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The Greatest Man

Moderato (In a half boasting and half wistful way)
(Not too fast or too evenly)

My teacher said us boys should write about some great man, so I

thought last night 'n thought about heroes and men that had

piu teneri
a tempo

done great things, 'n then I got to think in 'bout my pa; he

rit.
a tempo
ain't a hero 'r any-thing but pshaw! Say! He can ride the
wild-est hoss 'n find min-ners near the moss down by the creek; 'n
he can swim 'n fish, we ketch'd five new lights, me 'n him!
Dad's some hunter too. Oh, my! Miss Mol-ly Cot-ton-tail sure does fly.

When he tromps through the fields 'n brush! (Dad won't kill a lark 'n thrush.)

Once when I was sick 'n though his hands were rough he rubbed the pain right out. "That's the