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Soldier's Boy

Author Unknown

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THE MOON IS ON THE HILL.

A WAKE my light, my sleeping love,
The moon is on the hill,
Without thy smile where'er we rove,
'Tis cheerless midnight still.
'Tis midnight still, around, above,
Cold cheerless midnight still.
Awake my light, my sleeping love,
The moon is on the hill

Wake, wake, and let the sun be bright,
And the young dews fair for me;
Let the summer breeze be light,
And all in harmony.
And the song of morning sung aright,
And all in harmony.

Awake my light, &c.

SOLDIER'S BOY.

THE snow was fast descending,
And loud the wind did roar,
When a little boy friendless,
Came up to a lady's door;
As the lady sat at the window,
He raised his eyes with joy,
Lady gay, take pity pray,
Cried the poor soldier's boy.

My mother died when I was young,
And father went to the wars,
In battle brave he nobly fell,
All covered with wounds and scars;
But many miles on his knapsack,
He has carried me with joy,
But now I'm left of pity bereft,
A poor little soldier's boy.

As thro' the streets I wandering roam,
I oft heave many a sigh,
When children run to their parents home,
No home nor friends have I;
And when hunger gnaws my heart,
I sit me down and cry,
Then pity take for mercy sake,
On a poor soldier's boy.

Now the snow is fast descending,
And night is coming on,
Unless you are befriending,
I'll perish before morn;
Then how it will grieve your heart,
And your peace of mind destroy,
To find me dead at your door in the morn,
The poor soldier's boy.

The lady rushed from her window,
And opened her mansion door,
Come in she cried misfortune's child,
You never shall wander more;
For my only son in battle fell,
Who was my only joy
And while I live I'll shelter give,
To a poor soldier's boy.