

Hank Snow, Little Britches

I don't know much on religion and I ain't never had no show
But I've got a middlin' tight grip sir on the handful of things that I know
I don't pan out on the prophets good will and that sort of thing
But I believe in God and the angels ever since one night last spring

I come into town with some turnips and my little Gabe came along
No four year old in this country could beat him for purty and strong
Pert and chipper and sassy and always ready to swear and fight
And I learned him to chaw tobaccy just to keep his teeth milk white

The snow came down like a blanket as I passed by Taget's store
I went in for a jug of molasses and I left the team at the door
But they scared at somethin' and started and I heard one little squeal
And lickety split over the prairie went team Little Britches and all

Yes lickety split over the prairie I was almost froze with skeer
But we roused up some torches and we searched from far and near
At last we struck hosses and wagon snowed under a soft white mound
Upsot dead beat but of little Gabe no hide nor hair could be found

And here all hope soured on me of findin' my little Gabe
So I just flopped down on my marrow bones and crotched deep in the snow and prayed
By this time the torches was played out and me and Israel Par
Went off with some wood to a sheep fold that he said was somewhere thar

We found it at last in a little shed where they shut up the lambs at night
We looked in and seen them huddled there so warm and sleepy and white
And there sot Little Britches and chirped as pert as ever you see
I wants a chaw of tobaccy and that's what's the matter of me

How did he get there? Angels? He could never have walked in that storm
They just scooped down and toted him to where it was safe and warm
And I think that savin a little child and fodging him to his own
Is a dern sight better business than loafin' around the throne