From Hovel To Mansion - song lyrics

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FROM HOVEL TO MANSION.
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Words and Music by W. P. Chase.

In a mis'rable hovel in lower New York
Lived a poor little motherless boy;
His father a drunkard, his clothes tattered rags,
Indeed life to him was no joy;
But even to those who're most wretched on earth,
A measure of happiness comes,
And this lad had a taste-it was while he was ill
In his miserable home in the slums;
A sweet little maid, who for charity's sake,
Made trips once a week 'mongst the poor,
While out on her mission of love and relief,
Chanced to find her way up to his door.

Chorus.
"May I come In?" and her voice was like an angel's;
Can't I do something to relieve you from your paint
Poor little boy, I'm afraid you have a fever;
I'll go bring my papa, we'll have you well again.

Long years have flown by, that lad now is a man,
And the head of a firm of great wealth;
He had worked night and day-strove to merit the love
Of that lass who had nursed him to health;
No task seemed too hard, nor no effort too great;
No obstacles seemed to appall,
For the love which he cherished was ever in mind;
She was life to him, happiness, all;
At last they were married, his joy was complete
As into his mansion he bore
That sweet gentle woman who, when a young girl,
Had called at his tenement door.-Chorus.