

The Ballad of Harry Lewis

Allan Sherman

I'm singing you the ballad
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 4th
But his cloth goes shining on

Glory, glory Harry Lewis
Glory, glory Harry Lewis
Glory, glory Harry Lewis
His cloth goes shining on

Oh 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
The union could afford
And his cloth goes shining on

Glory, glory Harry Lewis
Glory, glory Harry Lewis
Glory, glory Harry Lewis
His cloth goes shining on

Although a fire was raging
Harry stood by his machine
And when the firemen broke in
They discovered him between

A pile of roasted Dacron
And some french fried gabardine
His cloth goes shining on

Glory, glory Harry Lewis
Glory, glory Harry Lewis
Glory, glory Harry Lewis
His cloth goes shining on