Wretched In The Rain - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Wretched in the rain.

A female form my eye next catches,
Carrying a child,
Singing snatches, selling matches-
See, the infant smiled!
Still closer nestled to its mother,
Drops to sleep again;
May He befriend them-they've no other,
Wretched in the rain.
Plodding, tripping,
Drenched and dripping,
Wretched in the rain.

Relief I gave them, food and money,
Speedily they're gone;
Grim policeman, gaunt and stoney,
Bids her to move on.
Duty makes this man suspicious,
Beggars sigh in vain;
He thinks all kindness injudicious,
To paupers in the rain.
Plodding, tripping,
Drenched and dripping,
Wretched in the rain.

Eyes half opened, peeping from an
Old uneasy seat;
Weather-beaten apple woman,
Wherefore in the street?
To the gin shop should she totter,
Just to get a drain?
For such indulgence, pray, blame not her
Sitting in the rain.
Sitting, slipping,
Drenched and dripping,
Shivering in the rain.

See, with pliant step and supple,
Two folks next appear;
Watch that loving, courting couple,
Closer drawing near.
'Neath one small umbrella walking.
Whispering love's old strain;
Heedless of the weather, talking
Happy in the rain.
Trotting, tripping,
Drenched and dripping,
Happy in the rain.

Rest to some men would be hunger.
Hand to mouth they live;
Cabman, 'busman, costermonger,
Daily have to strife.
Watching life's damp dreary feature,
I've not looked in vain;
If more, I love my fellow creature
Plodding in the rain.
Plodding, tripping,
Drenched and dripping,
Wretched in the rain.