

Jim Reeves, The Tie That Binds

In a room so lonely and cheerless
Sits a woman all alone
By her a cradle stands empty
And Dorrit, she sobs and she moans.

My husband, he no longer loves me
His love and our dear baby died
I'll leave him at home, forever
Without him this old world, abide.

She packed baby's things in the bundle
While the tears rolled down her cheeks
I never, no never, would leave him
If ever a kind word he'd speak.

Just then the door softly was open
A man took the bundle away
He lay the things out on the table
And softly to her he did say.

One little stockin' for you dear
One little blue shoe is for me
The baby's wrap and its smallest cap
We'll keep in memory.

One lock of hair is for you dear
See how the golden curl shines
We'll keep a smile, while she sleeps for
She is the tie that binds...