In the chilling night winds the stillness dark and deep,
I'm wondering so lonely, I have no place to sleep,
For poverty has struck me with his iron hand,
And left me lonely wandering in a strange land.

As sung by Mannings Minstrels, Dearborn Theatre, Chicago, Ills
and respectfully dedicated to Mr. Wm. E. Manning.

Words by Music by Philip Storer Edmund Clark.

For sale by LYON & HEALY Chicago.
Words by PHILIP STONER.

Piano.

I. I

am a lone-ly stran-ger,
I don't know where to go,
In

lamps are burn-ing dim-ly,
The watch-man on his beat,
Is

all this crowd-ed ci-ty,
No friend-ly face I know,
No

si- lent-ly pa-trol-ing,
The dark de-sert-ed street,
And
friend-ly voice to tell me What course I shall pur-sue,
in the chill-ly night winds The still-ness dark and deep,
I'm faint be-wil-dered lone-ly, I don't know what to do,
wan-der-ing so lone-ly, I have no place to sleep, My
humb-ly crave as-sist-ance, From each one pass-ing by
But clothes are worn and rag-ged, My shoes are near-ly through
My no one stops to aid me. For no one heeds my cry.....
feet are cold and pain-ing. My head is ach-ing too.....
Oh, I'm so faint with hunger
I scarce can lift a hand,
Oh, poverty has stricken
Me with his iron hand,
And I'm a lonely wanderer
In a stranger's land,
Left me lonely wandering
In a stranger's land.

Chorus.
I don't know what to do,
I don't know where to go,
I'm
faint be-wil-dered lone-ly My brain is whirl-ing so, I'm

faint be-wil-dered lone-ly My brain is whirl-ing so, I'm

wea-ry oh so wea-ry, But no one heeds my cry, No
friendly voice to cheer me I'm left alone to die.

friendly voice to cheer me I'm left alone to die.