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The Fatal Snowstorm

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It was on one winter's evening when first came down the snow;
How keen was the air, when the winter wind did blow,
I saw a fair maid all alone sat weeping by the way
She warm'd her little baby, and sadly she did say:

"Oh! hush, my little baby, I'll warm thee at my breast,
How little does your father think how hard I am distressed;
The riches that I once enjoyed not knowing where they are,
I'll warm my baby at my breast from the cold and pircing air.

How cruel was my father to shut the door on me,
How cruel was my mother, a shocking sight to see;
How cruel was the winter wind that pierced my heart with cold,
How cruel was the young man that left his love for gold.

Oh! hush, my little baby, thy little life has gone."
How the tears from her eyes, how they run trickling down,
So fast as they flow they froze before they fall.
"Oh! wretched, wretched Mother, you grieves me more than all."

And then she sank her baby all in the depth of snow,
And like a little lamb again lamenting she did go,
She kissed her baby's cold wet lips and laid it by her side
She cast her eyes to Heaven, and bowed her head and died.

From The Constant Lovers, Purslow
Collected from George Baldwin, Tichborne, Hants 1907
Note: see also Mary on the Wild Moor
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Laws P20