



Lillie of the Snowstorm,

—OR—

"PLEASE, FATHER, LET US IN!"

SONG AND CHORUS.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

HENRY C. WORK.

—3—

CHICAGO:

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LILLIE OF THE SNOW-STORM;

OR,

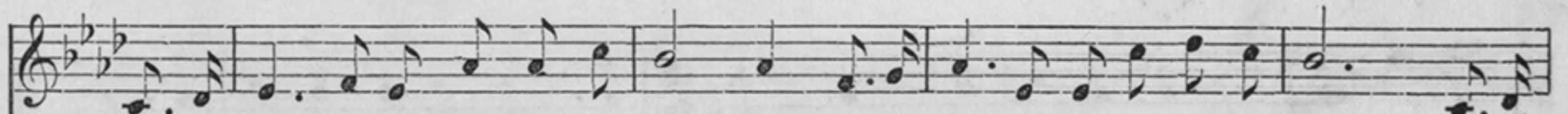
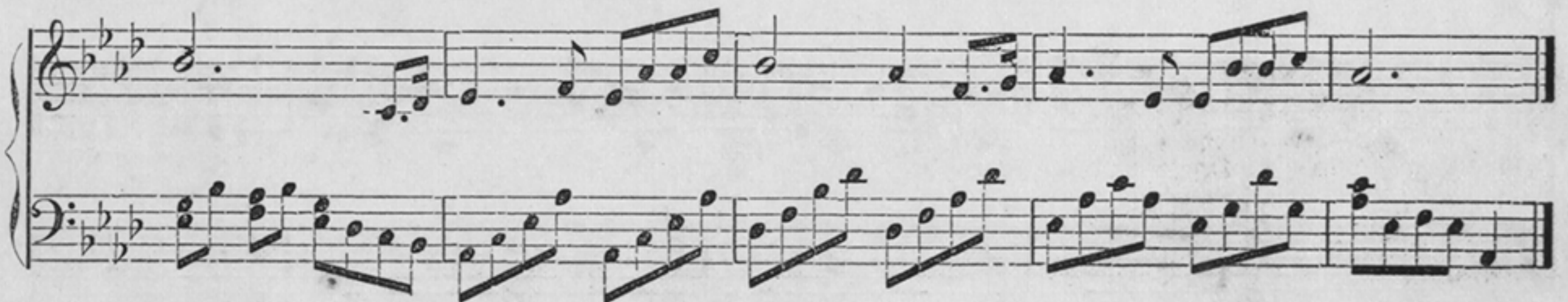
“PLEASE, FATHER, LET US IN!”

With expression, and not too fast.

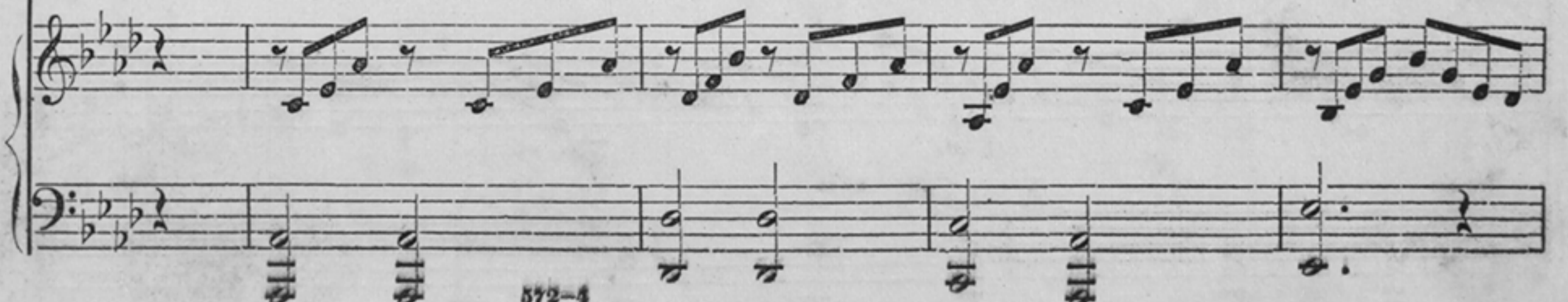
Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.

