

FEW DAYS.

ARRANGED FOR THE GUITAR

BY

LOUIS AMBSLER.

2^d V^{se.} The

Moderato.

Come

world is growing now so wise, Few days, few days. That wings we'll shortly

darkies all, we'll sing a song, Few days, few days. The words were made by

have like flies, I'm go - ing home. Now wood - en legs and cut glass eyes,

Lu - cy Long. I'm go - ing home. The music was set by Jen - ny Lind,

Few days, few days. Fall to ex - cite the least surprise, I'm go - ing home.

Few days, few days, It's sung by darkies to raise the wind. I'm go - ing home.

CHORUS.

Sopri.
I've a right good home out yon-der, Few days, few days. I've a right good

Tenore.
I've a right good home out yon-der, Few days, few days. I've a right good

Bassi.
I've a right good home out yon-der, Few days, few days. I've a right good

home out yon-der. I'm go - ing home. Can't stay in dis ere ci - ty Few days

home out yon-der I'm go - ing home. Can't stay in dis ere ci - ty Few days

home out yon-der I'm go - ing home. Can't stay in dis ere ci - ty Few days

few days: Can't stay in dis ere ci - ty, I'm go - ing home.

few days: Can't stay in dis ere ci - ty, I'm go - ing home.

few days: Can't stay in dis ere ci - ty, I'm go - ing home.



4th v^{se} The New Re-form have gain'd the day, Few days, few days. And swarm from Dan to

3^d v^{se} Now ev'ry thing is new and strange, Few days, few days. On ev'ry hand is

Bersheba: I'm go - ing home. But here we can no farther go,

written change, I'm go - ing home. There's polit - ics is not the same,

Few days, few days. For a - bout them here we nothing know, I'm go - ing home.

Few days, few days. Each party now has lost its name, I'm go - ing home.

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The Telegraph and Iron Horse,
 Few days, few days,
 Are looked upon as things of course,
 I'm going home.
 There are no boys, they all are men,
 Few days, few days,
 And girls are ladies when they ten.
 I'm going home. CHORUS.

And here's a secret I've been told,
 Few days, few days,
 That women never do grow old,
 I'm going home.
 And this the reason, it may be,
 Few days, few days,
 That only infant waists we see.
 I'm going home. CHORUS.