

# She Was His Daughter - song lyrics

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SHE WAS HIS DAUGHTER.

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Words by B. F. Barnett. Music by Emily Smith.

The court-room it was crowded, the pris'ners stood in line,  
Amidst them was a woman young and fair:  
Her face, which told of happy days, of luxury And wealth,  
Caused every one to look at her and stare;  
They called her to the wretched bar, while tears rolled down her cheeks,  
In disgrace she dropped her curly head,  
As the stern old judge gazed on her face, his own turned very pale,  
She was his child, who once from home had fled.

Refrain.

She was his daughter, whom he loved so well;  
She was his darling, the pretty village belle;  
Tho' she may have fallen, nor yet to home returns,  
She was his daughter, for whom his heart still yearns.

For a moment all was quiet, the judge then rose and said,  
"I cannot sentence any one to-day,"  
Just then a youth, with tear-dimmed eyes, approached the judge and said,  
She is my wife, please let her go, I pray.  
"I'm glad of that," the judge replied, and then he bade her go.  
Then quickly, arm in arm, they walked away.  
If her dear old mother only knew, her poor old heart would break,  
She'll never know what happened here to-day.-Refrain.