

# Hungry At Somebody's Door - song lyrics

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

Hungry at Somebody's Door.  
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Absent now from home find mother,  
Among strangers doomed to roam,  
Far from kindred, sister, brother,  
And from loving hearts at home.  
How I long for their embraces  
As in days of long ago;  
Far away with stranger faces.  
Hungry at somebody's door

Chorus.  
Trent the poor old pilgrim kindly.  
What good he'll do you do not know;  
For you may have an absent brother  
Hungry at somebody's door.

Heart-sick, footsore, sad and dreary,  
Wandering pilgrim In distress;  
Brightest hearts sometimes grow weary,  
Longing for those we love best.  
Fate oft puts our hearts asunder.  
Some to never meet no more;  
Some are doomed through life to wander,  
Hungry at somebody's door.-Chorus.

On he wandered all alone  
Till he reached the ocean shore.  
Cast an eye across the waters  
Toward his childhood home once more.  
They are waiting for his coming,  
And for years they've waited sore.  
But he's wandering on the ocean.  
Hungry at somebody's door.-Chorus.