

Hank Snow, The Answer To Little Blossom

THE ANSWER TO LITTLE BLOSSOM

(arr. Hank Snow)

'58 Hill & Range Songs

Oh dear I'm so sad and heart broken waiting in my prison cell
To be tried for the death of sweet blossom my baby that I loved so well
Last night as I drank in the barroom through the front door my little girl came
I watched as she slowly approached me and trembled as she spoke my name
My mind was wounded from drinking as I looked on her face sweet and fair
I thought that a demon approached me for I struck her down with my chair
In a flash with my reason returning in pride I looked down at my feet
And saw not the foam of a demon but my little blossom so sweet
I gathered her close to my bosom her life was fast fading away
Dear God I have murdered my baby and now with my life I must pay
I'm thinking tonight of that June day I walked down the aisle with my bride
When I promised to love and protect her she then was my joy and my pride
But soon I had started to drinking and now I've brought death to our home
Oh why must the innocence suffer and then reap just what they have sown
I pray to my Maker in Glory for this deed I might be forgiven
And I hope that the circle I broken will soon be mended in heaven