

Son of Hickory Hollars Tramp

sung by Johnny Darrell / O C Smith 1968

written by Dallas Frazier
arr mitch

Intro pick | **A** / / / | / / / / | **D** / / / | **E7** / / / | **A** / / / | / / / / |

Chorus

Oh the [**E**] path was deep and wide from footsteps [**D**] leading to our [**A**] cabin
[**D**] above the door there [**E7**] burned a scarlet [**A**] lamp
and [**E**] late at night a hand would knock and [**D**] there would stand a [**A**] stranger
Yes, [**D**] i'm the son of [**E7**] Hickory Hollars [**A**] tramp.

Verse 1

[**A**] The corn was dry the [**D**] weeds were high when [**A**] daddy took to drinkin'
[**D**] then him and Lucy [**A**] Walker, they took up and run [**E**] away
[**D**] Momma cried a tear and then she [**A**] promised 14 children
"I [**D**] swear you'll never [**E**] see a hungry [**A**] day."
When momma sacrifi-**[D]**-ced her pride, the [**A**] neighbours started talkin,
[**D**] but I was much too [**A**] young to understand the things they [**E7**] said
The [**D**] things that mattered most of all was [**A**] momma's chicken dumplin's
and a [**D**] goodnight kiss, be-**[E7]**-fore we went to [**A**] bed.

Chorus

Verse 2

[**A**] when daddy left, and [**D**] destitution [**A**] came upon our family,
[**D**] not one neighbour [**A**] volunteered to lend a helpin [**E**] hand,
so [**D**] let em gossip all they want , she [**A**] loved us and she raised us
the [**D**] truth is standing [**E7**] here, a full grown [**A**] man.
Last summer momma [**D**] passed away and [**A**] left the ones who loved her,
[**D**] each and every-**[A]**-one is more than grateful for their [**E7**] birth.
[**D**] Each Sunday she receives a fresh bou-**[A]**-quet of fourteen roses
and a [**D**] card that reads the [**E**] greatest mom on [**A**] earth

Chorus x2 + repeat last line of chorus, slow to end

Outro | **D** / / / | **E7** / / / | **A** / / / | / / / / **nc** |