

# Three Perished In The Snow - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

Three Perished in the Snow.

'Twas on a stormy Winter's night,  
The snow was falling fast,  
A mother and two little babes  
Were wandering through the blast;  
Still clinging to their mother's breast.  
The little ones would cry:  
Please, mamma, won't you make us warm.  
Oh, mamma, we will die.

Chorus.

Toll the village bell,  
Let all good people know,  
'Twas on that dreadful stormy night  
Three perished in the snow.

When morning dawned the sun came out.  
The snow was melting fast,  
Three darling forms lay side by side  
In one fond, loving clasp.  
A farmer heard the sad, sad news,  
That made him weep to know,  
That from his house not twenty rods,  
Three perished in the snow.-Chorus.