

All Our Days Are Trances/Now Doubt, Now  
Pain/David Poe's Elegy

46

Un -  
on! And so her dress - ser nursed the babe

48

til the fi - nal act was played  
And all E - li - za's gush - ing fans were

50

Flowing  $\text{♩} = 126$  Eliza

gone **START** Now doubt, now pain come ne - ver - a -

*mp*

*Pedal generously*

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55

gain for his soul gives me sigh for sigh

59

and all day long shines bri-hi-hi-hi-hi-hi-hi-hi-hi and

63

strong, A - bove me in the sky

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Player 2: Ladies and Gentleman: Mrs. Eliza Poe!

68

**END**

Honky Tonk ♩=126

71

P. 2

ELIZA

Hen-ry!

As for the dres-ser, she'd done this be-fore For the babe had an el-der broth-er.

*mf*