

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.