

# Eutychus

## Sunday School Songs for All

Words: Philip Gore

Music: Julianne Ingram

*p*  
(Talk, talk, talk, talk)  
(Dead, dead, dead, dead)

*f*  
Paul did preach so long.  
Cried those gath - er'd 'round.

*p*  
(Snore, snore, snore, snore)  
(Paul, Paul, Paul, Paul)

*f*  
Went the young man's song.  
This is what we've found.

*p*  
(Dream, dream, dream, dream)  
"Be not trou - bled,

*f*  
\*Eu - ty - chus did sleep.  
Eu - ty - chus will live."

*p*  
(Down, down, down, down)  
*f* Paul then raised him,

*f*  
He fell to the street.  
Praise to God we give!

\* Note to pianist: slow down during the phrase 'Eutychus did sleep'. Return to normal speed for the last line.