

I'm a man that's done wrong to his parents



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beg starve or die, in the gut-ter to lie, and ne'er en-ter their dwell-ing no more. I'm a



man that's done wrong to my par-ents, and dai-ly I wan-der a - bout, to

I'm a man that's in trouble and sorrow, that once was lighthearted and gay,
Not a coin in this world can I borrow, Since my own I have squandered away.
I once wronged my father and mother, They turned me out from their door
To beg, starve or die, in the gutter to lie, And ne'er enter their dwelling no more.
I'm a man that's done wrong to my parents, and daily I wander about
To earn a small mite, for my lodgings at night, God help me, for now I'm cast out.

Then my father will say when he meets me, "You beggar, you still are at large.
But mind, sir, that you don't come near m, or by heaven, I'll give you in charge.
My mother, poor things broken-hearted, To meet me she oft times will try
For to give me a crown, with her head hanging down, And a tear rolling out of her eye.

I'd a sister as married a squire, She'll ne'er look nor speak now to me,
Because in this world she's much higher With servants in rich livery.
Then the girl that I once loved so dearly, Is dying, heart-broken, they say,
And there, on her bed, she is praying, near dead And still for the outcast doth pray.

Kind friends, now from me take a warning, And hearken to what I've told you,
And I hope on this (dress) your not scorning, For you don't know what you may come to.
So I'll try to be honest and upright, And do all the good that I can
And I'll hold up my face, and recover my place, And prove to my friends I'm a man