

Don't Sell Him Any More Rum

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Don't sell him any more rum,
He's reeling already, you see;
I know when he comes home tonight
He'll beat poor mama and me.
She's waiting in darkness and cold,
And dreading to hear him come home;
He treats her so bad when he's drunk,
Don't sell him any more rum.

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I know when he comes home tonight
He'll beat poor mama and me.

I heard mama praying last night,
She thought I was quite sound asleep;
She prayed God her husband to save,
His soul from temptation to keep.
She cried like her poor heart would break,
And I tried to comfort her some;
I told her I'd beg you today
Not to sell father any more rum.

Why don't you keep something to sell
That won't make people so sad?
That won't make happy mothers weep,
Kind fathers cruel and bad?
I know 'tis hard, I can see,
You are angry because I have come;
But forgive a poor little girl,
And don't sell father any more rum.

From Ozark Folksongs, Randolph
Collected from Maggie Morgan, Ark 1942
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