

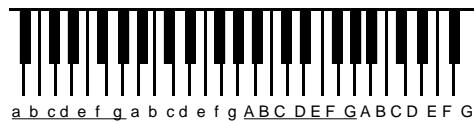
Mr. Brewster's Birthday

1 e A A A A A g C
 A fine old man came out to play.
 C A B C D B g B C B B A
 He drove the children all away with his laughter.
 e A A A A A g C
 He sang a song, the neighbors heard.
 C A B C A C C D C B B C B B A
 They packed their bags and moved without a word while they were leaving.
 e A A A A A A g C
 Now he's the only old man on the block.
 C C A B C D C B g A B C B B A
 He sits in his chair and he quietly rocks every evening.

2 g f e f g g e g A g g f e f g
 "I am just an old man. I've seen the earth turn through many years.
 g A B A B C B A g B A A g f] A
 From the wasted mountain passes of this young world's staring eyes
 g A B A B C B A
 To these bought and ordered pastures
 g B A A A g f] g A
 Of this street of full and fattened tears.
 C A C B A A g
 Still the night keeps on falling.
 f d e f e f e f g f e
 Somewhere within a haggard wolf keeps calling.
 f f e f g
 Please, leave me alone.
 f f d f e
 Please, leave me alone."

2 "I am just an old man and all old men must keep their silence.
 Still I see through the azure of your bright suburban skies
 I hear the children playing down the street,
 Laughing all the while,
 Singing all the while"

3 g e f g
 "Peas, porridge hot.
 g e f g
 Peas, porridge cold.
 g g A g f f
 Peas porridge in the pot.
 e e e c d e f e d d e
 Old Man Brewster is ninety years old today."



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4 A e A A B B g B C
 "Lord, I think I must burn up the sky!
 C C A A A f g
 I'm coming home, bye and bye,
 g A B A B C B A g B A f] A B A g f] g A
 In a fiery birth of wonder as I rise above these full and fattened tears.
 g A B A B C B A g B A f] A B A f] A
 In a pale drawn shred of thunder as I lay aside these mortal fears.
 C C A C A A g e f e f g f e
 The children ageless singing, the children ageless playing,
 f g f g f e c d e d d e
 Jumping rope and praying over my soul, today"

3 "Peas, porridge hot.
 Peas, porridge cold.
 Peas porridge in the pot.
 Old Man Brewster is ninety years old today."

1 A fine old man has passed away.
 That's what I heard the neighbors say this evening.
 Old Mr. Brewster won't right in the head,
 Just the same a fine man's dead this evening.
 A long black car moving down the line,
 Past the children and toward the shrine, this evening.

4 "Lord, I think I must burn up the sky!
 I'm coming home, bye and bye,
 In a fiery birth of wonder as I rise above these full and fattened tears.
 In a pale drawn shred of thunder as I lay aside these mortal fears.
 The children ageless singing. The children ageless playing.
 Jumping rope and praying over my soul, today"

3 "Peas, porridge hot.
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