A Man's A Man, Though Dressed In Rags - song lyrics

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A Man's a Man, though Dressed in Rags.
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Words and Music by Tim Kenny.

Our paths in life are wide and far, like oceans in a storm;
How many people do we meet are ragged and forlorn;
We must not get discouraged when we misfortune meet;
Many a poor and honest man has begged upon the street.

Chorus.
Don't push him down, but let him raise;
Perhaps he's seen some better days;
So keep him out and make no brags,
For a man's a man, though dressed in rags.

There Is an old-time motto song, to live and let one live;
So if you meet them in distress, your aid do freely give;
Every dog will have his day; we little know our last;
The sun might shine on you to-day, to-morrow it has passed.-Chor.

The poor man labors every day, some work from morn till night,
And if they ask for better pay, they're told they have no right;
For some of them are rich men, rolling in wealth untold,
Yet if the workman did not toil, they could not make their gold.-Chorus.