

## Drunkard's Child

Hank Snow

My father is a drunkard,  
My mother, she is dead;  
And I am just an orphan child,  
No place to lay my head;  
All through this world I wander,  
They drive me from their door,  
Some day I'll find a welcome  
On Heaven's golden shore.

Now if to me you'll listen,  
I'll tell my story sad;  
How drinking rum and gambling  
Hell Has stole away my dad;  
My mother is in heaven,  
Where God and the angels smile;  
And now I know she's watching  
Her lonely orphan child.

We all were once so happy,  
And had a happy home;  
Till dad, he went to drinking rum,  
And then he gambled some;  
He left my darling mother,  
She died of a broken heart;  
And as I tell my story,  
I see your tear-drops start.

Don't weep for me and mother,  
although' I know 'tis said;  
But try to get someone to cheer  
And save my poor lonely dad;  
"I'm awful cold and hungry,"  
She closed her eyes and sighed;  
Then those who heard her story,  
Knew the orphan child has died.