

The Man That Knew The Actors - song lyrics

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The Man That Knew the Actors.

Of a queer young man I'm going to tell,
And every one of you know him well,
He's rather a sort of a dizzy swell,
The man that knew the actors;
He knew every actor, both East and West,
The highest, the lowest, the least, the best,
In fact he would never give you a rest,
The man that knew the actors.

He knew Frank Girard. Charles White and Pat Rooney,
When he spoke of Add Ryman he nearly went "looney,"
He knew both the Tonys, Pastor and Hart,
And he said he gave Harrigan his very first start;
He knew John Wild. Johnny Shay and Billy Gray,
And he knew Billy Thompson wrote many a play.
He knew Billy Barry as well as his mother.
And Frank Bennett to him was dear as a brother;
Watson and Ellis he knew thoroughly well,
And he put in the business John and Harry Kernell.

He knew the Deveres, both Samuel and Billy,
And Fields and Hanson, who knocked the "guys "silly;
Gus Williams, he said, is a great friend of mine,
"He eats nothing but birds, and drinks nothing but wine;"
Lew Simmonds and Richmond are two of his pards,
And Sanford and Wilson enjoy his regards.
Bily Emerson and Newcomb are two of his friends,
And to Schoolcraft and Coes his best wish extends;
He knew Hughey Dougherty, and of him spoke well,
And he lived in the same house with Senator Bell;
Delehanty and Hengler. Harry Thompson and McKee
Were many times out with him on a good "spree."

He gave Charley Diamond his first lesson in music,
And writes all the songs for Bill Morton and Gulick;
He knows Backus and Wambold, And fat Billy Birch,
They introduced him to Thatcher one day in a church;
Billy Carter. Jacques Kruger, and himself are quite thick,
He knows all the Nortons, including one they call Nick.
Milt Barlow, George Wilson, West and Primrose,
Wouldn't lose his good will for a million of shows;
He knows Larry Tooley, Joe Lang and Ned West,
And Cummings and Harrington his friendship attest;
He knew Quilter and Goldrich, and old Walter Bray,
In fact, he knows every actor in the country to-day.

He knows people that were dead for ninety-nine years,
And whenever he spoke of them he always shed tears;
A Mick who was listening to him a couple of hours,
Said: "Do you know a young man by the name of Ed Powers?"
He said he did not; and could you suppose
That the terrier thumped him square on the nose,
Saying : "You're a liar! "as his ear he did eat,
And made kick at his neck as he ran in the street,
And now he knows no actor.