

The Match Girl

The Tiger Lillies

The little match girl her homes cold and bleak
It's almost as cold as on the street
But if she returns to her home so cold
Her father will beat her no matches she's sold
The little match girl her homes cold and bare
No toys and no fire she will find there
Her mother for her doesn't much care
And her father will beat her if she goes there
The match girl's roof the wind whistles through
With nothing to eat and nothing to do
But if she returns to her home so cold
Her father will beat her no matches she's sold