

The Singer On The Street - song lyrics

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THE SINGER ON THE STREET.

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Words and music by Horace W. Harmeyer.

One day I saw a child so fair, amid the passing throng,
A blind man stood beside her there; she stopped to sing a song;
It brought to me a by-gone day, it was so strangely sweet.
I paused to listen on my way to the singer on the street.

Chorus.

Her song told of the weary years that lonely hearts must roam,
To young and old she brought the tears when she sang of home, sweet home.
Then, one by one, the passers by around that maiden drew,
In many hearts there was a sigh, each one some sorrow knew;
What mem'ries came of pray'rs they'd heard a mother's lips repeat;
The past returned with ev'ry word of the singer on the street.-Chorus.

The song was o'er, the little maid and blind man went along;
But not before the crowd had paid to hear her simple song;
How many sped upon their way with mem'ries pure and sweet,
They blessed the song they heard that day from the singer on the street.
-Chorus.