No Home Except the Street.

Words by CORA LAMPING.

Music by MAUDE A. HART.

1. A lit - tle child, with face so sad, And oh, so thin - ly clad, I
2. But come with me and I will find, True hearts so good and kind, Who

met up - on the street one day, When walk - ing down Broad - way; I
keep for such a bless - ed home, You'll be no more a - lone. Both
took his hand in both my own, And said, "why all alone?" With
food and shelter they will give, And teach you how to live. Your

Rit.

down-cast eyes and wea-ry tone, He said, "I have no home."
lit-tle foot-steps they will guide; Kind words when ills be-
tide.

REFRAIN.

Home-less, help-less lit-tle wait, With wea-ry, aim-less feet; No

food or shel-ter from the storm, No home ex-cept the street.

mf

3. Dear broth-ers, sis-ters, share your gold, Un-til it shall be told, A
A home is found of joy and love, God-given from above; And oh, we'll thank you ev'-ry one, And when this work is done, A blessing, too, the waifs will add, To make your kind hearts glad.

Then we'll sing another song, And happy voices raise, To God, the Giver of this “Home” We'll offer grateful praise.