

# He's All Right - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

HE'S ALL RIGHT!

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This world is quite inquisitive at times,  
And the questions people ask would fill a book,  
There's one that is the subject of my rhymes,  
I ask you now upon the case to look;  
No matter whether young or growing gray,  
On every side we hear it asked to-day.  
Where'er our footsteps tend: "What's the matter with your friend?"  
He's all right! you are quite sure to say.

Refrain.

He's all right! He's all right!  
We are willing and quick to defend;  
Wherever we may go, everybody wants to know;  
"O, I say, what's the matter with your friend?"

They often speak of all our greatest men.  
Yet they mention such with feelings of respect,  
For though they joke a little now and then,  
Each high position all will recollect;  
The foremost in the land they will array,  
And thus we often hear them brought to bay:  
"How's Grover? " (no harm meant) "'S'matter with the President?"  
He's all right! you are quite sure to say.-Refrain.

They ready are to own a gallant act,  
"It's no matter who the handsome deed may do,  
Quite promptly they acknowledge such a fact,  
Though it may be a home or foreign crew;  
In yachting there is never boyish play,  
When Burgess, Paine and Half get under weigh,  
"Where's Thistle?." "In the rear!" "'S'matter with the 'Volunteer?'"  
She's all right! you are quite sure to say.-Refrain.

There is a pleasant pastime I recall,  
'Tis the game that is called National by some,  
I mean the sport familiar called base ball,  
Now worrying the "boys " like "kingdom come;"  
Some clubs are good at this exciting play,  
But others very very far away.  
Beat record if you can, "Smaller out in Michigan?"  
They're all right! you are quite sure to say.-Refrain.

America will welcome the oppressed,  
All the poor and humble of the olden world,  
She gives them labor, freedom, peace and rest,  
Beneath the grandest banner yet unfurled;  
The monarchs of the world are held at bay,  
Our land is made the marvel of the day,  
To foes we'll close our gates, "'S'matter with the United States?"  
They're all right! you are quite sure to say.-Refrain.