Soldier's Boy (3)

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The snow is fast a-falling,
And the wind on loudly roars,
When a poor little child, quite frozen,
Came up to the rich lady"s door.
He spied her from the window so high,
Which filled his heart with joy:
"For mercy sake, some pity on me take;
I"m a soldier's poor little boy.

"My mother died when I was young,
My father went to the mar;
And many a battle so brave he has fought,
Always covered with wounds and scars.
Many a mile on his knapsack
He carried me with joy.
But now I'm left quite parentless-
I"m a soldier's poor little boy.

"The snow is fast a-falling,
The night is coming on,
And if you don't protect me
I shall perish before the morn."
She rose up from the window so high
And opened the door to him:
"Come in, you young unfortunate child;
Thou shalt never wander again.
My only son in the war was slain,
My pride, my all, my joy;
And as long as I live, some shelter will I give
To a soldier's poor little boy."

From Ballads and Songs, Belden
Collected from Midd Colquitt Newell, 1912
DT #536
Laws Q28
oct96