

# Handbags and Gladrags













































































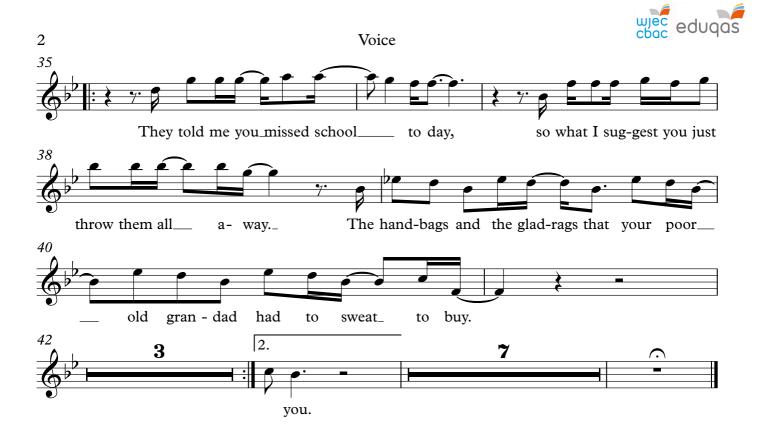








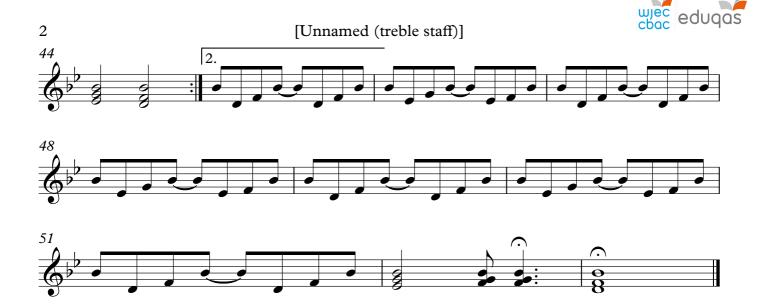






















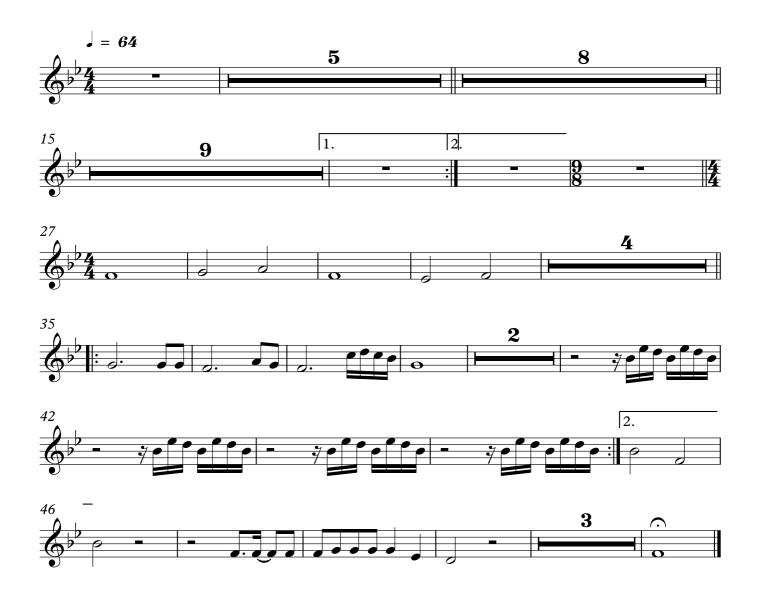






### Trumpet in C

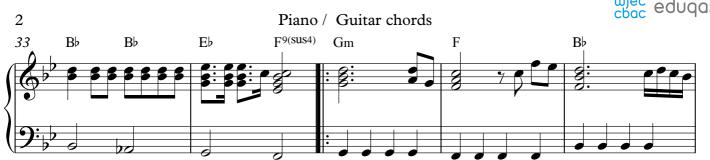


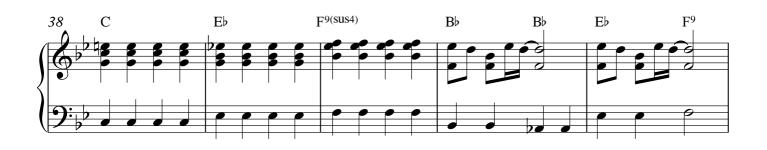


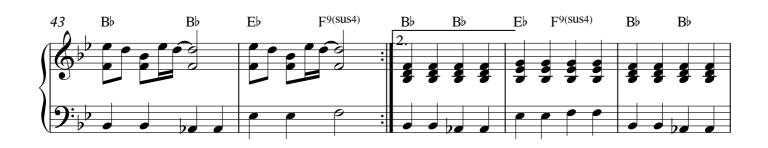










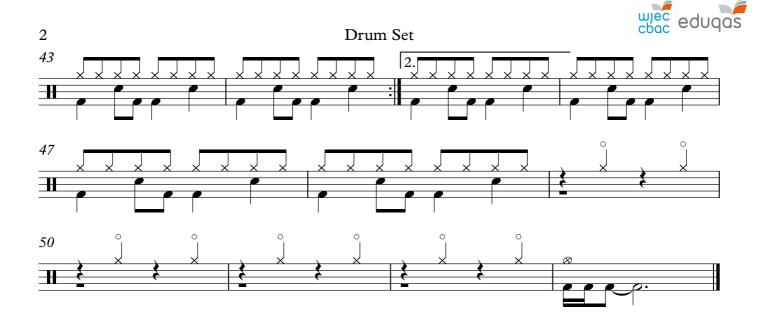






















#### Brass: B flat





## Brass: E flat part (lower octave)





#### Woodwind: B flat part





# Brass: E flat part (higher octave)





#### **LYRICS**

Ever seen a blind man cross the road Trying to make the other side? Ever seen a young girl growing old Trying to make herself a bride?

So what becomes of you, my love? When they have finally stripped you of The handbags and the gladrags That your poor old granddad Had to sweat to buy you, baby

Once I was a young man And all I thought I had to do was smile Well, you are still a young girl And you've borne everything in style

So once you think you're in, you're out 'Cause you don't mean a single thing without The handbags and the gladrags That your poor old granddad Had to sweat to buy you

Sing a song of six-pence for your sake And drink a bottle full of rye Four and twenty blackbirds in a cake And bake 'em all in a pie

They told me you missed school today
So what I suggest you just throw them all away
The handbags and the gladrags
That your poor old granddad
Had to sweat to buy

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