

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 wall.

Her 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 bread."

As 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 poor."

Then 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 bread.

The 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 cold."

The hours rolled on through the midnight storm,
Rolled on like a funeral bell,
The sleet came down in a blinding sheet,
And the drifting snow still fell.

When 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.