

'Twas Not My Father - song lyrics

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'Twas Not My Father

Composed by Juliet Courtright.

"Please, Mr. Barkeeper, has father been here?
He's not been at home for the day;
'Tis now almost midnight, and mother's in fear
Some accident keeps him away."
"No, no, little stranger, -or-yes, he's been here;
Some officers took him away;
He's gone to the lock-up-I'm sorry, my dear;
He's done something wicked, they say."

Chorus.

"Oh! 'twas not my father who did the bad deed;
'Twas drinking that maddened his brain.
Oh! let him go home to dear mother, I plead;
I'm sure he'll not touch it again;
I'm sure, I'm sure, I'm sure he'll not touch it again."

"Please, Mr. Policeman, my father is lost-
A man says you took him away.
Oh! can't he go home, sir; and what will it cost
If mother will send you the pay? "
"Oh! no, little stranger, your father can't go;
We put him in prison to-day;
Go home to your mother, and quick let her know.
What's keeping your father away."-Chorus.

"Please, sir, Mr. Jailer, please let me go in-
They say that my father's inside.
I scarcely can tell how unhappy we've been;
We could not feel worse had he died.
Please, sir, it was drinking that made him do wrong;
I'm sure he will drink no more.
Oh! just a few minutes-a minute's not long;"
But no one would open the door.-Chorus.

All day the young watcher stood fast by the door;
In vain with his father to speak.
It creaked its great hinges twice ten times or more,
As prison doors only can creak.
Then speeding through darkness to home sad as death
A message most solemn he bore:
"Dear mother, I'll shun it as long as I've breath;
I'll touch it and taste it no more."-Chorus.