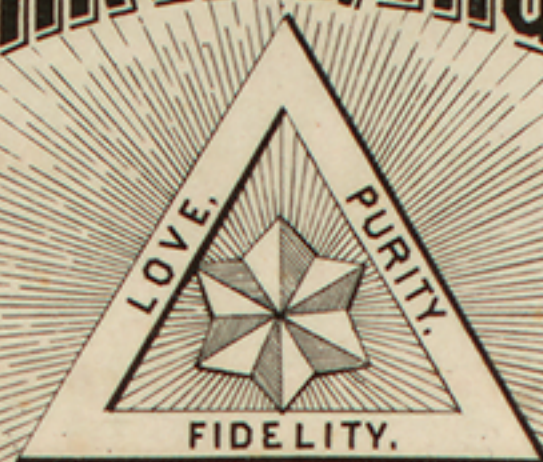


TO ALL
"True Sons of Temperance."

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.

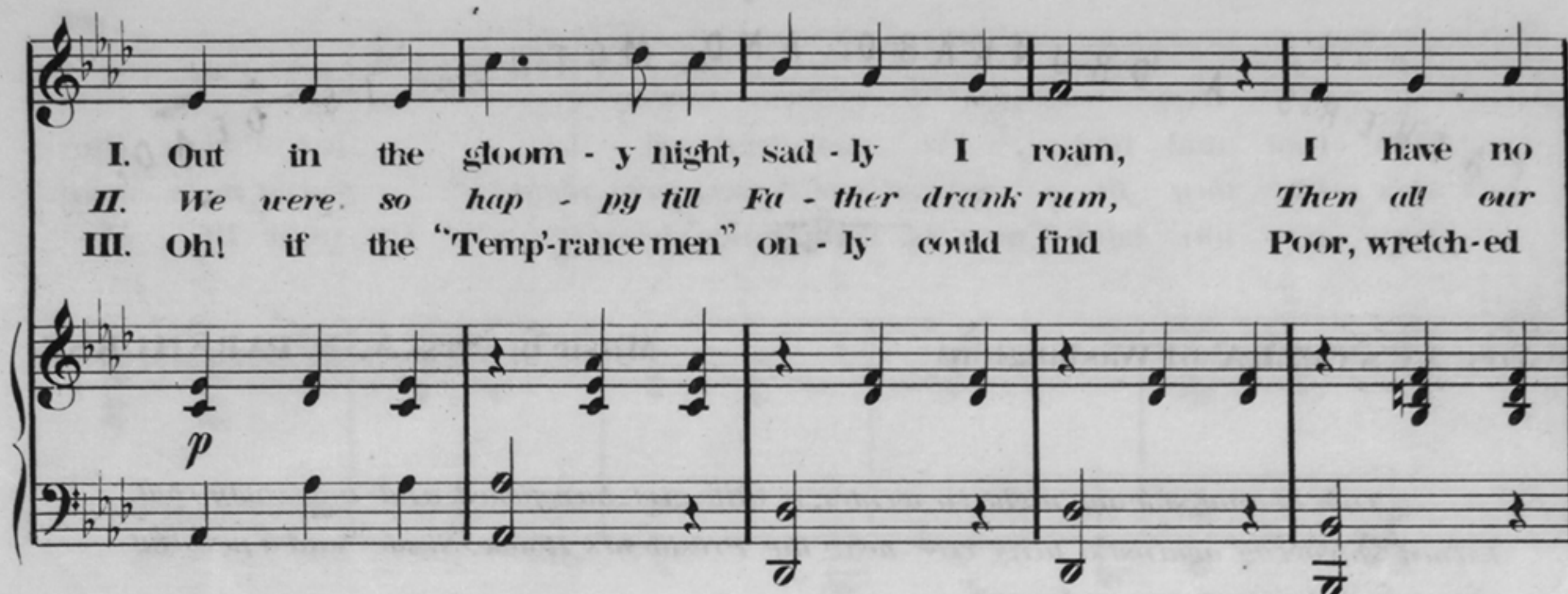
Poetry by "STELLA" (of Washington)

Music by Mrs A. E. PARKHURST.

