

SUFFER THE CHILDREN

C F G
There's a dusting of snow in the hayfields the bantys are scratching the ground

C F C G C
He lifts up his eyes there's a buzzard in the skies and an old stubborn leaf hanging 'round

F G
He was born somewhere in the middle a child seldom seen and not heard

C F C G C
Cleaved unto a wife as sharp as a knife and forged in the old regular church

CHORUS

C F C G
Suffer the children to come unto me a silver haired baby is wading the creek

C F C G C
Sometimes the fruit rolls away from the tree but deep down inside there's a seed

C F G
He was raised up way down in the coalmine made chryslers up north in Detroit

C F C G C
Worked hard all his life from dark until night for his sweet one and her two little boys

CHORUS

C F G
He shivers and turns up his collar the wind chimes are playing God's song

C F C G C
The children are grown with kids of their own and his daddy is singing him home

CHORUS