

## A Soldier's Boy

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The snow was fast a-falling  
And the howling winds did roar,  
When a homeless child, near frozen,  
Came up to a lady's door.

He saw her at the window,  
And it filled his heart with joy.  
'Take pity on me, lady,  
A soldier's homeless boy.

'The snow is fast a-fallin'r,  
I perish ere the morn.  
Pray shelter me, dear lady,  
From this impending storm.

Deny me not, I pray you;  
It would rob you of all joy  
To find me in the morning  
A lifeless little boy.

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