**The Sick Note**

**1                5     1**Dear Sir, I write this note to you to tell you of my plight  
**4             1         5**  
And at the time of writing, I am not a pretty sight  
 **4          1                  5  6m**  
My body is all black and blue, my face a deathly gray  
 **1                   57 1**  
And I write this note to say why I am not at work to-day

**1              5                       1**While working on the fourteenth floor, some bricks I had to clear   
**4             1           5**  
And to throw them down from such a height seemed quite a good idea  
 **4          1                5 6m**  
But the foreman wasn't very pleased, he being a careful man  
 **1                      57      1**  
He said I’d have to cart them down the ladder in me hand.

**1                 5             1**Now hauling all those bricks by hand, it was so very slow   
 **4           1             5**  
So I hoisted up a barrel and se-cured the rope below  
**4          1             5  6m**  
But in my haste to do the job, I was too blind to see  
 **1 57           1**

That a barrel full of building bricks was heavier than me.

**1           5             1**And, so when I un-tied the rope, the barrel fell like lead   
**4             1             5**  
And clinging tightly to the rope I started up instead  
 **4          1              5 6m**  
Well, I shot up like a rocket till to my dismay I found  
 **1 57           1**  
That half way up I met that bloody barrel coming down.

**1               5                      1**Well, the barrel broke my shoulder as to the ground it sped   
**4             1             5**  
And when I reached the top I banged the pulley with me head  
 **4          1                5 6m**  
Well, I clung on tight, though numb with shock from this almighty blow  
 **1                                   57          1**  
And the barrel spilled out half its bricks some fourteen floors be-low

**1                     5             1**Now, when these bricks had fallen from the barrel to the floor   
**4             1             5**  
I then outweighed the barrel and so started down once more  
**4          1            5 6m**

The barrel missed me, passing by, I made a thankful sound

**1                                 57           1**  
Just be-fore I landed on the bricks it had scattered all a-round.

**1                  5             1**Well, I lay there groaning on the ground; I thought I'd passed the worst   
 **4             1             5**  
Then the barrel hit the pulley and the barrel bottom burst  
**4          1                 5 6m**

A shower of bricks rained down on me, ‘twas then I gave up hope  
 **1                               57          1**  
As I lay broken on the ground, I let go the bloody rope.

**1                 5             1**The barrel then being heavier, it started down once more   
**4             1             5**  
And landed right a-cross me as I lay upon the floor  
 **4          1                5 6m**  
Well, It broke three ribs and my left arm, and I can only say  
 **1                               5           1**  
That I hope you'll understand why I am not at work to-day.

Melody (1 major):

**1 5 5 1**

5, 1 2 3 3 5, 6, 1 3 2 1 1 7, 1

Dear Sir I write this note to you to tell you of my plight  
 **4 1 5 5**

3 4 4 4 4 3 5 5 3 2 1 2 3 2

And at the time of writing, I am not a pretty sight  
 4 1 5 6m

3 4 5 6 4 3 4 5 3 2 3 2 1 6,  
My body is all black and blue, my face a deathly gray  
 1 5 1 57 1

5, 6, 1 2 3 3 5, 5, 1 3 2 1 1 7, 1

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