

You're Born, But You're Not Buried Yet - song lyrics

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You're Born, but You're not Buried yet
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In this age of great learning when people have riches
Not a thought do they give to the poor.
They think they will never have a misfortune,
Tho' to some it will come I am sure;
How well I remember the words of my mother,
As she toyed with the curls on ray head;
I've had reason to think of them in recent years,-
Those words that my dear mother said.

Chorus.
Treat all men with kindness whatever their station.
And your favors you'll never regret;
Never faugh at a man when he's down in the gutter,
For you re born, but you're not burled yet.

One day an old man who was tir'd, ill and footsore
Sat down on a curbstone to rest,
When the boys of the street gathered around him
Just to plague him In ways they thought best;
Some one grabbed his old cane, while another young rascal
Knocked the hat from the old man's gray head,
he stood up with flush'd face all heated with passion,
While these words in a tremor he said;-Chorus.

Some men you will find who are constantly smiling.
While others like dogs have their growl;
The former man finds that his friends number main .
While the latter gains few by his scowl.
The man who is cheerful you'll find toiling daily
To earn for his little ones bread;
The growler is shunn'd by respectable people,
For he scorn'd what his poor mother said.-Chorus.