The Poor Little Soldier's Boy - song lyrics

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The Poor Little Soldier's Boy.

The snow was fast a falling,
And the night was coming on,
When a poor little boy, quite frozen,
Came up to a lady's door;
Her saw her in the window so gay,
Which filled his heart with joy;
Oh i lady gay, some pity on me take,
I'm a poor little soldier's boy-
Oh! lady gay, some pity on me take,
I'm a poor little soldier's boy.

My mother died when I was young,
And my father he went to the wars;
He has fought in many a battle,
And he is covered with wounds And scars,
For many a mile in his knapsack
He has carried me with joy;
Oh! lady gay, some pity on me take,
I'm a poor little soldier's boy-
Oh! lady gay, some pity on me take,
I'm a poor little soldier's boy.

And as I wandered the crowded streets,
With many a broken sigh,
Little children to their parents go,
But neither parents nor home have I;
When cold and hunger pierce my frame,
I set me down and cry:
Oh! lady gay, take pity, I pray,
I'm a poor littte soldier's boy-
Oh! lady gay, take pity, I pray,
I'm a poor little soldier's boy.

The snow is fast a falling,
And the night is coming on;
And if you don't be a friend to me
I will perish before the morn;
And then you will grieve your mournful heart
With many a broken sigh.
For to find, the next morn, lying dead at your door,
A poor little soldier's boy-
For to find, the next morn, lying dead at your door,
A poor little soldier's boy.