

Teach Our Baby That I'm Dead - song lyrics

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Teach Our Baby that I'm Dead.
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Words by Wm. H. Windom. Music by Still R. Hareourt.

With tearful eyes a mother stood before a prison cell.
And in her arms she tightly clasp'd her baby to her heart;
Her husband is a convict now, she came to say farewell,
Ere from her side for years he must depart.
Me took her hand so tenderly, and begged her not to weep;
"Don't grieve, my love," he said, "while I'm away."
He look'd upon their little child, who smil'd in peaceful sleep,
And then in anguish to his wife did say:

Refrain.

"Teach our baby that I'm dead, and never, never let it know
The dark disgrace I've brought to you, promise me before you go.
God above will care for you -oh, blame me not, my own," he said,
"And when our baby asks for me, teach the little one I'm dead."

To save another I did wrong, and now to prison go;
I took the money from the bank- 'twas wrong, I know, 'tis true;
I thought I could replace it soon, and none would ever know,
I never dream'd I'd bring disgrace to you.
The parting moment came at last, he bade them both good-by.
Her youthful heart was broken with despair,
And as she turned to go away, his tears of anguish fell,
Again these words he sadly uttered there: - Refrain.