

The Little Beggar Boy - song lyrics

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THE LITTLE BEGGAR BOY.

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Words by Wm. D. Hall. Music by Fred Medina.

While homeward bound one Christmas night I met a tiny form,
It was a little homeless lad out in the winter's storm;
The baby feet were bare and blue that tramped from door to door.
To try and beg a few pence as oft he'd done before.
A tattered bunch of rags and strings that none would ever miss,
Two little sunken cheeks so pale that never knew a kiss.
Two pleading, tearful eyes so red; he cried for food to eat,
A homeless child that knew no bed, an outcast in the street.

Chorus.

A tattered bunch of rags unblest, unshod, unwashed, uncombed;
A little form that knew no rest, wherever he had roamed;
Loved by none beneath the sun, his poor heart knew no joy;
No gentle friends, not even one, had this poor beggar boy,
Had this poor beggar boy.

I watched the trembling, feeble steps that sadly moved away;
A little bunch of misery that knew no Christmas day.
The world about him seemed so bright, for ev'rywhere he'd by®
A group of happy little ones around a glitt'ring tree.
He knelt beneath a window and offered up a prayer
That God might come and take him up above to mother dear.
His prayer was heard and answered, for next morn, at break of day,
There lay the little sufferer, but life had passed away.- Chorus.

Next moaning all the papers told of how a boy was found
Beneath a mansion window-ledge, fast frozen to the ground.
I read it to my little ones, it's sadness made them cry, i
And even now the thought of it brings sadness to my eye.
It was a scene of mis'try I never shall forget.
And all my thoughts in future will be tinged with vain regret.
But in the graveyard corner there's a tomb none would destroy,
Which bears these words upon its scroll, "Best here, thou beggar boy." -Cho.