

Old Pals - song lyrics

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OLD PALS.

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Written by Harry Boden. Arranged by John S. Baker.

The happiest hours in man's career are those, I think, he spends
With genial-hearted, honest men, who claim the title. "Friends!"
We meet with many new ones, but, as on the game still goes,
Who can deny the best of all we ever meet are those -

Chorus.

Old pals, dear pals, pals both firm and true!

Tried pals, who as pals have always been to you.

Thro' sun and rain still the same, the best we ever knew

Are the good old pals who never, never alter!

When luck goes wrong, as oft it will, acquaintances are few;

We look, but only look in vain, for those we once thought true;

At such a time the new found ones your company will shun.

Then what can cheer the heart up more than just to meet with one.-Chorus.

We cannot always hold the cash, misfortune comes to all;

One day we're in the stirrups And next go to the wall;

But be our luck the good or bad, as fortune's die may cast,

The ones we'll always cherish and stand true to till the last:- Chorus.