

Some Mother's Boy - song lyrics

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SOME MOTHER'S BOY.

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Oh, please, dear lady, one penny give me,
Plaintive and sweet was his voice like a sigh;
Oh, dear lady, pity me, I'm poor, you see,
But they'll not heed me. they all pass me by.
I looked and saw a dear little face,
And then I thought he has never known Joy;
With hair golden yellow with poverty's trace,
God bless you, dear baby, you're some mother's boy.

Chorus.

Wretched, forlorn, hungry, ragged and torn,
Little face tear-stained, with no look of joy;
Cold pinched and damp, and with poverty's stamp.
Though he's a beggar, he's some mother's boy.

Only a box with a few faded flowers.
Which the poor boy had been trying to sell;
But though he had trudged many sad weary hours.
Could not succeed as the number did tell.
No one would buy them faded and dead.
Could tears revive them then his would revive;
Oh. how the child wept, so dejected and sad,
For nothing restrained them however he tried.-Chorus.

He told the tale which we all would expect,
Poor mother's dead, then his joy saw an end;
His father he drank, and 'twas naught but neglect,
Oh, how I pitied him, dear little friend.
He's now in school with playmates to meet,
One little sad face it now beams with joy;
Then don't pass a beggar when out on the street,
But just think one moment he's some mother's boy.-Chorus