The Orphan Child

The Orphan Child

My father is a drunkard. My mother she is dead.
And I am just an orphan child, no place to lay my head.
As through this world I wander, they drive me from their door.
Someday I'll find a welcome on Heaven's golden shore.

Now if to me you'll listen I'll tell a story sad.
How drinking rum and a gambling hell 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
'Til 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 teardrops start.

Don't weep for me and Mother, although I know it's sad.
But try to get someone to cheer and save my poor lonely Dad.
I'm awful cold and hungry. She closed her eyes and sighd.
Then those who heard her story knew the orphan child had died.

[sniff]
Particularly moving if it's sung by Jimmie Rodgers (with a couple
of those sweet simple yodels thrown in).BK
BK
apr97