The Pallet Of Straw - song lyrics

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THE PALLET OF STRAW
Tune-"Over the Hills to the Poor-House. '

I'm sitting alone in a garret,
While the sleet and the snow's falling down,
Yet God knows I am hungry and dying,
And I'm waiting for Jessie to come.
I sent her out early this morning.
To bring me some pennies or bread,
But I think when my little one comes,
She'll find that her mother is dead.

Chorus.
I'm cold, I'm hungry and helpless,
And my loved ones I'll never see more.
For I'm dying alone in a garret.
On a the little pallet of straw.

Would to God that my child had a father,
Or some one to watch o'er her with eare,
Or some kind-hearted friend to protect her,
Then I'd die without sorrow or fear.
Should the storm keep my child from returning
To her mother, so helpless and sore,
Who is sitting alone In her garret,
On a thin little pallet of straw-
I'm cold, and I'm hungry and helpless, &c.

When I parted with Jessie, this morning,
She kissed me good-bye, and she said:
"I sown shall return, dearest mamma,
Whether 1 get pennies or bread."
But the night's coming on, and I'm weaker,
And I think I'll see Jessie no more,
For when she comes back she will find me
Lying dead on my pallet of straw.

Chorus.
She's parted from cold and from hunger,
And her loved one she'll never seo more,
For she's lying dead, up in a garret,
On a thin little pallet of straw.