**I HOPE HE LIVES A LIFE OF EASE**

David Massengill put on an outstanding show for us at the March second Saturday concert. This song is always one of his most-requested, and I have heard a number of people say that it is their favorite among David’s many great songs. The rolling, dulcet tones of his dulcimer provide a perfect accompaniment. David has graciously given us permission to publish his song. The rendition here is from a live performance at the Austin Acoustical Café; you can hear at the link below.

RIDER ON AN ORPHAN TRAIN

*By David Massengill*

**C G**

Once I rode an orphan train,

**F C**

And my brother did the same.

**F**

They split us up in Missouri.

**C G C**

James was five and I was three.  
  
**C G**

He got taken by some pair,  
 **F C**

But for me they did not care.  
  **F**

We were brave and did not cry  
 **C G C**

When they made us say goodbye.  
  
**C F**

That was the last I saw of him  
 **C G**

Before some family took me in,  
 **C F**

But I swore I'd run away  
 **C G C**

And find my brother James some day.  
  
I went back when I was grown  
To see how old the Children's Home (sic),  
And I asked for to see my file  
Of when I was an orphan child.  
  
It's sad, they say, there's been a flood.  
File washed away in Missouri mud.  
Sometimes life is a stone wall.  
You either climb or else you fall.  
  
In every time on every street,  
All the faces that I meet,  
And I wonder could one be  
My brother James come back to me?  
  
Though I don't know where he's gone,  
I have searched my whole life long.  
Now I roam from town to town  
But there's no orphan lost-and-found.  
  
Sometimes I dream a pleasant sight:  
My brother James and I unite.  
Remembering our last goodbye,  
No longer brave, we start to cry.  
  
I hope he lives a life of ease,  
All his days a soft warm breeze.  
May he sit upon a throne,  
And may he never sleep alone.

(Repeat first verse)