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You Mustn't Look at This (Oh Papa)

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You Mustn't Look at This (Oh Papa)

Jim Hayden

Oh Papa, please tell, why do you shake so?
Oh Papa, please say, why does Mama cry?
Oh Papa, I'm cold and the wind ever blows...
Oh Papa, I fear we were born just to die.

Oh Papa, it's dark and I'm growing afraid.
Oh Papa, why do we rest on chilly ground?
Papa, I miss home with our grassy green glade
where nothing went wrong and I felt safe and sound.

Oh Papa, will Sister still marry young Paul?
Oh Papa, will Brother ever finish school?
Oh Papa, you told us to always stand tall
and yet, Papa, now even you break that rule.

Please Papa, just hold me and say we'll be fine.
Please Papa, won't you say we'll survive the night?
Oh Papa, you told me that God hears us pine.
Why won't He come now to turn darkness to light?

Oh Papa, I'm tired, and men come unclaimed.
They hold barreled shafts as, towards us, they shove you.
They raise up those rods and right at us they're aimed.
If we don't see morn, oh Papa, I love—