

Two Little Ragged Urchins - song lyrics

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TWO LITTLE RAGGED URCHINS.
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Two little ragged urchins,
One six, the other eight,
Trudged hand in hand together,
While Wint'ry hours grew late;
Within her tiny basket
She kept her scanty store,
A bunch of tear-stained papers
Beneath his arm be bore.
The tears were slowly falling
Adown their faces sad,
Their forms were pinched and trembling,
So thinly were they clad;
Fast, fast the snow descended,
And to each passer by,
In accents full of pity,
There came this pleading cry:

Chorus.
Please, Mister, please, sir, buy something, do,
Papers or matches, we've sold very few;
Father and mother are both of them dead,
Help us to get just a morsel of bread.

Two little ragged urchins,
One six, the other eight,
Wandered along so weary,
Far in the night so late;
No hearts for them had pity,
In all that city's crowd,
The snow kept weaving 'round them
Its white and chilly shroud.
They found them in the morning.
But life had nearly fled,
Upon her brother's bosom
Was laid her childish head:
But ere their forms they lifted,
Scarce louder than a sigh.
From little lips so pallid,
There fell this pleading cry:-Chorus.