

# Waiting At The Door-step - song lyrics

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WAITING AT THE DOOR-STEP.

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Words and Music by Charles Graham.

She waited at the door-step of a mansion grand and fair,  
The night was cold and cold the world to her;  
No one seemed to care for the little woman there,  
Although they heard her pleading, help me, sir;  
Another she said, Tom's home; I know he knows that I am here,  
And yet he will not come to help me now.  
Why do you turn me from you, Tom. to you I once was dear;  
My boy and I most live-please tell me how?

Chorus.

Waiting at the door-step there, a loving mother pleaded.

She had a little baby on her knee.

Pass on, was all they said, Tom with you will never wed,

And hopes your face again he will not see.

Old mem'ries came before her as she slowly walked away,  
A poor, disheartened woman with her boy;  
She must bear her shame, although she was not to blame;  
She knew that she had been a rich man's toy;  
They would not even see her, though she came from far away,  
For wealth and fashion had no place for her;  
Disgraced at home, an outcast in a poor-house she must stay,  
Although she humbly said, please help me, sir.-Chorus.