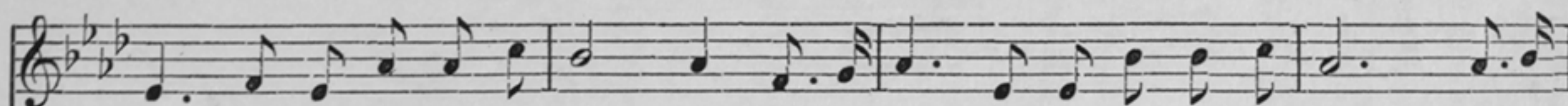
No. 35.

PIANO.

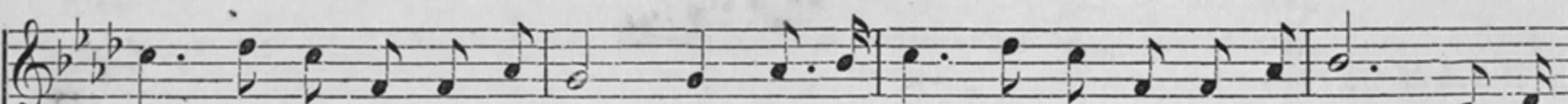
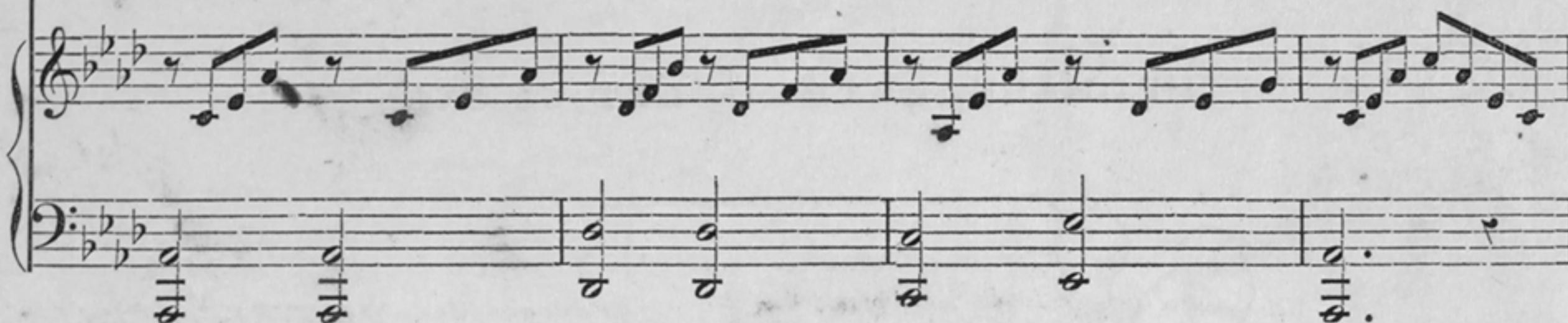


1. To his home, his once-white, once-lov'd cot - tage, Late at night, a poor in - e-briate came; To his
2. Far a - cross the prai - rie stood a dwell - ing, Where from harm they oft had found re-treat; Thith-er
3. Lil - lie prays—the harps are hush'd in Heav - en— An-gels poise them mid-way in the sky; Up from
4. Morn-ing dawns—the hus-band and the fa - ther, Sober'd now, to seek his flock has come; Lil-lie

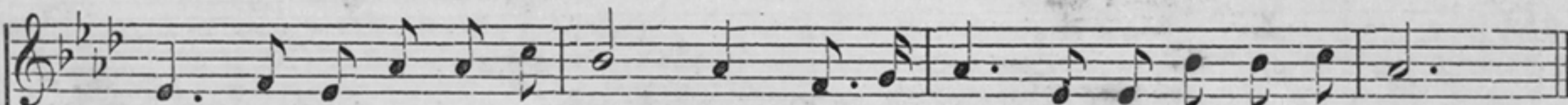
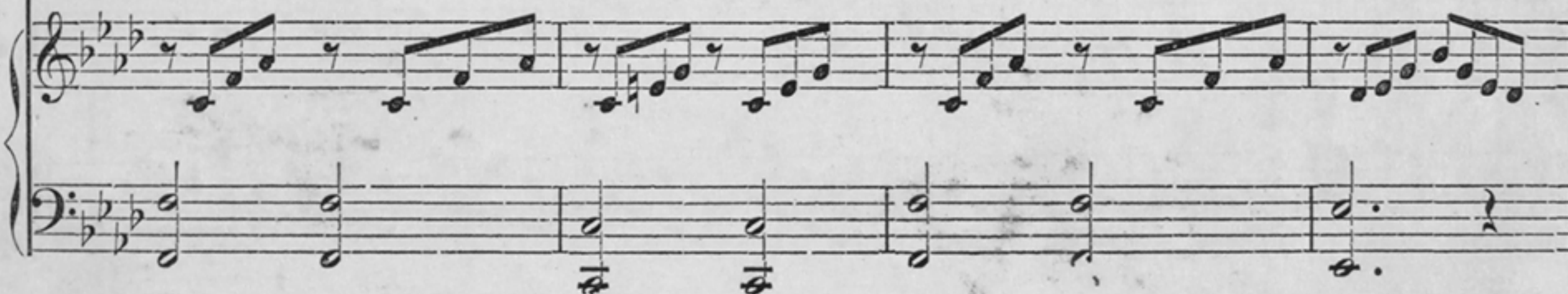




