

# THE ISRAELITES

Words and Music by Desmond Dacres and Leslie Kong

**Moderately slow**



Get up in the morn-ing, slav-ing for bread,— sir,  
so that ev-er-y mouth—

*mf*

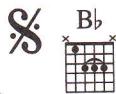


— can be fed. Poor me,

R.H.



Is - rael-ite— sir.—

Moderate shuffle ( $\text{♩} = \text{♪}$ )

$\text{G} \quad \text{Bb}$

Get up in the morn-ing slav - ing for bread, sir, so that a ev - er - y mouth -

$\text{G}$

$mf$

$\text{Bb7}$

$\text{E♭}$

$F$

— can be fed. Poor — me,



Is - rael- ite. —

My wife and my kids, they packed



up and they leave me; “Dar-ling,” she said, “I was yours — to re - ceive.” —



Poor

me, Is - rael-ite.



Shirt, them I tear up trou - sers are gone; I



don't want to end up like

Bon-nie and Clyde.

Poor



me, Is - rael-ite.

B<sub>b</sub>

Af - ter a storm there must be a calm - ing. They catch me in the farm, you

B<sub>b</sub>7

E<sub>b</sub>

F

*to Coda ♩*

sound the a - larm. Poor me,

B<sub>b</sub>

D<sub>b</sub>

B<sub>b</sub>

Is - rael - ite. Yee.

D<sub>b</sub>

B<sub>b</sub>

E<sub>b</sub>

B<sub>b</sub>

D.S. al Coda ♪

♪ Coda

Is - rael-ite. Yee. Poor, a poor, a

f

poor, a poor me, Is - rael-ite. I a won-der who I'm work-ing for?

Is - rael - ite. I look a down and out, sir.

D.S.S. and fade