AN OVERWORKED WORD

For SATB Chorus and Piano

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

SONG OF THE ALL-WOOL SHIRT

We wake up and make up, We rake up, we fake up, And use the word "up" when we can. We drink up and think up, We kink up and shrink up, And do up a shirt or a man.

We slack up or back up, We stack up and whack up, And hold up a man or an ace; We beer up and cheer up, We steer up and clear up, And work up ourselves or a case.

We walk up and talk up, We stalk up and chalk up, And everywhere "up" 's to be heard; We wet up and set up, But hanged if we let up On "up," the much overworked word.

An Overworked Word

For SATB Chorus and Piano

Eugene Field (1850-1895)

Bruce Trinkley

from Sharps and Flats











