

A Stranger's Story - song lyrics

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A STRANGER'S STORY.

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The lights were brightly burning on a cold and winter's night
In a tavern at the corner, 'twas a scene of splendor bright;
Its walls and decorations like a palace grand in style.
There rich men 'round the fireside sat, told stories for the while;
A stranger, who had entered there, stood list'ning to their talk;
Though young he looked, his hair was white, but steady was his walk.
"Excuse me, gentlemen," he said, "a story I'll relate;
It's old but new, 'tis strange but true, worked by the hand of fate.

Refrain.

"I'll tell a story"-this the stranger said-

"I'll tell of those that loved me once, now numbered with the dead.

Yours is joy and pleasure, and a peaceful life;

My poor heart is breaking for my babes and wife.

"'Twas in the late rebellion that I went to fight my share;
My wife and little children I left in an old friend's care.
Through falsehood and deceit, I found, he made her think me dead;
Then married and mistreated her, he broke her heart and fled.
When I returned, I found her grave, the babies, too, were there;
And then, upon my bended knees, to heaven sent a pray'r,
I must avenge their wrongs," he said; then went out in the night.
He left tears in the eyes of those that just before were bright. - Refrain.