

## 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