

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.