

PLEASE SELL NO MORE DRINK TO MY FATHER.

Words by MRS. FRANK B. PRATT.

Music by C. A. WHITE.

1. Please Sir, will you lia - ten a mo - ment..... I've something im -
 2. My Fa - ther came home yes - ter - ev - en..... Reeled home thro the
 3. When so - ber he loves us so dear - ly..... No Fath - er is

por - tant to say..... My Mo - ther has sent you a mes - sage.....
 mud and the rain..... He up - set the lamp on the ta - ble.....
 kind - er than he..... He wish - es so much to stop drink - ing.....

..... Re - ceive it in kind - ness I pray..... 'Tis of Fa - ther, poor
 And struck my sick Moth - er a - gain..... Then all of the
 But this is the trou - ble you see..... He can - not with -

Fa - ther, I'm speaking..... You know him, he's call'd ragg - ed Gore..... But we
 hours till the morning..... He lay on the cold kitch - en floor..... And this
 stand the temp - ta - tion..... He feels when he pass - es your door..... As he

love him and hope we may save him..... If you'll promise to sell him no more.....
 morning he's sick and he's sor - ry..... Oh, promise to sell him no more.....
 goes to his work in the morn - ing..... Please, promise to sell him no more.....