

Unknown

"Drunkards Child"

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The Drunkard's Child

I'm alone, all alone, my friends all have fled
My father's a drunkard, my mother is dead.
I'm a poor little girl, I wonder and weep
For the voice of my mother to sing me to sleep.
She sleeps on the hill, in a bed made of clay
How cold it did seem to lay mother away.
She's gone with the angels, and none do I see
So dear as the face of my mother to me.

cho: I'm a little lone girl in this cold world so wild,
God look down and pity the drunkard's lone child.
Look down and pity, Oh soon come to me
Take me to dwell with mother and Thee.

We were so happy till father drank rum;
Then all our sorrows and troubles begun.
Mother grew paler and wept every day;
Baby and I were too hungry to play.
Slowly they faded and one summer night
Found their sweet faces all silent and white
And with big tears slowly dropping I said,
"Father's a drunkard and mother is dead."

Oh, if some temperance workers could find
Poor wretched father and speak very kind,
If they could stop him from drinking, why then,
I would feel very happy again.
Is it too late? Men of temperance, please try,
For poor little Bessie will soon starve and die.
All day long I've been begging for bread.
Father's a drunkard and mother is dead.

From Weep Some More, Spaeth
@children @temperance @drink @orphan
filename[DRNKCHLD
play.exe DRNKCHLD
RG
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