

Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
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Tramp on the street

Only a tramp was Lazarus that day
He who lay down at the rich man's gate
He begged for the crumbs from the rich man to eat
But they left him to die like a tramp on the street

He was some mother's darling, he was some mother's son
Once he was fair and once he was young
Some mother rocked him, her darling, to sleep
But they left him to die like a tramp on the street

Jesus who died on Calvary's tree
Shed his life's blood for you and me
They pierced his side, his hands, and his feet
Then they left him to die like a tramp on the street

If Jesus should come and knock at your door
For a place to lie down or bread from your store
Would you welcome him in or turn him away
For God would reward you on the great Judgment Day