

The Tramp On The Street

Hank Thompson

Only a tramp was Lazarus sad fate
He who lay down at the rich man's gate
He begged for some crumbs from the rich man to eat
But they left him to die like a tramp on the street.
He was some mother's darlin', he was some mother's son
Once he was fair and once he was young
Some mother once rocked him, her darlin' to sleep
But they left him to die like a tramp on the street.
Jesus, He died on Calvary's tree
Shed His life's blood for you and for me
They pierced His side, His hands and His feet
And they left Him to die like a tramp on the street.
He was Mary's own darlin', he was God's chosen Son
Once He was fair and once He was young
Mary, she rocked Him, her darlin' to sleep
But they left Him to die like a tramp on the street.
If Jesus should come and knock on your door
For a place to come in, or bread from your store
Would you welcome Him in, or turn Him away
Then the God's would deny you on the Great Judgement Day.
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