

Little Blossom

Billy Strings

Oh, dear, I'm so tired and so lonesome
I wonder why Mama don't come
She told me to close my pretty blue eyes
And when I awoke, she'll be home

I guess I'll go out and find Papa
He must've stopped in at the store
That great long room filled with bottles
I wish he would go there no more

Sometimes he's so sick when he comes home
He staggers and falls on the stairs
And once when he came in the parlor
He kicked at my poor little chair

But I love him, I guess I'll go find him
I know he will gladly come home
And then it won't be so lonesome
Waiting for Mama to come

"Oh, Daddy," she cried when she reached him
Her voice ringing out sweet and clear
I knew if I come, I would find you
And now I am glad I am here

For a moment, the red eyes gazed wildly
Into that face sweet and fair
And just as a demon possessed him
He grabbed for the back of a chair

In a moment, the whole thing was over
The work of his deed was complete
And poor little innocent Blossom
Lay quivering and crushed at his feet

He clasped a bright arm to his bosom
And fondled her sweet curly hair
For a moment, the baby's lips trembled
And then little Blossom was dead