**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)