

Flatt And Scruggs, Over The Hills To The Poor House

Over The Hill To The Poor House

1. Oh how can it be they have driven
Their father so helpless and old
Oh God may their crimes be forgiven
To perish out here in the cold

Chorus:

I'm old I'm helpless and feeble
And the days of my youth have gone by
And it's over the hill to the poor house
I must wander alone there to die

2. Long years since Mary was taken
My faithful affectionate wife
Since then I've been alone and forsaken
The light has died out of my life

Chorus:

3. I gave them the house they were born in
A deed to the farm and more
I gave them the place that they lived on
And now I am turned from its door

4. Oh me on the doorstep up yonder
I've set with my babe's on my knee
No father so happy or fonder
Than I of my little ones three