Over the Hill to the Poor House

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by GEO. L. CATLIN.

Music by DAVID BRAHAM.

1. What?
2. Ah
3. It's

no! it can't be that they've driv-en me!
on that old door-step yon-der,
long years since my Mary was tak-en.

Their fa-ther, so help-less and
I've sat with my babes on my
My faith-ful, af-fec-tion-ate

old, (Oh, God, may their crime be for - giv - en,)...... To
knee, No fa - ther, was hap - pier or fon - der....... Than
wife; Since then I'm for - lorn and for - sak - en,....... And the

per - ish out here in the cold....... Oh Heavens, I am sadden'd and
I of my lit - tle ones three....... The boys, both so ro - sy and
light has died out of my life....... The boys grew to man- hood; I

wea - ry, See the tears how they course down my cheeks! Oh, this world it is lone - ly and
chub - by, And Li - ly with prat - tle so sweet! God knows how their fa - ther has
gave them A deed for the farm! aye, and more, I gave them this house they were
CHORUS.

drea-ry, •••••• And my heart for re-lief vain-ly seeks, •••••• For I'm
loved them, •••••• But they've driv-en him out in the street, ••••••
born in •••••• And now I'm turned out from its door ••••••

old, and I'm help-less and fee-ble, The days of my youth have gone by; •••••• Then

o-ver the hill to the poor house, I wan-der a-lone there to die, ••••••

4 Oh, children! loved children! yet hear me,
I have journeyed along on life's stage;
With the hope that you all would be near me,
To comfort and cheer my old age:
My life-blood I'd gladly have given,
To shield and protect you! but hark!
Though my heart breaks, I'll say it's you've driven
Me out here to die in the dark.—Cho.

5 But, perhaps, they'll live happier without me;
Farewell, dear old home, ah! farewell,
Each pathway and tree here about me,
Some memory precious can tell:
Well! the flowers will bloom bright as ever,
And the birds sing as sweet to the morn;
Then over the hill from the poor house,
Next Spring the old man shall be borne.—Cho.