The Way of the World

Words Henry Lawson 1896 Tune David Johnson 2000



When fairer faces turn from me and gayer friends grow cold, And I have lost through poverty the friendship bought with gold; When I have served the selfish turn of some all-wordly few, And Folly's lamps have ceased to burn, then I'll come back to you.

When my admirers find I'm not the rising star they thought, And praise or blame is all forgot my early pronise brought; When brighter rivals lead a host where once I led a few, And kinder times reward their boast, then I'll come back to you.

You loved me, not for what I had or what I might have been. You saw the good, but not the bad, was kind for that between. I know that you'll forgive again - that you will judge me true: I'll be too tired to explain when I come back to you.