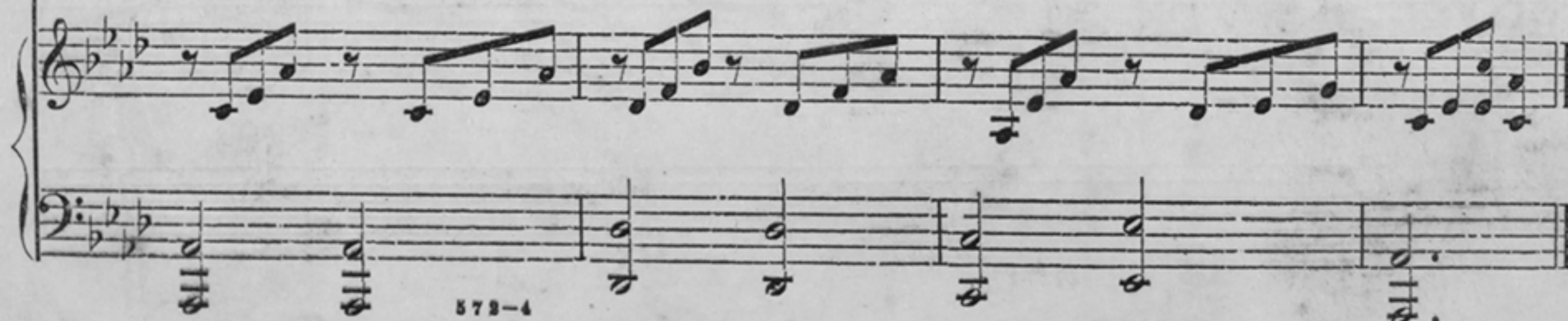
wife, the wait-ing wife and daugh - ter Who for him had fann'd the mid-night flame. Rude-ly
 now, all brave and un-com-plain - ing, Did they urge their wea-ry, way-worn feet. But their
 earth there comes a wail of sor - row, Such a wail as must be heard on High. "Fa-ther
 dear is liv-ing, but her moth - er— Hours a - go, an an - gel bore her home. Ah, poor



met, they answer'd him with kind - ness— Gave him all their own un-tast - ed store; 'Twas but
 strength, un - e - qual to their cour - age, Fail'd them as they wan-der'd to and fro; Till at
 dear! my oth - er, bet - ter Fath - er! Won't you hear your daugh-ter Lil - lie pray? Won't you
 man! how bit - ter is his an - guish, As he now re-pents his punish'd sin, Bend-ing



small, and he with aw - ful cur - ses, Spurn'd the gift, and drove them from his door.
 last, the fee - ble, faint-ing moth - er, Speech-less sank up - on the drift-ed snow.
 send some strong and care-ful an - gel, Who will help my moth-er on her way?"
 o'er the child, who, half un - con - cious, Sad-ly cries, "Please fath-er, let us in!"



CHORUS.

Air
 While the storm, the wild, wild win-try tem - pest, Swept a - cross the prai-ries cold and white;

Alto
 While the storm, the storm, the wild, wild wintry tem-pest, Swept a-cross, a-cross the prai-ries white;

Tenor
 While the storm, the wild, wild win-try tem - pest, Swept a - cross the prai-ries cold and white;

While the storm, the storm, the wild, wild wintry tem-pest, Swept a-cross, a-cross the prai-ries white;

p
 What a shame that Lil - lie and her moth - er Were a - broad on such a fear-ful night!

p
 What a shame that Lil - lie and her moth - er Were a - broad on such a fear-ful night!

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