

SUFFER THE CHILDREN

words

G. Lucas/H. Lucas

music

G. Lucas/R. Runyon

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

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

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

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

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

H

O

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

U

S

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

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

CHORUS

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

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

CHORUS

