

THE OLD TROMBONE

(A LEGEND)

HUMOROUS SONG

WRITTEN COMPOSED & SUNG

BY

CORNEY GRAIN.

IN HIS NEW
MUSICAL SKETCH
"AT THE PANTOMIME."

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London,
J. BATH, 23, BERNERS STREET, W.

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WRITTEN AND COMPOSED

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VOICE. *ANDANTE.* There

PIANO. *p* *f* *p*

was an old man play'd on a trombone, Pow! Pow! Pow! The
(imitating the Trombone.)

dis_mal_lest tune that ev_er was known Pow! Pow! Pow! He was

ve_ry ve_ry old, and ve_ry ve_ry lame, But it wasn't for that he was most to blame! But the



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tune that he play'd was al-ways the same, 'Twas Pow! Pow! Pow! He'd a

wife and a ve-ry large fan-i-ly, Pow! Pow! Pow! Who

all play'd the ve-ry same tune as he, Pow! Pow! Pow!! And

of-ten the fan-i-ly would stand in a row, And their trom-bones they would

dis-mal-ly blow, Till the lit-tle dogs all went Oh!.....
(imitating howl of dog)

THE OLD TROMBONE.

Pow! Pow! Pow! When the cupboard was empty, and the larder quite bare

Pow! Pow! Pow! This miserable family liv'd up on air,

Pow! Pow! Pow!! In opposite corners they would all sit about, And they'd

blow and they blow till they said, no doubt, When you're hungry there's nothing like a

good blow out, Pow! Pow! Pow!! At

THE OLD TROMBONE.

last it came to pass one day, Pow! Pow! Pow!! The

fam-i_ly blew it-self quite a-way, Pow! Pow! Pow!! The

old man blew a-way all his wits, And the old wife blew herself in-to fits, And the

rest were blown in-to lit-tle, lit-tle bits, Pow! Pow! Pow!! Now

MORAL

THE OLD TROMBONE.

young folks think of the mi_ser_a_ble fate, Pow! Pow! Pow! Of this

fam_i_ly ere it be too late, Pow! Pow! Pow! The

mo ral's ve_ry pret_ty as far as it goes, And what I have told you clear_ly shows, That

fam_i_lies should ne_ver, ne_ver come to blows Pow! Pow! Pow!!

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