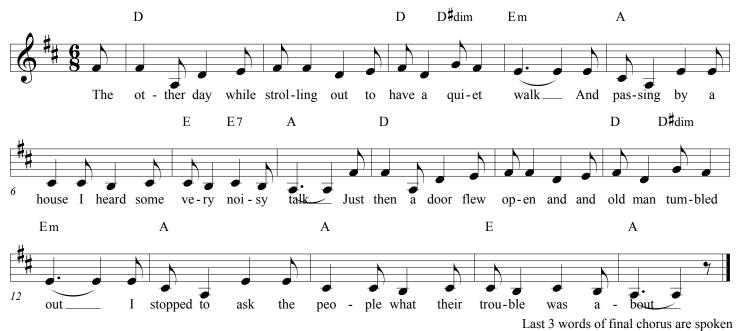
Poor Old Dad

Sung by George Howe, Norland, Ontario Recorded by George Proctor 1960 Chord suggestions by Ian Bell



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)