

# Hank Snow, The Drunkard's Son

In an old dusty attic of a tenement house  
I happened to wander one day  
And there on the rafters 'neath shavings and chips  
A drunkard's poor little boy lay

Oh why are you lying up here in the cold  
What makes you lie on this hard bed  
My father's a drunkard and he beat me today  
My darling old mother is dead

I'm hiding from father and please sir, don't tell  
He beat me 'cause I would not steal  
He said he would kill me the next I failed  
And I'm so afraid sir, he will

I'm leaving you here, son, I sadly replied  
But I will be back right away  
But when I returned to the attic I found

That Jesus had been there that day

The chips and the shavings were there as before  
And the little boy lie on his bed  
With tears on his cheeks and his hands at his side  
The poor little fellow was dead

A picture of mother lay close to his heart  
A faint little note by his head  
As I opened the paper, my eyes filled with tears  
For these were the words that I read

I'm hiding with Jesus across the divide  
With dear mother forever I'll dwell  
And thank you dear mister for your kindness to me  
And now it's alright if you tell