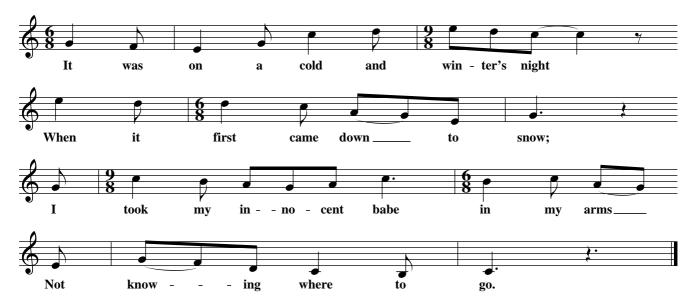
The Fatal Snowstorm



It was on a cold and winter's night When it first came down to snow; I took my innocent babe all in my arms, Not knowing where to go.

How cruel was my father When he turned the door on me; And how cruel was my false-hearted mother When she knowd how things would be.

Come hush-a-bye, my darling son, Don't you begin to cry,

. . .

O, but did your daddy know These things you're suffering from: He'd roll you in his arms this night And wrap you in flannel warm.

We both jogged on together Till we came to the union door,

. . .

So, come all you trusting young women, Take warning now I say:
Don't trust yourself to no young man
Till your heart he steals away.

They will kiss, they'll coax and cuddle you, And they'll call you to be their bride; Then they'll leave you like my first love left me In sorrow, grief and pain. O, as we feld tirred and sleepy We set ourselves down to rest; And we closed out eyes to the heavens above And we both laid there and died.