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# Mother I've Come Home to Die

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# KISS ME MOTHER ERE I DIE. OUT IN THE SNOW. MOTHER I'VE COME HOME TO DIE.

## Kiss me mother ere I die.

Kiss me mother ere I die,—  
Let me feel thy soft caressing,  
Ere I in the cold grave lie,  
Give me once again thy blessing,  
As you blest me when a boy,—  
When of life's bliss I was dreaming,  
Years have wreck'd those ships of joy,  
And no star of hope is beaming.  
  
Oh! kiss me mother ere I die,—  
Let me feel thy soft caressing,  
Ere I in the cold grave lie,  
Kiss me, mother, ere I die.

Kiss me mother, ere I sleep,  
Never more on earth awaking,  
Nay, I would not have the weep,  
As my soul its flight is taking;  
Do not weep for one who goes  
From a world of care and sorrow,  
To a sweet and soft repose,  
Where there comes no fading morrow.

Kiss me, mother, ere I die,  
Sweeter far will be our meeting,  
Past the pearl-clouds that rise,  
When the sun the morn is greeting,  
Thou upon my pallid brow,  
Press thy loving lips with gladness,  
Death is painless to me now,  
Thy sweet kiss hath banish'd sorrow.

## Out in the Snow.

Father please don't turn me out in the street,  
There among strangers, no pity to meet,  
See how poor mother is weeping I pray,  
And father, for her sake, don't drive me away,  
I never speak kindly your looks are so wild,  
O, smile as you use to, upon your poor child,  
Dear mother have pity, don't tell me to go,  
Asking for help tonight, out in the snow.  
  
Ragged and hungri, alone in the street,  
Wandering about in the cold and the sleet,  
Wild is the temper, I've nowhere to go,  
What will become of me out in the cold.  
  
Father don't drink so, look up in my face,  
Blushing for shame, at the sin and disgrace,  
Why are you always so cruel and wild,

Have you no love for your poor wife and child,  
Our home is so dreary, oh, father just think,  
You know that you gave your last penny for drink,  
And now in my hunger you force me to go,  
Asking for help to-night, out in the snow.

Cease to abuse me, I'll do as you say,  
But first let me kneel by my mother and pray,  
Don't strike me, I'll go, with a heart full of pain,  
For I feel that I never shall see you again,  
Oh, let me kiss mother, heart-broken and led,  
May heaven have pity on her when I'm dead,  
If I die in the street, oh, who will bestow,  
A tear on the wanderer, out in the snow.

## Mother I've come home to die

Dear mother, you remember well,  
The parting kiss you gave to me,  
When merry rang the village bell,  
My heart was full of joy and glee;  
I did not dream that one short year,  
Would crush the hopes that soar'd so high—  
Oh, mother dear draw near to me,  
Dear mother, I've come home to die,

Capl sister, brother, to my side,  
And take your soldier's last good-bye—  
Oh, mother dear, draw near to me,  
Dear mother, I've come home to die,

Hark! mother, 'tis the village bell,  
I can no longer with the stay;  
My country calls to arms, to arms!  
The foe advance in fiery ray!  
The vision's past—I feel that now  
For country I can only sigh,  
Oh, mother dear, draw near to me,  
Dear mother I've come home to die

Dear mother, sister, brother, all,  
One parting kiss, to all good-bye;  
Weep not, but clasp your hand in mine,  
And let me like a soldier die!  
I've met the foe upon the field,  
Where kindred fiercely did defy,  
I fought for right—God bless the flag!  
Dear mother I've come home to die.

Disley, Printer, London.