

Poor man Lazrus

Text: Negro Spiritual

Sehr freies Tempo

mp Uh Uh Uh.

Im Rhythmus ♩ = 108

1. Poor man L^a
2. Rich man r
3. love to l

f a - bled,
well, dip your fin - ger in the
sing,

mp

come and cool my tongue, 'cause I'm tor - men - ted in the

f

16 *mp* *f* *mp*

He had to eat crumbs from the rich man's ta - ble, dip your
flame. And when he died he went straight to hell, dip your
I love to praise my heav'n - ly King,

mp *f* *mp*