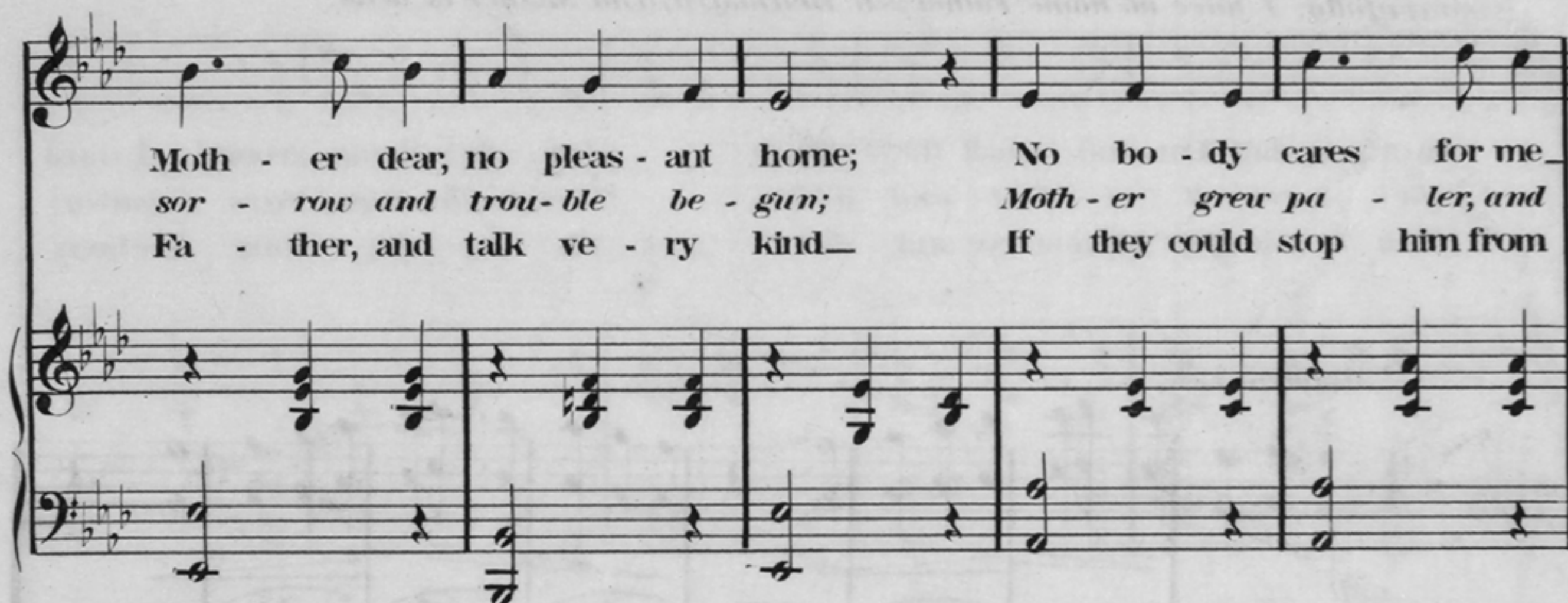
*One dismal, stormy night in winter, a little girl-barefooted and miserably clad-
leaned shivering against a large tree near the President's House. "Sissie" said a passing
stranger, "why dont you go home?"*

*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."*

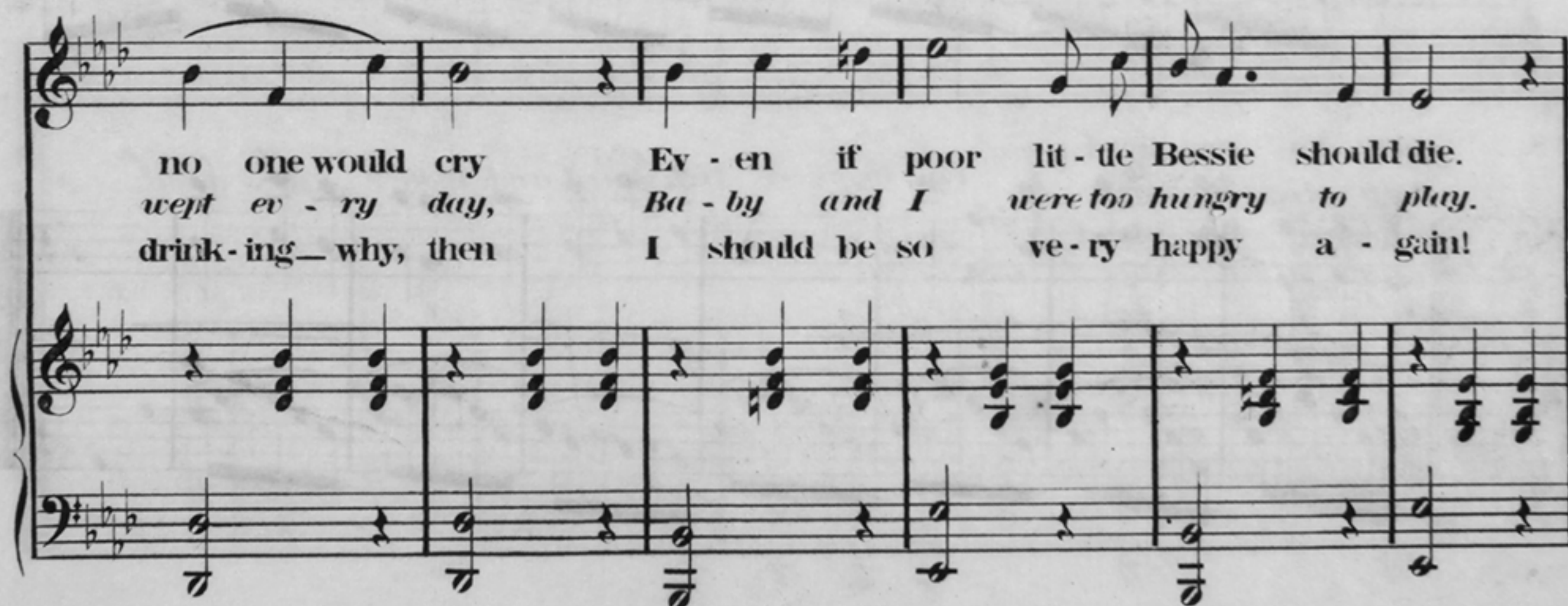
Moderato.



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 - ler, 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 fa - 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
fa - 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:
 beg - ging for bread— } "Fa - ther's a Drunkard, and Mother is dead?"

✦✦✦ CHORUS ✦✦✦

*Sop.
Alto.*

Tenor.

Bass.

PIANO.

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

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

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

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