

The Pit Boy

TYG 100

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The sun is sink - ing fast, moth - er, be - hind yon far blue hills, The
sig - nal bell has ceased, moth - er, the breeze of eve - ning chills: They
call me to the pit, moth - er, the night - ly toil to share: One
kiss be - fore we part, moth - er, for dan - ger lin - gers there.

1. The sun is sinking fast, mother, behind yon far blue hills,
The signal bell has ceased, mother, the breeze of evening chills:
They call me to the pit, mother, the nightly toil to share:
One kiss before we part, mother, for danger lingers there.
2. My father's voice I hear, mother, as o'er his grave I tread,
He bade me cherish thee, mother, and share with thee, my bread,
And when I see thee smile, mother, my labour light shall be:
And should his fate be mine, mother, then heaven will comfort thee.
3. Nay, dry thy tearful eye, mother, I must not see thee weep;
The angels from on high, mother, o'er me their watch will keep.
Then oh! Farewell awhile, mother, my fervent prayer shall be,
Amidst those dangers dire, mother, that heaven may comfort thee.