

1866

Father's A Drunkard And Mother Is Dead

E.A. Parkhurst

Stella

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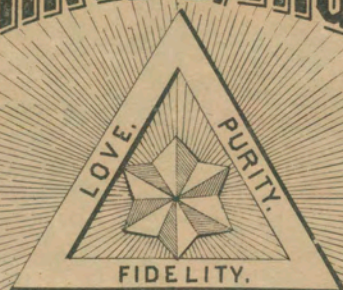
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TO ALL
"True Sons of Temperance."

Father's a Drunkard, and Mother is dead



Song and Chorus

AS SUNG BY

LITTLE EFFIE PARKHURST.

at the Great Temperance Gatherings in New-York.

POETRY BY

STELLA.

of Good Samaritan Division No. 1 Washington D.C.

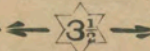
MUSIC BY

MRS. E. A. PARKHURST.

N.Y. Eng'd at Clayton's.

Author of

"DON'T MARRY A MAN IF HE DRINKS." "I'LL MARRY NO MAN IF HE DRINKS." "LOOKING FORWARD." & C.



WASHINGTON, D.C.

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FATHER'S A DRUNKARD, AND MOTHER IS DEAD.

Poetry by "STELLA" (of Washington)

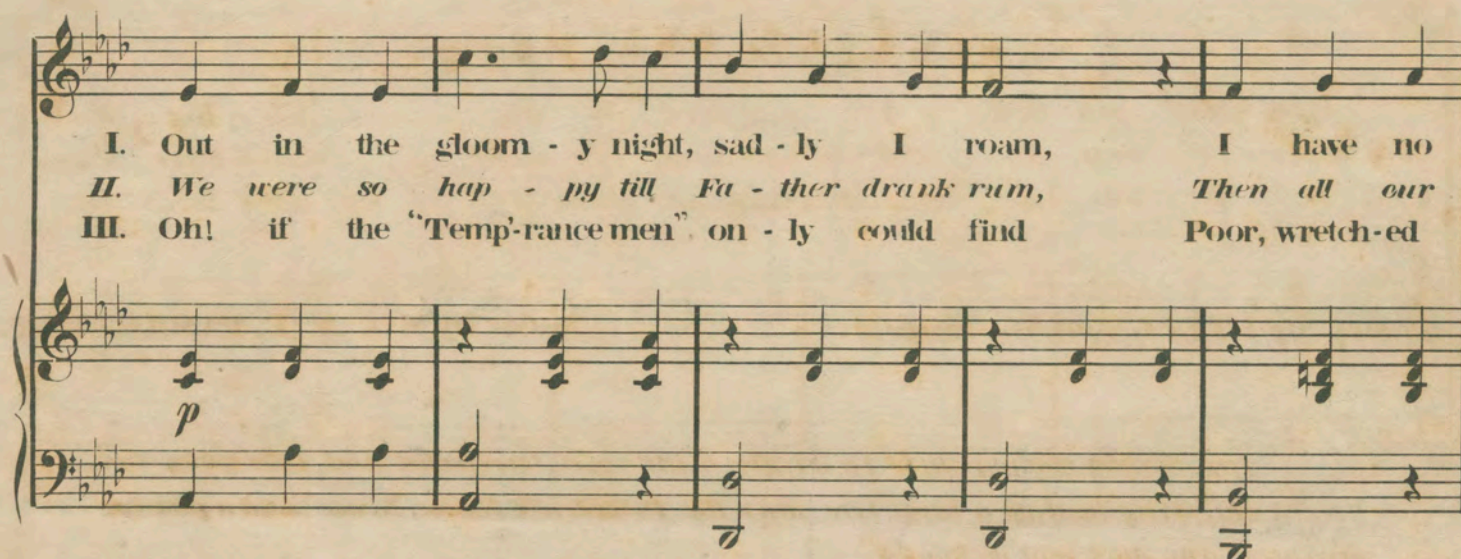
Music by Mrs A. E. PARKHURST.

