

## **Nobody's Children**

Huddled in the dark around the fire  
Thomas Barnado taught the poor.  
He was feeling very tired having worked all day  
When an unknown boy walked through the door.  
"I've finished," he said, "It's time to go home,  
Come back tomorrow and I'll teach you more."

Doctor Barnado,  
Foster Father to nobody's children,  
Doctor Barnado,  
Foster Father to nobody's children.

All the ragged children left for home,  
But this new boy moved closer in  
He was very very cold and hungry too  
And he asked to stay awhile with him.  
"But you must go home, it's getting so late,  
Tell me your name." "My name is Jim"

Doctor Barnado,  
Foster Father to nobody's children,  
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Foster Father to nobody's children.

"Won't your mother worry if you're late?"  
"I ain't got no-one anyway!"  
"So where do you go to sleep and rest your head  
And how do you live from day to day?"  
"I sleep in the market, Whitechapel Road,  
Curled up in one of them carts of hay"

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Foster Father to nobody's children,  
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Foster Father to nobody's children.

This was shocking news to this caring man  
He had to see what could be done.  
He went along with Jim to see the boys.  
His greatest challenge had begun.  
He started his homes for children like these  
So shelter and care would be for everyone.

Doctor Barnado,  
Foster Father to nobody's children,  
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Foster Father to nobody's children.