

# THE LITTLE TIN SOLDIER

Frederic Weatherly (1848–1929)

James Lynam Molloy (1837–1909)

1. He was a lit-tle tin sol-dier, One lit-tle leg\_ had he; She was a lit-tle fai-ry  
 2. Once as he watch'd his rose-love, Winds from the north did blow, Swept him out of the  
 3. Once more he sees his rose-love, Still she is danc-ing gay, He is\_ worn and

danc - er, Bright as\_ bright could be. She had a cas - tle and gar - den,  
 case-ment Down to a stream be - low. True to his lit - tle\_ la - dy,  
 fad - ed, Loy - al\_ still for aye. Then came a hand that swept them,

He but an old box\_ dim; She was a dain - ty\_ rose - love,  
 Still he\_ shoul - dered his gun; Soon, ah,\_ soon came the dark - ness,  
 In - to a fur - nace\_ wide, Part - ed in life, in\_ dy - ing

*poco rall.*  
 Far too grand for him. He was a lit-tle tin sol-dier, One lit-tle leg had  
 Life and love un - done. He was a lit-tle tin sol-dier, One lit-tle leg had  
 They are side by side. Ah! for the lit-tle tin sol-dier, Ah! for her cru-el -

he; Brave - ly he shoul - dered his mus-ket, Fain her love would be.  
 he; Ne'er in the world a\_ lov - er Half so true could be.  
 ty, There lies her rose in\_ ash - es, There his loy-al lit-tle heart.