SONG OF THE All-Wool Shirt

For SATB Chorus and Piano

Lyrics by Eugene Field (1850-1895) Music by Bruce Trinkley

SONG OF THE ALL-WOOL SHIRT

My father bought an undershirt Of bright and flaming red, "All wool, I'm ready to assert, Fleece-dyed," the merchant said; "Your size is thirty-eight, I think; A forty you should get, Since all-wool goods are bound to shrink A trifle when they're wet."

That shirt two weeks my father wore, Two washings, that was all; From forty down to thirty-four It shrank like leaf in fall. I wore it then a day or two, But when 'twas washed again My wife said, "Now 't will only do For little brother Ben."

A fortnight Ben squeezed into it; At last he said it hurt. We put it on our babe, the fit Was good as any shirt. We ne'er will wash it more while yet We see its flickering light, For if again that shirt is wet 'T will vanish from our sight.

Song of the All-Wool Shirt For SATB Chorus, Two Solo Voices and Piano

Eugene Field (1850-1895)

Bruce Trinkley

from Sharps and Flats





Note: The story will be enhanced if four red undershirts are used, sizes 40, 34, small and infant.













June 4, 2000 Dorland Mountain, California