

# Won't You Be My Little Girl - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

Won't You Be My Little Girl?

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A poor little ragged child, tears were in each pretty eye.  
Stood midst the city's throng, pleading with all who passed by,  
Crowds gathered by her side, waiting her story to hear,  
Every one pitied her, 'most every one shed a tear;  
I have no place to go, were the sad words that she said;  
Nobody cares for me now that my mother is dead;  
Then some kind-hearted man led the poor orphan away,  
Holding her to his heart, then the sweet child heard him say:

Chorus.

Won't you be my little girl-I had a child once like you;  
She had those same pretty curls, and those same bright eyes of blue.  
So I will love you the same, and you'll be my own little pearl; [girl?"  
My little child she's in heaven with your ma, so won't you be "my little

At home sat his darling wife, hair now gray, tho' young in years.  
She held a photograph, covered with mother's sad tears,  
'Twas of her own dear child, whom she will see here no more;  
She treasures all the toys her baby left on the floor,  
Husband, returning home, met his dear wife at the door.  
"Here is a child," he said; "you'll not be sad any more."  
With fond caresses then, and with a mother's kind way,  
She changed the ragged dress, while to the child she did say:-Cho.