

PR 6011

R27

L48

1912

LET THE ROOF
FALL IN

I had thought to hear thy children
Laugh with thine own blue eyes,
But my sorrow's voice is silent
Where my life's love lies.

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Let the roof fall in, let silence
On the home for ever fall
Where my lost son lay and heard not
His lone mother's call.

Printed in Great Britain

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