

John D. Loudermilk

"The Little Grave"

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On Christmas Eve I went a walking out beyond the city
gate
For to fetch a fresh young pheasant for my darling's
Christmas plate
It was snowing oh so quietly and the woods were wide
and soft
Just the sound of snowflakes falling and the footsteps
as I walked
There I saw a fresh young pheasant and I shot and
killed him there
And I heard a distant church bell as the bird fell from
the air
[strings]
As I held his dying body the strangest thought came
over me
God had made this little body that I have killed on
Christmas Eve
All the woods were dark and shadowed with the light
the cold stars gave
I sent a prayer to God in heaven and covered up the
little grave
And covered up the little grave

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