

I'm a Man that's done wrong to my Parents

The musical score is written on six staves in a single system. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is simple and expressive, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: "I'm a man that's in trou-ble and sor-row, That once was light-heart-ed and gay; Not a coin in this world can I bor-row, Since my own I have squan-der'd a - way — I once wronged my fath-er and moth-er, Till they turned me out from their door, To beg, starve or die, in the gut-ter to lie, And ne'er en-ter their dwell-ings no more. I'm a man that's done wrong to my par-ents, And dai-ly I wan-der a - bout, To earn a small mite for my lodg-ing at night, God help me, for now I'm cast out!"

I'm a man that's in trou-ble and sor-row, That once was light-heart-ed and gay;
Not a coin in this world can I bor-row, Since my own I have squan-der'd a - way —
I once wronged my fath-er and moth-er, Till they turned me out from their door,
To beg, starve or die, in the gut-ter to lie, And ne'er en-ter their dwell-ings no more.
I'm a man that's done wrong to my par-ents, And dai-ly I wan-der a - bout,
To earn a small mite for my lodg-ing at night, God help me, for now I'm cast out!

I'm a man that's in trouble and sorrow,
That once was light-hearted and gay;
Not a coin in this world can I borrow,
Since my own I have squander'd away
I once wronged my father and mother,
Till they turned me out from their door,
To beg, starve or die, in the gutter to lie,
And ne'er enter their dwellings no more.

(Chorus)

I'm a man that's done wrong to my parents,
And daily I wander about,
To earn a small mite for my lodging 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,
And mind, Sir, that you don't come near me,
Or by heaven I will give you in charge."
My mother, poor thing, 's broken-hearted,
To meet me she oftentimes 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 that married a squire,
She'll ne'er look, nor speak unto me;
Because in this world she's much higher
And rides in her carriage so free.
Then the girl that I once loved so dearly,
Is dying broken-hearted, they say,
And there on her bed she is lying, near dead,
And now for her outcase doth pray.

Kind friends, now from me take a warning,
From what I have just said to you;
And I hope in my dress you won't scorn me,
For you don't know what you may come to;
And I try to be honest and upright,
And do all the good that I can,
And I try all I know to get on in this world
And prove to my friends I'm a man.