

# AMERICAN EPITAPHS

## FATHER ABBEY'S WILL

for TENOR & PIANO

From the poem by  
**JOHN SECCOMB**  
(1708-1793)

Music by  
**LEE EITZEN**  
(1920-1981)

**Allegro** ♩ = 128

Tenor *mf*

To my dear wife, My joy—

Piano *mp* *mf* *p* *mf*

— and life I free— ly now do give her

*mf*

My whole es - tate, with all my plate,— My whole es -

*mf*

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prepared by **bottomless cup** music, New York, NY [www.bottomlesscupmusic.com](http://www.bottomlesscupmusic.com)

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tate with all my plate, Be-ing just a- bout to

leave her

*dim.*

*mp*

Two paint-ed chairs, nine war-den pears, A large old

*pp*

drip-ping plat-ter This bed of hay on which I lay

*pp*

*mp*

An old sauce pan for but-ter A

*pp*  $\triangleleft$  *p*

mus-ket true As ev-er flew A pound of shot and wal-let A lea-ther sash,

*p* *p*

my cal-a-bash, My pow-der horn and bul-let. A cha-fing dish, with one salt

$\text{♩} = \text{♩}$  *cresc.* *mf*

fish, If I am not mis - tak-en, A leg of pork, a bro-ken fork,

*mp*

## AMERICAN EPITAPHS: FATHER ABBEY'S WILL

and half a flitch of ba-con My pouch and pipes, Two ox-en

tripes, An oak-en dish well carved My lit-tle dog, my spot-ted

hog, with two young pigs just starved.

This is my store, I have no more, I heart i-

*dim.* *mf*

ly\_ do give it, My years are spun

*f*

My days are done, My years are spun, My days

are done And so I think to

leave it.