

Poor Old Dad

Sung by George Howe, Norland, Ontario

Recorded by George Proctor 1960

Chord suggestions by Ian Bell

D D D#dim Em A

The ot - ther day while strol - ling out to have a qui - et walk — And pas - sing by a

E E7 A D D#dim

6 house I heard some ve - ry noi - sy talk — Just then a door flew op - en and and old man tum - bled

Em A A E A

12 out — I stopped to ask the peo - ple what their trou - ble was a - bout

Last 3 words of final chorus are spoken

An angry lad then ask-ed me
 What it had to do with me
 And told me to move on or else
 He'd quickly let me see
 Just then the old mother came
 With tottering footsteps slow.
 Again the lad struck at his dad,
 She tried to stop his blow.

(Cough)

Then the angry crowd began to shout
 And murmur on the streets
 (Hesitation- Incomplete verse?)

Chorus:

*You've made your poor old Mother weep
 For you from night 'til morn.
 You've made your poor old Father wish
 That you was never born.
 You'll wish you'd never served us so
 When we're both dead, my lad
 When your own children treat you like
 You treated poor old Dad*

You've driven us out, the old man cries
 To the poor house we must go
 And when you're old and feeble may
 Your children treat you so
 A gent then raised the lady up
 And says, Now Mother come
 You shall not to the poor house go
 We'll find you both a home

But what can (mean?) those ice cold hands?
 For ne'er a word she spoke
 'Tis true her heart was broken, yes
 That poor old mother's dead
 Not very long the old man lived
 But soon joined his old bride
 Now in the quiet churchyard
 They are sleeping side by side

And one day o'er their grave we found
 Their dead son beneath the trees
 And mournfully I thought I heard
 Those words float on the breeze

Repeat Chorus
 (Last 3 words spoken)