

What Made Grandma Die - song lyrics

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

WHAT MADE GRANDMA DIE?

Copyright, 1894, by Friday & Hall.

Words and Music by Wm. H. Friday, Jr.

A calm, peaceful morn of a bright summer day,
A messenger carelessly wending his way,
In front of a cottage he stops for a spell,
He looks at the number, then pulls the door-bell;
An old lady, feeble, on opening the door
And reading the message, falls prone to the floor;
Her daughters, in anguish, in vain do they call,
Their mother lies silent, the message tells all.

Chorus.

'Twas from her only son so fair, who left home when a boy;
She thought him dead, but as she read she could not bear the joy;
A father stern, a slave to drink, had driven him to sea;
Aboard a ship reported lost, she thought her boy to be.

A beautiful home in a place far away,
A fam'ly assembled at close of the day,
The children their books have laid by for the night,
To gather and talk in the fireside light.
Oh, tell us, dear papa, about our grandma;
You've promised so often, now do, please, papa;
You've said how God called her to live in the sky,
But tell us, dear papa, what made grandma die?

Chorus.

A message from her son so fair, who left home when a boy;
She thought him dead, but as she read she could not bear the joy;
A father stern, a slave to drink, had driven him to sea;
Aboard a ship reported lost, she thought her boy to be.