

# Stories We Read Every Day - song lyrics

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STORIES WE READ EVERY DAY

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In this world of care and sorrow, oft-times sights will come to view,  
Poverty, distress and sickness, dissipation, death comes too:  
Things that seem to us so common, scenes that oft-times make one start,  
Now and then we read the story of another broken heart;  
See that widowed mother toiling all day for her children's bread,  
Fondly cherishing the mem'ry of her dear, departed dead,  
Sickness comes and then privations, then the landlord comes for rent,  
When she tells him, I've no money, out into the street she's sent.

Chorus.

Life's story told o'er again,  
With all its sorrow and pain;  
Keep that motto In view,  
Do to others as you would wish them to do you the same;  
Oft a kind word now and then  
Will help some poor soul on their way.  
Beggars, hungry and poor, some will turn from their door,  
Are stories we read every day.

There, before a judge and jury, sits a pris'ner, young In years,  
Charged with theft by his employer, pleading innocence in tears.  
Hark! the judge has called the pris'ner, come before me now, he said,  
Where's your parents, asked his honor. There sits mother, father's dead;  
Then the judge removed his glasses, as that mother rose and said:  
"Please, your honor, show him mercy. Won't you sentence me instead?"  
Your honor, said the prosecutor, the lightest punishment's two years.  
Stop, sir; I'll discharge the pris'ner, then the court-room rang with cheers.  
-Chorus.