

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Emigrant's Child

The Emigrant's Child
(Lyman H. Sproull)

Far out in the hush of the mountain land
There lies the grave of a little child
Unswept by heart and untended by hand
Alone with the grass and the aspen wild

It was years ago, so the story goes
When the "Fifties" rang with tales of gold
That they laid her there, 'mid the falling snows
To sleep alone in the damp and cold

What mother sobbed with the pangs of woe
What father grieved as he urged his teams
Tradition tells not, and we only know
That the child is there in a land of dreams

It was just last year, when I passed that way
I saw o'er the mound in the bushes low
A bird had erected her nest to stay
And sing to the soul of the sleeper below

Sproull was the bard of Cripple Creek, Colorado in the 1890s.

JN

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