Over the Hill to the Poor House.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by GEO. L. CATLIN.

Music by DAVID BRAHMA.

1. What
2. Ah
3. It's

no! it can't be that they've driven
me! on that old door-step younder,
long years since my Mary was taken,

Their father, so helpless and
I've sat with my babies on my
My faithful, affectionate

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(Oh, God, may their crime be forgiv'en,).....

To

knee;  No father was happier or fonder.....

Than

wife;  Since then I'm forlorn and forsaken......

And the

perish out here in the cold........

Oh Heavens, I am saddened and

I of my little ones three......

The boys both so rosy and

light has died out of my life........

The boys grew to manhood; I

weary, See the tears how they course down my cheeks! Oh, this world it is lonely and

chubby, And Lily with prattle so sweet! God knows how their father has

gave them A deed for the farm! Aye, and more, I gave them this house they were
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.

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.