

No Home To Shelter Her - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

No Home to Shelter Her.

Poor little innocent, hungry and desolate,
Tramping unheeded the great busy street;
Little head bowed with an air so disconsolate,
Summer seems blistering her poor little feet.
List to the voice that so sweetly and mournfully
Begs from the stranger a pittance of bread;
Treat not the poor little beggar so scornfully,
No home to shelter her poor little head.

Chorus

Lifeless she lay, but her spirit so beautiful
Enters the gate of the City of Pearl,
Old mother earth, to her children so dutiful,
Takes to her bosom the poor beggar girl.

Winter winds howling and moaning so fearfully,
Pierce thro' the rags that scarce cover her form;
Bright homes that smile upon others so cheerfully,
Heed not the little one out in the storm.
Cold, sleety rains fall upon her so chillingly.
Dyeing with purple her poor little hands;
She would partake of thy bounty most willingly,
Proud hearted owner of money and lands.-Chorus.

Poor little darling, forsaken and motherless,
Timidly knocking at each stately door,
Pity the child, she is sisterless, brotherless,
Angel of charity, pity the poor.
Down on the pavements she sinks in her weariness.
Only a snow bank to pillow her head,
Morning will break in its cold, bitter dreariness
On the poor beggar girl, frozen and dead.-Chorus