

The Tramp And Little Nell - song lyrics

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THE TRAMP AND LITTLE NELL.

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Words and Music by Percy Gaunt.

One day a tramp stopped by the way and begged for just a crust,
The tears streamed down his sunken cheeks, begrimed with stain and dust;
His clothes were threadbare, patched and torn, a shabby hat he grasped,
And stood there trembling like a leaf, his coat he tightly clasped.
The village blacksmith stopped his work, and looked the stranger o'er,
Then kindly bade him take a seat, the tramp so tired and sore.
"My little girl has gone," he said, "but where I cannot tell;
She left her home a year ago, her name was Little Nell!"

Chorus.

"'Twas only Little Nell and I, alone down on the farm,
I never thought the day should pass when she would come to harm.
The home is gone, and I'm a tramp, I once was doing well,
But everything has left me, for I'm hunting Little Nell!"

He bade adieu with heavy heart, and wandered down the lane,
He wished to see his Little Nell, If only once again;
He trudged for many weary hours, and reached the town by night,
Where people passed him to and fro and shuddered at the sight.
At last he found a resting place, 'twas at a mansion door,
Where revelry was high within, and laughter loud did soar;
There was a voice above the rest, a voice of magic spell,
It sounded like his darling girl's, the voice of Little Nell.

Chorus.

"Oh, God! 'tis Little Nell!" he cried, then sank in wild despair;
"I've search'd the weary world for her, and Heav'n has heard my pray'r;
But may she never know the pain her father's heart can tell!"
Beside that door, in dying, still he blessed his Little Nell!