

The Flower Girl

Underneath the gaslight-glimmer
 Stands a little fragile girl
 Heedless of the night-winds bitter
 As they round about her whirl
 While the hundreds pass unheeding
 In the evening's waning hours
 Still she cries with cheerful pleading
 Wont you buy my pretty flowers
 Chorus

There are many sad and weary
 In this pleasant land of ours
 Crying every night so dearly
 Wont you buy my pretty flowers
 2

Ever coming ever going
 Men and women hurry by
 Heedless of the tear-drops gleaming
 In her sad and wistful eye
 How her little heart is sighing
 In the cold and dreary hours
 Only listen to her crying
 Wont you buy my pretty flowers
 3

Not a loving word to cheer me
 From the passers by is heard
 Not a friend to linger near me
 With a heart by pity stirred
 Homeward goes the tide of fashion
 Seeking pleasures pleasure's doors
 None to hear with sad compassion
 Wont you buy my pretty flowers

End