Campbell Glen "Fate of Man"

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Pity a man
For he don't know
The trouble he'll pass
Going down life's road

When a man is one and twenty, he thinks he knows it all He can't see down the road of life where he'll ever fall But fall he will as he travels through life With all its pitfalls troubles and strife

Now at fifty, he's going real strong He has him a family and a nice little home But old age is creeping up his spine And the day is coming when the sun won't shine

Now at sixty, he won't have to guess He's already missed the boat that leads to success But he's done his best and he can't see why The fame of life just passed him by

Now at seventy, he can see the light And he knows he's never been very bright But he's done his best as he's traveled by And now all he can do is just sit and sigh

Pity a man
For he don't know
The trouble he'll pass
Going down life's road

Now at eighty, he's ready for the wreath He's wore out his hair and two sets of teeth He has rheumatism in his hands and feet And nothing seems good to eat

So you can pity him as he goes up the line As he wobbles on the spindle and he's almost blind And you can tell by the way that he travels alone That it won't be long before he's going home

But if he's kept the commandments as he's traveled through life

He'll have a home in heaven where there'll be no strife He's worked all his life to get things the way he wants them He comes here against his will and he goes away disappointed

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