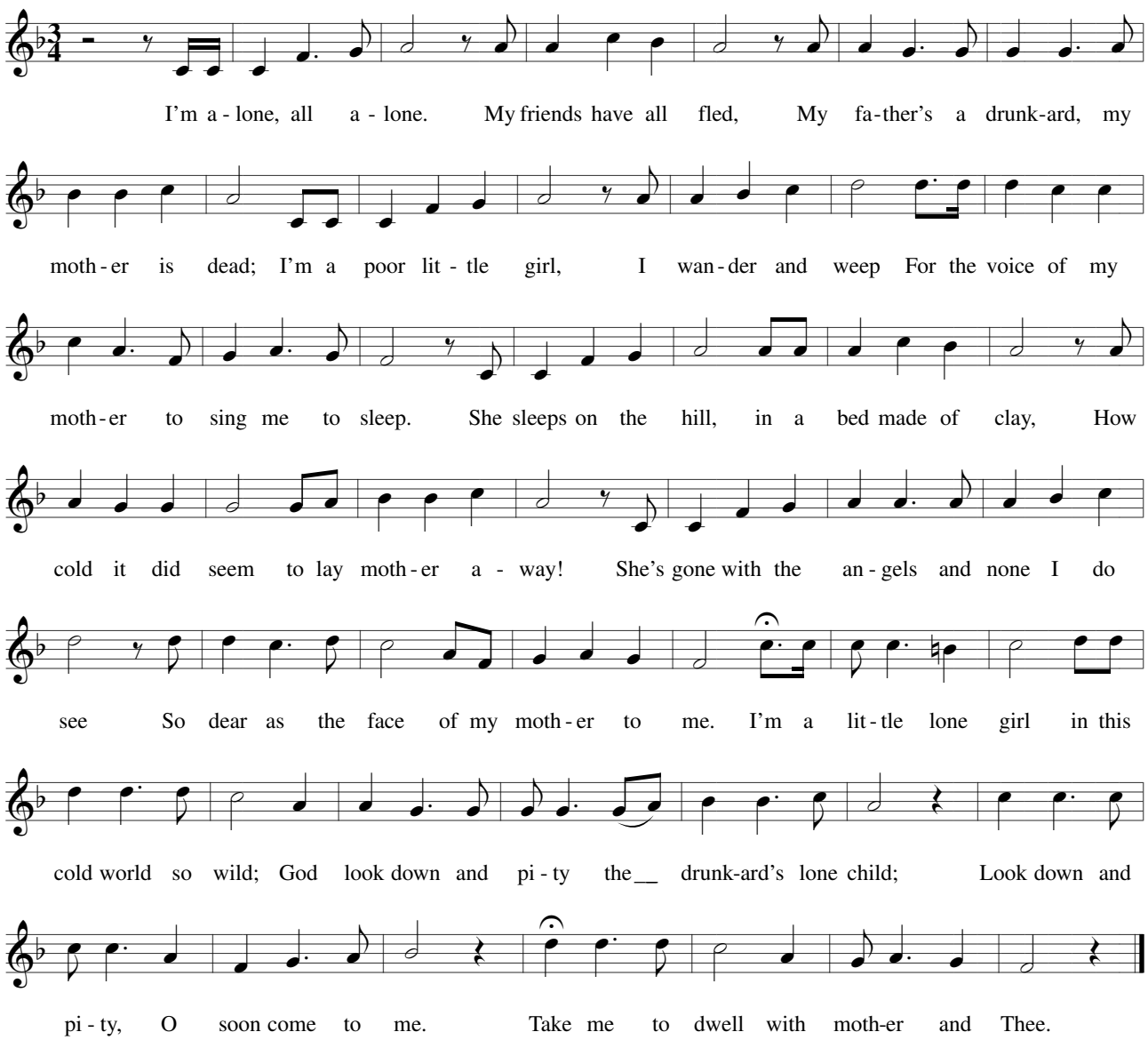
I'm a - lone, all a - lone. My friends have all fled, My fa-ther's a drunk-ard, my
moth - er is dead; I'm a poor lit - tle girl, I wan - der and weep For the voice of my
moth - er to sing me to sleep. She sleeps on the hill, in a bed made of clay, How
cold it did seem to lay moth - er a - way! She's gone with the an - gels and none I do
see So dear as the face of my moth - er to me. I'm a lit - tle lone girl in this
cold world so wild; God look down and pi - ty the__ drunk-ard's lone child; Look down and
pi - ty, O soon come to me. Take me to dwell with moth-er and Thee.