Over The Hill

Lyric by
LOU KLEIN

Music by
EDGAR ALLEN
and MAURIE RUBENS

Waltz Mod 10

Daddy o' Mine, dear Mother divine, This world's unjust,
Daddy o' Mine, dear Mother divine, I'll ne'er forget that

fear
scene
I saw a play, a scene from life, My
The day her son brought her back home, It

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eyes still hold a tear, I never dreamed there's such a

seemed 'twas all a dream, If ev'ry one were like that

place as I have seen to-day, Where they send old folks

son who loved so tenderly, There'd be no poor house

Over the Hill, To the poor-house far away:

Over the Hill, What a blessing that must be:

REFRAIN (Tenderly)

Over the Hill, Over the Hill, Why should they be there, Over the
Hill? Where are the ones they cherished when small, For whom they strived, and gave them their all, What have they done for such a fate, I know that it isn't God's will! In a palace of gold, They should live when they're old, Instead of Over the Hill.