

May Heaven bless you, wherever you may lie
It almost drives me mad
To think I have lost my dear beloved
And my baby has lost its dad.

That very night at twelve o'clock
I awake with awful fright,
With the roaring of the cannon
And their flashes through the night.

Just then someone shouted
And rattled at my door.
"Make haste in there and fly for your life"
And then I heard no more.

In excitement I thundered down the stairs
With my baby on my breast,
A shell came crashing through the roof
And shattered my baby's chest.

Half dressed and heart broken
I ran across the way,
My baby moaned for half an hour
Then quietly passed away.

From across the way I watched the flames
Growing higher and higher,
It made me almost mad with rage
To see my house on fire.

Then, along the road I stumbled,
A little to the west
Stood a shell swept little churchyard .
And there I laid my baby to rest.

Into this world I am alone,
I know not where to roam,
Husband and baby taken from me
Through the Germans that wrecked my home.