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1870

1ST COPY.

THE
Drunkard's Child.
 Song & Chorus
 WORDS AND MUSIC BY

MRS. DUER.
 LATE

MRS PARKHURST.

NEW-YORK.
Charles W. Harris,
 481 BROADWAY.

BRANCH 3 & 4 WOTKYN'S BLOCK, TROY, N-Y.

Albany N.Y.
 J. B. WOODLEY.

Philadelphia.
 LEE & WALKER.

Hudson N.Y.
 N. V. BROOKS.

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Stoughton.

THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

Words and Music by

Mrs. PARKHURST.

rit.

1. You ask me why so oft, father, The tear, rolls down my
 2. My play-mates shun me now, father, Or pass me by with
 3. You used to love me once, father, And we had bread to
 4. Do not be an-gry now, father, Be-cause I tell you

cheek, And think it strange that I should own A grief I dare not
 scorn, Be-cause my dress is rag-ged, and My shoes are old and
 eat; Mamma and I were warm-ly clad, And life seem'd ver-y
 this. But let me feel up-on my brow, Once more thy lov-ing

1873

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speak:..... But O, my soul is ver - y sad, My
 torn:..... And if I heed them not, "there goes The
 sweet:..... You nev - er spoke un - kind - ly then, Or
 kiss:..... And prom - ise me, those lips no more, With

brain is al - most wild; It breaks my heart, to
 drunk and's girl;" they cry; Oh then, how much I
 dealt the an - gry blow; Oh fa - ther dear, 'tis
 drink shall be, de - fil'd, That, from a life of

think that I Am call'd a drunk - ard's child.
 wish that God Would on - ly let me die.
 sad to think That rum hath chang'd you so.
 want and woe, Thou'lt save thy weep - ing child.

rit.



CHORUS.

Soprano. But O, my soul is ve - ry sad, My brain is al - most
Alto.
Tenor. But O, my soul is ve - ry sad, My brain is al - most
Bass.

wild: It breaks my heart, to think that I am call'd a drunkard's child.
wild: It breaks my heart, to think that I am call'd a drunkard's child.