Driven From Home - song lyrics

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

DRIVEN FROM HOME.

Out in this cold world, out in the street.
Asking a penny of each one I meet;
Shoeless I wander about, thro' the day.
Wearing my young life in sorrow away.
No one to help me, no one to love,-
No one to pity me, none to caress-
Fatherless, motherless, sadly I roam;
A child of misfortune, I'm driven from home.

Chorus.
No one to help me, no one to bless,
No one to pity me, none to caress;
Fatherless, motherless, sadly I roam,
Nursed by my poverty, driven from home.

The flowers that bloomed, that I once loved to see,
Seem bowing their heads, as if pitying me;
The music that mingles with voices of mirth.
From the windows of pleasure and plenty on earth.
Makes me think what it is to be friendless and poor,
And I feel I shall faint when I knock at the door;
Turn a deaf ear, there's no one will come
To help a poor wanderer, driven from home.-Chorus.

Oh! where shall I go, or what shall I do?
I've no one to tell me what course to pursue;
I'm weary and footsore, I'm hungry and weak,
I know not what shelter to-night I may seek.
The Friend of all friends, who rules earthand sea.
Will look with a pitying eye upon me;
I'll wander about, till His messenger comes
To lead me to father and mother and home.-Chorus.