

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