

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Little Willie 2

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Little Willie went to heaven
On a bright and starry night,
When last I viewed him in hid coffin
In his little Sunday suit.

On the shelf his little hat lays,
In this chair he used to sit,
In them cold an' icy fingers
Was his little pony whip.

Put away them little dresses,
That our darlin' used to wear,
He will need them on earth never,
He has clumb the Golden Stair.

Hattie loved her angel brother,
An' she hopes to meet him soon,
Two hundred yards beyond the river,
Little Willie sleeps alone.

An' the angels was descendin'
To convey the spirit home,
Little children all remember
Jesus loves an' bids you come.

From Ozark Folk Songs, Randolph
Collected from Mrs. W.E. Jones, MO 1928