

The Sheriff's Sale - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

THE SHERIFF'S SALE.

Copyright, 1887, by S. Brainard's Sons.

Words and Music by Barney Mullely.

There's an old cot that stands in a square,
For ninety odd years that old cot has stood there;
Surrounded by trees and a fence that is worn,
'Twas the home of my forefathers, there I was born.
But misfortune came o'er us and soon it did tell,
The sheriff came in our old home to sell;
It was then I did weep, my poor mother did moan,
As I begged them in vain would they please spare the home!

Chorus.

Please spare the old home, please spare it, I pray,
Don't turn out my mother, so feeble and gray;
And my dear loving sister, so sickly and pale,
Auctioneer! auctioneer! won't you please stop the sale?
Love and rejoicing were there on that day,
When brother embraced my dear mother so gray,
With a welcome for me and my sister so frail,
And that put an end to the dread sheriff's sale!

You seldom would find a happier lot,
Than our little family that dwelt in that cot,
With father and mother, sister, brother and I,
Till sickness came over us and father did die.
Then our brother left home to find something to do,
But where he had gone no one ever knew;
So I toiled late and early to keep down the debt.
And often I hear myself pleading them yet:-Chorus.

In vain I did plead, but without avail,
The auctioneer continued to cry on the sale;
The very best bidder was a man quite unknown,
Till his money he paid and had purchased our home.
Then mother and sister, with hearts sad and sore,
Prepared to depart from our cottage door,
When the stranger spoke up saying, "Your sorrow's done-
I return you your home, I am your long lost son! "-Chorus.