

# Lost Little Children

Tim O'Brien

Where are my mama and daddy?  
They came a long time before me  
Now, we've come on the steamship Atlantic  
From our home far across the stormy sea

I have their letter in my pocket  
They said, we would meet on the pier  
But the day it is now, almost over  
And the darkness and cold, soon draw near

Will they know, their lost little children?  
As they look for my face in the crowd  
It's been so long since they've seen me  
And I wonder if they'll know me now

We gave them, our four pounds and twenty  
One last look, at that green rocky shore  
And they told us, the new world has plenty  
But we'd never see Sligo, anymore

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And I wonder if they'll know me now

Hold to my hand little brother  
Be brave and please try not to cry  
For we have a good father and mother  
And soon we'll be safe by their side

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