

A Little Homeless Wanderer - song lyrics

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A Little Homeless Wanderer.
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By C. L. Charlebois.

The sun had set behind the hills
Across the dreary moor,
When, wet and cold, a little girl
Came knocking at my door;
All day she roamed the city streets,
No place to lay her head:
No gentle voice had greeted her
And hope had all but fled,
A little homeless wanderer,
Oh! God what can she do;
I took her tiny hand And asked
For her story sad but true.

Refrain.
Please, sir, be kind to me she said with deep-drawn sigh,
For papa's dead and mamma, too, and tears came in her eyes;
I long to be there with them in their home up in the sky;
A little homeless wanderer, no one for me could cry.

I called her sweet and pretty names
And gently smoothed her hair;
I kissed the little dimpled cheek,
Which was so young and fair:
With sweet, but trembling, voice she spoke,
A tear was in her eye;
My papa's gone with mamma dear
Away up in the sky:
Each night she said, I pray that God
May keep me pure and true,
And then I asked her once again
For her story sad but true.-Refrain.

She said a simple prayer that night
While nestling by my side,
And ere I laid her down to sleep,
Her little teardrops dried;
No more with fainting heart she braves
Life's battle all alone,
No more to walk the dreary streets
When winter winds will moan,
And when we often gently ask
This little heart so true,
To tell as in her own sweet way
Her story sad but true.- Refrain.