One dismal, stormy night in winter, a little girl barefooted and miserably clad, leaned shivering against a large tree near the President's House. "Sissie" said a passing stranger, "why dont you go home?"

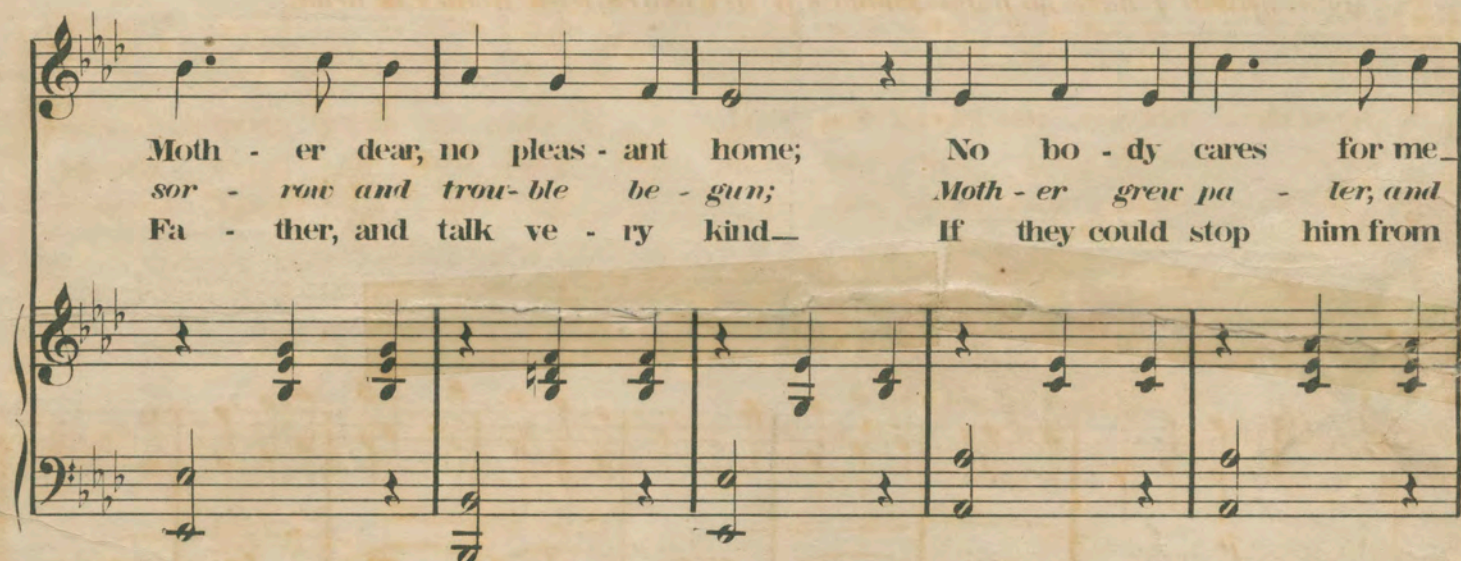
She raised her pale face, and with tears dimming her sweet blue eyes, answered mournfully: "I have no home. Father's a Drunkard, and Mother is dead."

Moderato.

