

A Brother's Love The Vagrant Son - song lyrics

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A BROTHER'S LOVE(The Vagrant Son)
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Words by Harry C. Clyde. Music by H. C. Verner.

A tramp once told the tale to me that I'll relate to you.
He said, I've not been always thus, once better days I knew;
My home was in a mansion, where all things were of the best.
I had a darling sister then, with beauty she was blest;
I loved her but too fondly, for I sacrificed my home.
And heard my father's curses as he drove me forth to roam.

Chorus.
A poor and vagrant son, an outcast, wand'ring one
I bore my father's curse and roamed away;
'Tis for a sister's sake the scorn of man I take-
That's why I am without a home to-day.

My sister had a suitor, who had naught but love to give,
She cared for him with passion that was born to ever live;
And tempted by the love, alas, that knows no wrong or right,
From father's safe she took a sum to aid them in their flight.
'Twas I who caught them in the theft at silent midnight time,
'Twas I who saw them both escape and leave their mark of crime.-Chorus.

I heard my father's footstep coming from the room above-
She was my sister, and no tongue could ever tell my love:
My only thought was how to save her name from such disgrace,
And though, from that day unto this, I've never met her face,
I let my father think that I had been the guilty thief;
He drove me forth, a vagrant son, to life of shame and grief.- Chorus.