

The Clothes Don't Make The Man - song lyrics

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The Clothes Don't Make the Man.

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Words by Calvin Rankin. Music by Richard G. Mann.

If fortune upon you bestows
Her smiles so sunny bright,
Do not forget a comrade's woes,
Who basks not in her light.
Don't shun him if he's poorly clad.
While you're dressed spick and span;
Recall to mind these words, my lad,
'The clothes don't make the man.
Remember that the fickle dame's
Displeasure you may feel,
And you with him may places change
At turn of fortune's wheel.

Chorus.

If you're upon the sunny side of Easy Street, my boy,
Don't let a false and foolish pride your manliness alloy,
Don't snub a comrade on the street he cause his clothes are worn.
A heart as true as steel may beat beneath his raiment torn,
Just greet him with a cheering word, assist him all you can,
For you, of course, have often heard, the clothes don't make the man.

If he is in distress, extend
A willing, helping hand,
And let him see you're still his friend,
And that by him you'll stand.
Encourage him by word and deed,
With hearty handshake, too,
Alleviate his present need,
Do all a friend should do.
For you some day may want his aid,
You Can't all things- discern,
Dame fortune is a fickle jade,
And oft the tables turn.- Chorus.

Do as you would have others do
Were you in need of aid,
And you will cast a brighter hue
Where there was naught but shade.
If you a luckless comrade meet,
Assist him all you can;
Your heart with warmer throb will beat,
You'll feel a better man.
For charity's its own reward,
Like bread on waters cast.
And what you give will be restored
Ten-fold to you at last.- Chorus.