The Wanderer's Tale - song lyrics

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THE WANDERER'S TALE.
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Words by H. W. Pattea. Music by P. W. Duncan.

You ask me, sir, why I'm a tramp, and forced to beg and steal-
I'll tell you if you'll wait a bit, and listen to my tale:
'Twas but a few short years ago a happy home I had;
And wife and child, so dear to me, each night would welcome Dad;
I lost my job and sickness came, both ends I strived to meet.
Until one cold and bitter day they turned us in the street,
And that's the reason I'm a tramp and beg from town to town;
The friends* I had are friends no more, since I am broken down.

Chorus.
When a man has wealth and fame, and lives on easy street,
Friends will honor your good name, and smile whenever you meet,
But when you're going down the hill, they'll pass you with a frown.
The friends you had are friends no more, because you're broken down.

One day while I was seeking work in vain from door to door,
A scoundrel took my wife away, I've never seen her more;
It was a man who tried to win her love in days gone by:
And when misfortune frowned on me, she to his arms did fly;
But if I ever find this man. and meet him face to face.
A reckoning I will have with him, and bring him to disgrace;
And that's the reason I'm a tramp, And beg from town to town:
The friend I trusted stole my wife, and now I'm broken down.-Chorus.

What's that t see, you turn away. a tear Is in your eye-
Tes, what I've said is but the truth, I've never told a lie.
What! you will take me to your home, a trump from out the street, -
Once more to lie a man again, at last a friend I meet.
And food and clothing I shall have, oh, sir, you are too kind.
I promise from this day in me a better man you'll find.
Thank God, no more I'll have to roam, or beg from town to town:
I've found a friend who lends a band to a man that's broken down.- Chorus.