

Out in the gloomy night

Out in the gloomy night sadly I roam,
I have no mother dear, no pleasant home,
No one cares for me, no one would cry
Even if poor little Bessie should die.
Many and lone, I've been wandering all day
Seeking for work, but I'm too small they say
Lambs in this damp ground I must now lay
Father's a drunkard, and Mother's dead

We were so happy till father went down
Then all our sorrows and troubles begun
Mother grew pale and she wept every day
Baby and I were too hungry to play
Slowly they faded, till one summer night
Found their dear faces all ~~dead~~ and white
Then with big tears slowly dropping I said
Father's a drunkard and Mother is dead

Oh, if the temperance men could find
Poor wretched father and talk very kind