

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Drapes of Roth

The Drapes of Roth
(Alan Sherman)

cho: Glory, glory, Harry Lewis,
Glory, glory Harry Lewis,
Glory, glory, Harry Lewis,
His cloth goes shining on!

I'll sing to you a story of a great man of the cloth,
His name was Harry Lewis and he worked for Irving Roth,
He died while cutting velvet on a hot July the fourth,
His cloth goes marching on.

Harry Lewis perished in the service of his lord,
He was trampling through the warehouse where the drapes of Roth are stored,
He had the finest funeral his union could afford,
His cloth goes shining on!

With the fire raging 'bout him, Harry stood by his machine,
And when the fireman broke in, they discovered him between,
A pile of roasted dacron and some french fried gabardine,
His cloth goes shining on!

From My Son The Folksinger, Sherman

SJ

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