

The Ungrateful Son - song lyrics

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THE UNGRATEFUL SON.

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A poor old man of seventy and his wife of sixty-two,
One night in Winter, when the snow fell fast,
They were making for the workhouse, for they were too old to toil
And they knew their span of life was closing fast;
He loving words was speaking to the poor old weary lass,
When his eye that moment rested on his son,
Who then tried to avoid him and pass on the other side,
But the old man spoke these words ere he was gone-

Chorus.

You have quite forgot your father, now he's feeble, poor and old,
You have quite forgot your poor old mother, too;
You think yourself above us, now you're worth a lot of gold,
But you never know what time may bring you to.

You quite forget the time, my lad, when you were so dear to me,
When the other five by death were torn away,
And we freely spent our wealth on you, our only loving son.
To make you what you are in the world to-day-
We pinched and saved "for you, my lad, and tended thee for years;
Just then the old man bent beneath the strain,
And the mother, too, with bended head, was shedding bitter tears,
And, in sobbing tones, these words were heard again-
You have quite forgot your father, &c.

The son had listened for some time, then he answered with a curse,
I cannot keep you, I've now no time to stay,
I have told you what I mean, and now don't bother any more;
And with these words he passed upon his way.
The man and wife drew closer, and both taking hand in hand,
They trudged along, with head and heart bowed down,
And as the workhouse door was closed upon this poor old aged pair,
I seemed to hear the breeze bring back the sound-
You have quite forgot your father, &c.