

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

The Drunkard's Boy

The Drunkard's Boy

In an old dusty attic of a tenement house,
I happened to wander one day,
And there on the rafters mid shavings and chips,
A drunkard's poor little boy lay.

Oh why are you lying up here in the cold,
What makes you lie on this hard bed,
My father's a drunkard and he beat me today,
My darling old mother is dead

I'm hiding from father and please sir don't tell,
He beat me 'cause I would not steal,
He said he would kill me the next time I failed,
And I'm so afraid sir, he will.

I'm leaving you here son I sadly replied,
But I will be back right away,
But when I returned to the attic, I found,
That Jesus had been there that day.

The chips and the shavings were there as before,
As the little boy lay on his bed,
With tears on his cheeks and his hands at his side,
The poor little fellow was dead.

A picture of mother lay close to his heart,
A faint little note by his head,
As I opened the paper my eyes filled with tears,
For these were the words that I read.

I'm hiding with Jesus across the divide,
With dear mother forever I'll dwell,
And thank you dear mister for your kindness to me,
And now it's all right if you tell.

FM
Apr98