

## *little boy blue*

*Little Boy Blue,  
Come home, come home!  
Your worried old parents  
Are starving alone.  
Where is the little boy  
Who took to the road  
In search of a job  
To help lighten the load?  
He fell under the wheels  
Of a freight in Merced,  
And his frail little body  
Is mangled and dead.  
Go wake him! Go wake him!  
Oh no. Not I.  
But I'll waken a storm  
That will tremble the sky!*

