

THE WIDOW IN THE WARD

No, I can't forgive them, parson,
 Here on my dying bed,
 Them as calls me "the crazy widow"
 And say I am out of my head.
 Let it pass, what they calls me—
 It's not the worst they have done;
 I'll always hold it ag'in them
 For killin' my second son.
 With Harry, he was different,
 I know the boy was wild;
 Maybe I was most to blame,
 When he was a little child.
 Maybe I was over-kind
 And let him run too free;
 But they don't understand a mother—
 He was always kind to me.
 'Twas full of life the lad was,
 Roaming the night and day,
 Brave and happy and careless,
 Easily led astray.
 'Twas bad companions spoiled him
 With cards and dice and drinks;
 It's a wonder when one gets started,
 How quickly a mortal sinks.

Then the labor trouble started,
 The men were out on strike,
 Riots and pickets and scabbers—
 You never saw the like.
 And my Harry was a leader,
 Working the night and day,