

## **Ramblin' Jack Elliot**

### **"Soldier's Last Letter"**

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Only a tramp was Lazarus that day,  
He who lay down by the rich man's gate.  
Well, he begged for some crumbs from the rich man to eat  
But they left him to die like a tramp on the street.

chorus

He was some mother's darlin', he was some mother's son;  
Once he was fair and once he was young,  
And some mother rocked him, a little darlin' to sleep,  
But they left him to die like a tramp on the street.

If Jesus should come and knock on your door,  
Would you let Him come in and pick from your store?  
Would you turn Him away, with nothing to eat?  
Would you leave Him to die like a tramp on the street?

second chorus

He was Mary's own darlin', he was God's chosen son;  
Once He was fair and once he was young,  
And Mary, she rocked Him, a little darlin' to sleep,  
But they left him to die like a tramp on the street.

Jesus, He died on Calvary's peak,  
Nails in His hands, Lord, nails in His feet,  
Gave His life's blood for you and for me,  
But they left Him to die like a tramp on the street.

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