

Over The Hills To The Poor-house - song lyrics

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

Over the Hills to the Poor-House.

What? no! can it be they've driven
Their father, so helpless and old
(Oh, God! may their crime be forgiven),
To perish out here in the cold.
Oh, heaven! I am saddened and weary;
See the tears how they course down my cheeks;
Oh, this world is lonely and dreary,
And my heart for relief vainly seeks.

Chorus.
For I'm old, and I'm helpless and feeble,
And the days of my youth have gone by,
When over the hills to the poor-house
I wandered alone there to die.

Ah, me! on that old door-step yonder
I've sat with my babes on my knee;
No father was happier or fonder
Than I with my little ones three.
The boys, both so rosy and chubby,
And Lillie with prattle so sweet;
God knows how their father has loved them,
But they've driven him out in the street.- Chorus.

It's long years since my Mary was taken,
My faithful and affectionate wife;
Since then I'm forlorn and forsaken,
And the light has died out of my life.
The boys grew up to manhood, I gave them
A deed for the farm, aye, and more-
I gave them the house they were born in,
And now I am turned out from its door.- Chorus.

Oh, children! loved children, yet hear me-
I have journeyed along on life's stage,
With the hope that you all would be with me
To comfort and cheer my old age;
My life-blood I'd gladly have given
To shield and protect you-but, hark!
Though my heart breaks, I'll say it, you've driven
Me out here to die in the dark.- Chorus.

But, perhaps, they'll live happier without me;
Farewell, dear old home, ah, farewell!
Each pathway and tree here about me
Some memory precious can tell.
Well, the flowers will bloom as bright as ever,
And the birds will sing as sweet as morn,
When over the hills to the poor-house
Next Spring the old man shall be borne.- Chorus.