Row Us Over the Tide

Row Us Over the Tide

Two little children went strolling one day
Down by the river side.
One stepped up to the boatman and said,
"Row us over the tide.

Row us over the tide,
Row us over the tide;"
One stepped up to the boatman and said,
"Row us over the tide."

"Be kind to us, mister, our mother is dead;
We have no place to abide.
Father's a gambler and cares not for us;
Please row us over the tide.

"The angels took mother to her heavenly home,
There with the saints to abide.
Our father's forsaken us, left us alone;
Please row us over the tide.

"Mama and papa grow weary; one day (? - that's what she prints)
Jesus would come for their child
We are so tired of waiting so long;
Row us over the tide."

Note: Irwin Silber's book "Soldier Songs and Home Front Ballads of the Civil War" also contains a piece called "Brother Green" in which a dying soldier laments leaving his children, but they are not orphans; merely fatherless. Other than that, Silber's book doesn't seem to contain anything relevant.

The only one I can think of that MIGHT date to the Civil War era (it has that feeling of sick sentimentality) is one called "Row Us Over the Tide." I've heard two different versions, but the only one I can put my hands on was recorded by Joan Sprung on her Folk-Legacy album "Pictures to my Mind. "These are (more or less) the words she uses. RW

RW