The Little Fruit Store On The Corner - song lyrics

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THE LITTLE FRUIT STORE ON THE CORNER.
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Words by Chas. F. Pidgin. Music by J. W. Wheeler.

A little dago keeps a store on the corner near my house;
The street boys call him Tony Moore, he's as timid as a mouse.
He works from six to twelve at night, he'll get rich, and very soon,
For when his trade is growing light, his harmonica starts a tune.

Chorus.
On Saturday night you will see him there as busy as a bee.
Bananas and grapes, apple, peach and pear, he keeps for sale, you see.
There's candy and gum and good nuts, all sound, the orange, lemons bright;
Attending to costumers he'll be found till twelve o'clock at night.

He talks to me of Italy, 'tis the land he loves so well;
And as he talks my eye can see that a lump in his throat does swell.
He wipes away a falling tear, and picks up a nut or prune,
To give a boy who's standing near, then he suddenly starts a tune.-Chorus.

He has a father still alive and a mother strong and well;
Of brothers four, and sisters five, would they comet he cannot tell.
He's sending money home each week, and the last went yester noon;
A great big tear falls on his cheek, but he skillfully starts a tune.-Chorus.

They've come at last to Freedom's land, and there's twelve, I find, in all;
The maid that tends the peanut stand, that they Leonora call,
I learn is Tony's sweetheart, true, a black-eyed and dark-haired "brune;"
I'd like to know if times get blue, will the whole of them start a tuner-Chorus. I