

Please, Don't Sell Father Any More Rum - song lyrics

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

Please, don't sell Father any more Rum

Don't sell him another drink, please,
He's reeling already you see;
I fear when he comes home to-night,
He'll beat my poor mother and me;
She's waiting in darkness and cold,
And dreading to hear him come home;
He treats us so bad when he's drunk,
Please, don't sell him any more rum.

Chorus.

Don't scold me, kind sir! for I see,
You're angry because I have come;
Forgive a poor sad little girl.
And don't sell her dear father rum;
Forgive a poor, sad little girl,
And don't sell her dear father rum.

I heard mother praying last night;
She thought I was quite sound asleep:
She prayed her husband to save,
His soul from temptation to keep.
She cried like her poor heart would break.
So, trying to comfort her some,
I told her I'd beg you to-day
Not to sell father any more rum. -Chorus.

Why don't you have something to sell
That will not make people so sad?
That will not make poor mothers grieve,
And kind fathers cruel and bad?
It makes us so sad when we see.
Our dear father come reeling home;
Oh, listen to my simple plea,
Please, don't sell him any more rum. - Chorus.