

You Never Miss the Water

HARRY LINN

R. HOWARD

1. When a child, I lived at Lin - coln with my par - ents at the farm, The
 2. As years roll'd on, I grew to be a mis - chief - mak - ing boy, De -
 3. When I ar - riv'd at man - hood, I em - bark'd in pub - lic life, And
 4. Then I stud - ied strict e - con - o - my, and found to my sur - prise, My
 5. I'm mar - ried now and hap - py, I've a care - ful lit - tle wife, We

mf

les - sons that my moth - er taught to me were quite a charm; She would
 struc - tion seem'd my on - ly sport, it was my on - ly joy; And
 found it was a rug - ged road, be - strewn with care and strife; I
 funds in - stead of sink - ing, ve - ry quick - ly then did rise; I
 live in peace and har - mo - ny, de - void of care and strife; Kind

of - ten take me on her knee when tir'd of child - ish play, And
 well do I re - mem - ber, when oft - times well chas - tised, How
 spec - u - la - ted fool - ish - ly, my loss - es were se - vere, But
 grasp'd each chance, and al - ways struck the i - ron while 'twas hot, I
 For - tune smiles up - on us, we have lit - tle chil - dren three, The

as she press'd me to her breast, I've heard my moth - er say:
 fa - ther sat be - side me then, and thus has me ad - vided:
 still a ti - ny lit - tle voice kept whis - p'ring in my ear:
 seiz'd my op - por - tu - ni - ties, and nev - er once for - got:
 les - son that I teach them, as they prat - tle round my knee:

CHORUS

Waste not, want not, is the max - im I would teach, Let your watch - word be des - patch, and

prac - tise what you preach; Do not let your chan - ces like

sun - beams pass you by, For you nev - er miss the wa - ter till the well runs dry.