

Little Jimmy Dickens

"The Tramp on the Street"

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(Hazel Cole - Grady Cole)

Only a tramp twas last reset fate
He who laid down at the rich man's gate
He begged for the crumbs from the rich man to eat
He was only a tramp found dead on the street.

He was some mother's darling he was some mother's
son
Once he was fair and once he was young
Some mother rocked him her darling to sleep
But they left him to die like a tramp on the street.

Jesus who died on Calvary's tree
Shed his life's blood for you and for me
They fixed his sides, his hands and his feet
Then they left him to die like a tramp on the street.

--- Instrumental ---

If Jesus should come and knock at your door
For a place to come in or crumbs from your floor
Would you welcome him in or turn him away
Oh God would reward you on that great judgement
day.

He was Mary's own darling he was God's chosen son
Once he was fair and once he was young
Mary she rocked him her darling to sleep
Then they left him to die like a tramp on the street...

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