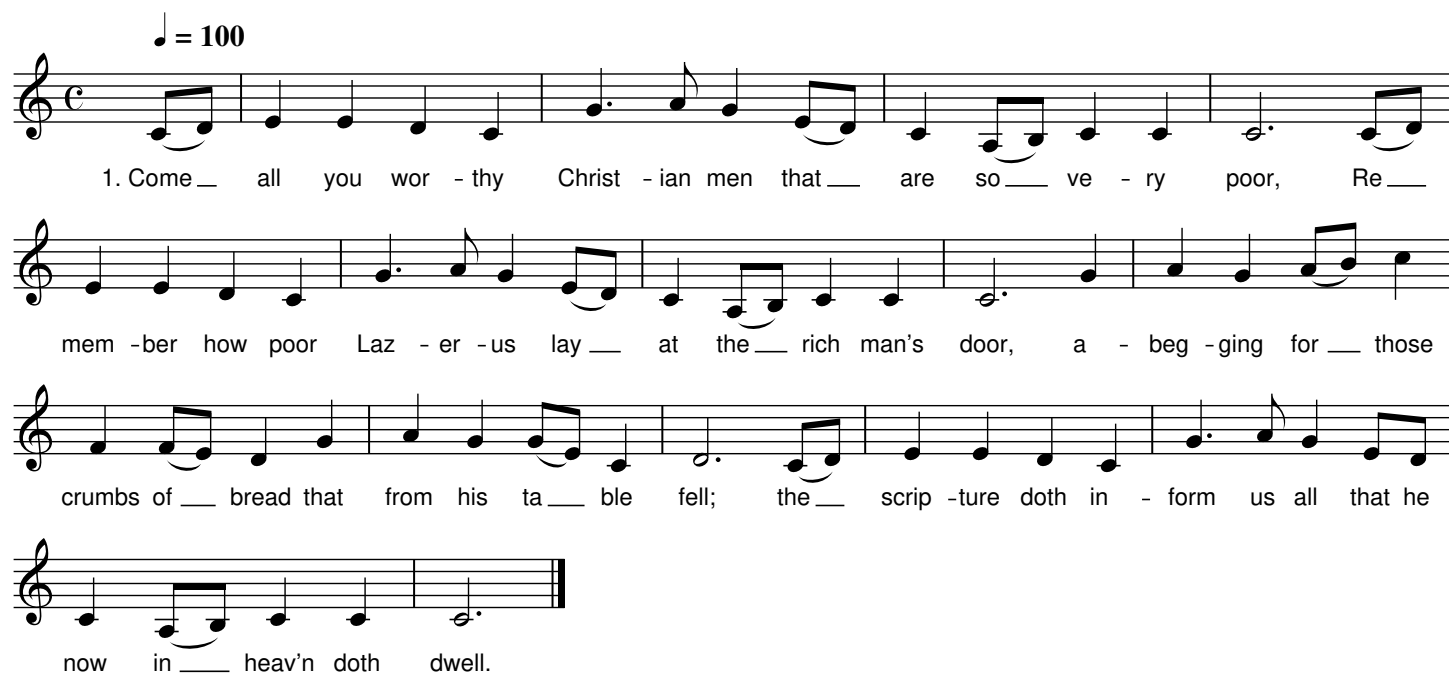


## Lazerus

Collected from Mrs Lurcock of Bredgar, Kent, and noted down by Miss Alice Travers of Bredgar.

$\text{♩} = 100$



1. Come\_\_ all you wor - thy Christ - ian men that\_\_ are so\_\_ ve - ry poor, Re\_\_  
mem - ber how poor Laz - er - us lay\_\_ at the\_\_ rich man's door, a - beg - ging for\_\_ those  
crumbs of\_\_ bread that from his ta\_\_ ble fell; the\_\_ scrip - ture doth in - form us all that he  
now in\_\_ heav'n doth dwell.

2. Now Job he was a patient man,  
The richest in the East;  
How he was brought to poverty  
His troubles soon increased,  
He bore them all most patiently  
From sin he did refrain  
He always trusted in the Lord  
He soon got rich again.

3. The time it will soon come  
That parted we must be,  
The only thing that doth remain  
Is to joy our misery;  
For soon we must account give,  
Both great as well as small,  
Remember all good Christian friends,  
One God will judge us all.

4. Though poor I am contented,  
No riches do I crave,  
For they are all but vanity  
On this side of the grave;  
Where some they roll in riches  
Their glass will soon run out,  
No riches we brought in this world  
Nor none can we take out.

5. Come all you worthy Christians,  
That dwell within this land,  
Don't spend your time in rioting  
Remember you're but man;  
Be watchful for your latter end,  
Be ready when you're called,  
There's many changes in this world  
Some rises and some falls.

*From the F. Collinson collection, Roud No. 815, held in the Vaughan Williams Memorial Library.*

♩ = 100



1. Come \_ all you wor - thy Christ - ian men that \_ are so \_ ve - ry poor, Re \_



mem - ber how poor Laz - er - us lay \_ at the \_ rich man's door, a - beg - ging for \_ those



crumbs of \_ bread that from his ta \_ ble fell; the \_ scrip - ture doth in - form us all that he

