

Hank Snow

"The Answer to Little Blossom"

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THE ANSWER TO LITTLE BLOSSOM

(arr. Hank Snow)

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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

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