

The Angel Of The Tenements - song lyrics

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THE ANGEL OF THE TENEMENTS

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Words and music by Charles Harvey.

I know a maid whose presence fills each home with peace and rest,
And she is called Angelica by those who know her best;
An aureole of golden hair frames in her lovely face,
Like some saint's halo when she goes in high or lowly place;
And down among the tenements, a sister of the poor,
Where you may see her daily, she is call'd the "Angel" pure.

Chorus.

They all say: "Sweet Angelica, she is an angel fair,
in the tenements she is a jewel rare;
She comforts the sick with her sympathy, her charity lightens all care,
Sweet Angelica, she is an angel fair."

I've teen her in the hall-room gay, where gallants seek her hand,
She wins all hearts by her bright smile: that smile's a sweet command.
And I have seen that self-same smile hid some poor soul take heart,
As from her wealth with lavish hand she gave a gen'rous part.
A social queen in satin robes, resplendent does she shine.
But in her simple dress of gray she seems almost divine. - Chorus.

The children of the tenements watch for her day by day,
For often she will make them glad by joining in their play;
And in her tender arms she'll rock some weary babe to sleep,
Or at the bedside of the sick a midnight vigil keep;
Her life among the suffering ones is full of sacrifice.
And her angelic presence makes each home a paradise - Chorus.