The Widows Plea For Her Son - song lyrics

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The Widows Plea for Her Son.
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Composed by Lewis Hall.

I strolled into a court-house not many miles from here,
A boy stood in the prisoner's dock, his mother she was near;
The boy was quite a youngster, but he had gone astray,
And from his master's cash box he had taken some coin away.
The boy addressed His Honor, while the tears ran down his cheek.
Said he, "Kind sir, will you allow my mother there to speak?"
His Honor then consented, while the boy hung down his head,
And turning to the jurymen, these words his mother said:

Chorus.
Remember, I'm his mother, and the prisoner there's my son,
And, gentlemen, remember, it's the first crime that he's done.
Don't send my boy to prison, for that would drive me mad;
Remember, I'm a widow, and I'm pleading for my lad.

The lawyer for the prosecution at the widow commenced to frown,
And politely asked His Honor if he'd order her to sit down.
He said it was disgraceful, and a gross insult, indeed,
His Honor to sit on that bench and allow that woman to plead.
The widow's eyes flashed fire, and her cheeks turned deadly pale;
She said," I'm here to try and save my offspring from the jail.
Although my boy is guilty-I own his crime is bad,
But who's there that's more fit to plead than a mother for her lad?"- Cho.

The judge then addressed the prisoner, and these words to him did say:
"I'm sorry to sit on this bench, and see you here to-day.
I will not blight your future, but on your crime I frown,
For I can't forget that I have got some children of my own.
i I therefore will discharge you "-and the court then gave a cheer-
"But remember that it's chiefly through your widowed mother there,
I hope you'll prove a comfort, and no more make her sad,
For she has proved there's no one clings like a mother to her lad."
Remember, she's his mother, and the prisoner there's her son, etc.