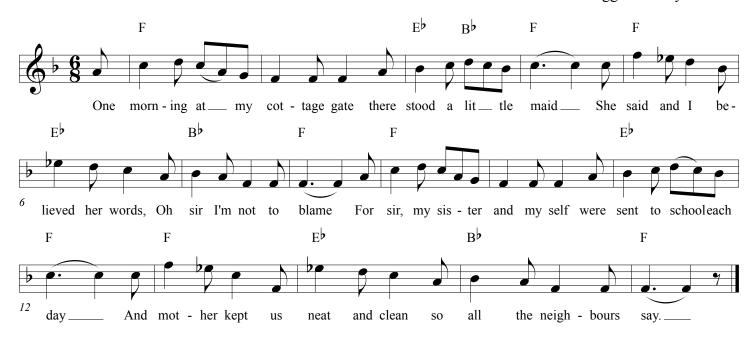
The Drunkard's Daughter

As sung by LaRena Clark Chord suggestions by Ian Bell



One morning at my cottage gate, there stood a little maid She said, and I believed her words, Oh sir I'm not to blame For Sir my sister and myself, were sent to school each day And mother kept us neat and clean, so all the neighbours say

But when he had no more new clothes and ours were getting old Winter came and thus we all had to suffer from the cold Hardship and grief made mother sick, but for our sake she tried To bear upon her all ours woes, in vain she drooped and died

She called us children to her bed, blessed us in Jesus' name And prayed that he would be our friend, and said you're not to blame But since your father loves strong drink, and bears a drunkard's name You children suffer for his faults, and he's the one to blame