

Little Orphan Girl

Doc Watson

No home, no home, said a little girl
At the door of a rich man's home
She trembling stood on the marble steps
And leaned on the polished wallHer clothes were thin and her feet were bare
And the snowflakes covered her head
Let me come in, she feebly said
Please give me a little breadAs the little girl still trembling stood
Before that rich man's door
With a frowning face he scornfully said
No room, no bread for the poorThen the rich man went to his table so fine
Where he and his family were fed
And the orphan stood in the snow so deep
As she cried for a piece of breadThe rich man slept on his velvet couch
And he dreamed of his silver and gold
While the orphan lay in a bed of snow
And murmured, so cold, so coldThe hours rolled on through the midnight storm
Rrolled on like a funeral bell
The sleet came down in a blinding sheet
And the drifting snow still fellWhen morning came the little girl
Still lay at the rich man's door
But her soul had fled away to its home
Where there's room and there's bread for the poor

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