A dynamic marking 'f' is present at the end of the Bass line.



his bones, over the stones, the stones He's on.....ly a

bones, his bones, over the stones, the stones the stones He's on.....ly a  
pauper whom no...body owns, no...body owns, no.....bo...dy owns.

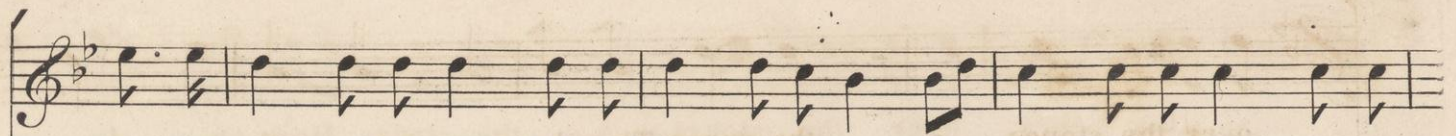
## 2

Oh! where are the mourners? alas! there are none,  
He has left not a gap in the world, now he's gone;  
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman or man,  
To the grave with his carcase as fast as you can,  
Rattle his bones, his bones, his bones, over the stones, the stones, the stones;  
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns, nobody owns, nobody owns.

## 3

What a jolting and creaking and splasing and din,  
The whip how it cracks the wheels how they spin;  
How the dirt right and left o'er hedges is hurl'd,  
The pauper at length makes a noise in the world.  
Rattle his bones, his bones, his bones, over the stones, the stones, the stones;  
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns, nobody owns, nobody owns,

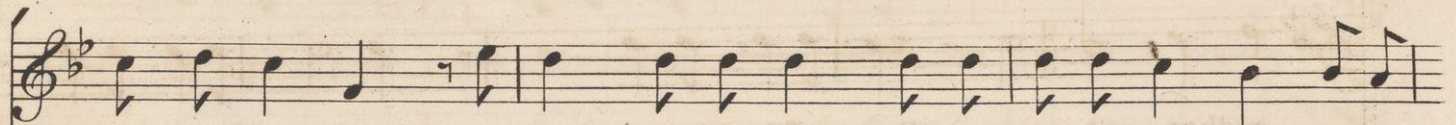




But a truce to this strain for my soul it is sad, To think that a heart in hu-



But a truce to this strain for my soul it is sad, To think that a heart in hu-



man-i-ty clad, Should make like the brute such a des-o-late end, And de-



man-i-ty clad, Should make like the brute such a des-o-late end, And de-



part from the light without leaving a friend, Bear softly his bones, his bones



part from the light without leaving a friend, Bear softly his bones, his bones, his bones,





over the stones, the stones, Though a pau...per he's one whom his

over the stones, the stones, the stones, Though a pau...per he's one whom his

maker yet owns. Bear softly his bones, his bones over the stones,

maker yet owns. Bear softly his bones, his bones, his bones over the stones, the

the stones, Tho'a pau...per, he's one whom his ma. ker yet owns.

stones, the stones, Tho'a pau...per, he's one whom his ma. ker yet owns.