

The Drunkard On the Street

Unknown

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Rev. J. C. Hibbard



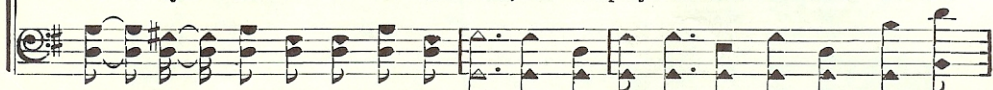
1. I have some-thing to say to you, You'll ad - mit be - fore I'm thru, That what
2. Did you ev - er stop to think That be - fore He took a drink He might
3. And per - haps his wife at home As she waits for him to come With



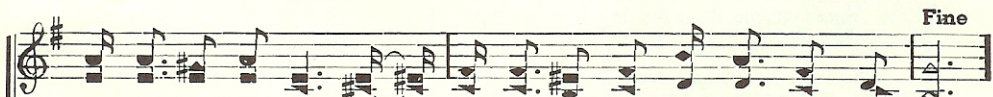
CHO. So if ev - er you should meet A poor drunk - ard on the street, Just



I'm go - ing to say is right and just; That no mat - ter where you be, There are
have been some moth - er's on - ly boy? There so hap - py light and free As he
tear - ful eyes her bit - ter lot be - wails, As she prays to God a - bove To look



pi - ty him but don't con - demn I pray; For 'twas rum that bro't him low And his



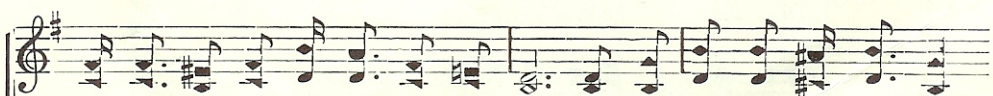
mor - tals whom you see On whom you gaze with sor - row and dis - gust;
sat up - on her knee, 'Twas there to him a life with - out al - loy;
down on Him in love And to keep her John from go - ing to the jail;



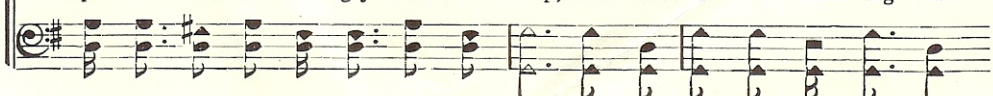
heart is filled with woe, He may be - come a so - ber man some day.



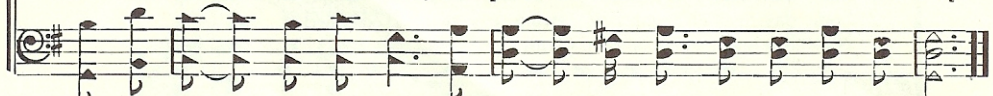
But the man on whom you frown May be poor and bro - ken down Or
And no doubt to him she said As she brushed his curl - y head Some
While the chil - dren in the cot, Shar - ing moth - er's wretch - ed lot, Per -



driv - en by mis - for - tunes to the wall, So just lend to him a hand
day my boy will rise to wealth and fame, But, a - las poor moth - er's gone
haps so cold and hun - gry fell a - sleep, While their fa - ther's drink - ing rum



For we must un - der - stand That there is a God who loves us all.
And her boy is bro - ken down Thru beer and rum has bro't him grief and woe.
In some hell - hole in the slum, The prom - ise made to wife he did not keep.



D.C.