

Over the Hills to the Poorhouse

M: G; F: C or D, capo 5 or 7
CD 2-Track 35

Traditional

G C D G

1. Oh how can it be they have driv - en, — Their fath - er so help - less and old?
 2. Oh heav - en, I'm sad and I'm wear - y, — See the tears, how they course down my cheek,
 3. Long years — since Mar - y was tak - en, — My faith - ful, af - fec - tion - ate wife,
 4. Oh me, on the door - step up yon - der, — I've set with my babes on my knee,
 5. I gave them the house they were born in, — A deed to the farm — and more,

T
A
B

8 C D G

Oh God, may their crimes be for - giv - en, — To per - ish out here in the cold. Chorus: I'm
 This world is so lone - ly and wear - y, — My heart for re - lief vain - ly seeks.
 Since then I'm a - lone and for - sak - en, — The light has died out of my life.
 No fath - er so hap - py or fon - der, — Than I of my lit - tle ones three.
 I gave them the place that they lived on, — And now I am turned from its door.

17 G D

old, I'm help - less and fee - ble, — And the days of my youth have gone by, — And

25 G C D G

o - ver the hills to the poor house, — I must wan - der a - lone there to die. —