

And it was all that I could do
To pay for them, and rent, and food,
But mudder she was kind and good,
She thanked me so for what I did,
And prayed for me—her only kid
‘Twas easy, after all, to do
The best I could for her: I know
She could not live, and so I tried
To keep her happy till she died
One little flower I bought, for she
Had very often talked to me
About her mudder’s garden flowers
She loved so well. She’d sit for hours
And look at it and sweetly smile;
And sometimes smoothe my hair awhile
I kept it near her bed so she
Its one red flower could always see.”

“Well, jedge, you see, the landlady said,
‘Kid, you must go,’ when she was dead
He took our fixin’s for the rent,
And turned me out, so, jedge, I went
And asked her husband if I might
Sleep in his coachshed ev’ry night,
He said it was a decent sort to me,
And like a prince he seemed to be
He bought his papers ev’ry day
From me, and when he came to pay
He took no change, and so I went
To him. I wished to pay no rent
I thought if I the rent could save
I’d put a stone at mother’s grave
He let me in. The dame was cross;
She talked like she was used to boss,