

## **Little Jimmy Dickens "Tramp On The Street"**

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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 she'd 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  
[ harmonica ]  
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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