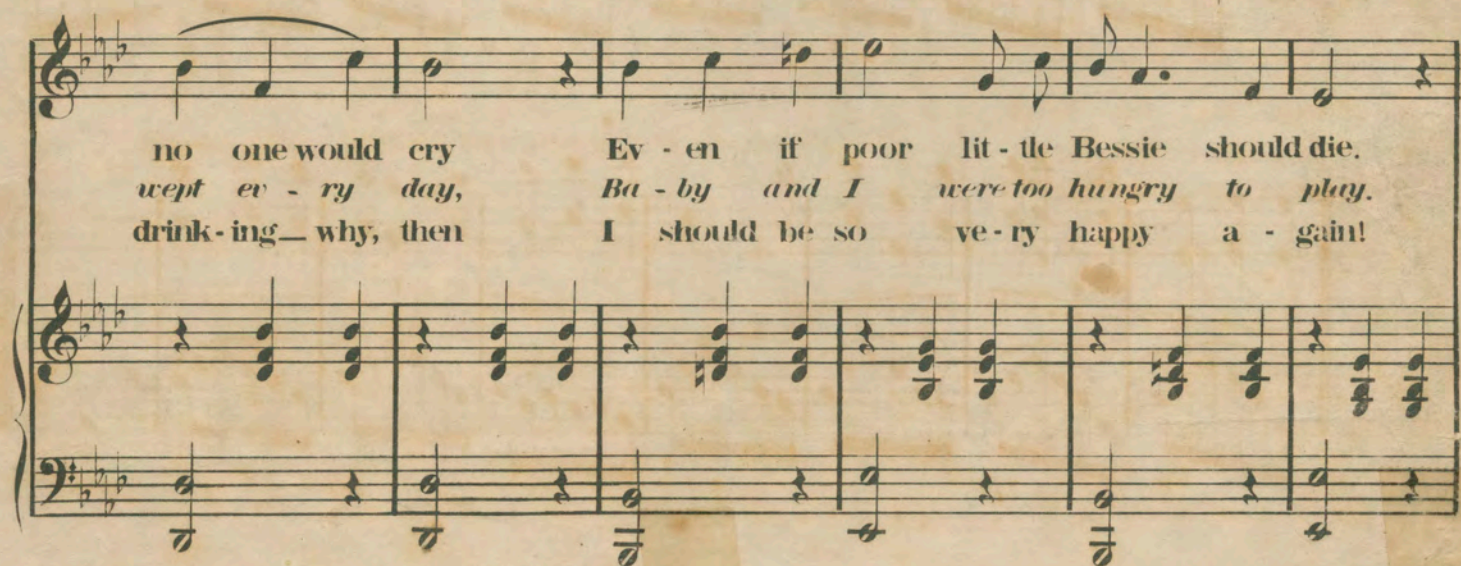




I. Out in the gloom - y night, sad - ly I roam, I have no
 II. We were so hap - py till Fa - ther drank rum, Then all our
 III. Oh! if the "Temp'-rance men" on - ly could find Poor, wretch-ed



Moth - er dear, no pleas - ant home; No bo - dy cares for me
 sor - row and trou - ble be - gun; Moth - er grew pa - ter, and
 Fa - ther, and talk ve - ry kind— If they could stop him from



no one would cry Ev - en if poor lit - tle Bessie should die.
 wept ev - ry day, Ba - by and I were too hungry to play.
 drink - ing— why, then I should be so ve - ry happy a - gain!

Bare - foot and tir'd, I've wan-derd all day Ask - ing for
 Slow - ly they fu - ded, and one Sum-mer's night Found their dear
 Is it too late? "men of Temp'rance," please try, Or poor lit - tle

work— but I'm too small they say; On the damp ground I must
 fu - ces all si - lent and white; Then with big tears slow-ly
 Bes - sie may soon starve and die. All the day long I've been

now lay my head—
 drop - ping, I said: } "Fa - ther's a Drunkard, and Mother is dead!"
 beg - ging for bread—

.....✱✱CHORUS✱✱.....

Sop.
Alto.

Moth-er, why did you leave me all a-lone, With no one to

Tenor.

Bass.

Moth-er, why did you leave me all a-lone, With no one to

PIANO.

love me, no friends and no home? Dark is the night, and the

love me, no friends and no home? Dark is the night, and the

storm ra-ges wild, God pi-ty Bes-sie, the Drunkard's lone child!

storm ra-ges wild, God pi-ty Bessie, the Drunkard's lone child!

