

He's A Good Old Has Been - song lyrics

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HE'S A GOOD OLD "HAS BEEN."

Written and Composed by Harry Dacre.

In ev'ry noble city In this wondrous world of ours
We meet with squalid beggars who have once been mighty powers;
They tell their tales of misery in many different ways,
And soon it is apparent they have seen much better days.
Some of these tales are piteous, and wring our hearts with pain,
While some of them will make us laugh until we cry again.
A red-nosed crossing-sweeper says, "I've been rich as a lord.
But lost my money on the turf and through a banking fraud."

Chorus.

He's a good old" has been "of days gone by,
A good old "has been," but that don't signify;
He's lost his popularity, and that is worse than crime,
No matter what he may have been once upon a time; he's a once upon a time.

A judge is list'ning calmly to a melancholy case-
A lady charged with damaging a gentle policeman's face.
But hark! she speaks her own defense, let's hear what she's to say.
"Look here, your worship, I'm a lady gone a bit astray;
I used to have a fortune, till my husband took to drink,
Then lower, lower, lower we both commenced to sink;
At Queen Victoria's Court I was presented years ago.
But times have altered now-I'm often presented here, you know."

Chorus.

She's a good old "has been" of days gone by,
A good old "has been," but that don't signify;
She's lost her popularity, and that is worse than crime,
No matter what she may have been once upon a time; she's a once upon a time.

Now, see this poor old animal, as bony as a crab.
Held up by shafts belonging to a most unhandsome cab;
We're told it is a horse, and yet can scarcely think it true-
"By jingo," says the cabby, "he has won the Derby, too!
Ah! that old horse was once the rage, and fairly went the pace,
And as for hurdles, bless your heart, he always won the race;
They called him ' Spitfire '-what do you say? 'They shot him long ago!
You're wrong, And take the tip from me, you see, sir, 'cause I know.-Chorus.

I met a man in seedy clothes, with rough, unshaven chin,
With patent ventilated boots to let the water in;
Says he, "I am an actor, And my name is Gregson Funk,
The star who took the leading part in 'Miss Maria Monk.'
Ah! well can I remember when the walls of Drury Lane
Have rung with shouts, and wreaths have fallen on the stage like rain;
I've had to bow and bow, like so, before the panting horde,
But now somehow the 'boards' don't pay, and I can't pay my board." -Cho.

Now, see this man with grizzled beard and features roughly kind,
A noble face, with eyes whose glance predicts a noble mind.
But, ah! what sad misfortune hath deformed that manly frame?
He answers me. but not without some diffidence and shame-
"Misfortune, sir? I think you'll own this life can have no charm
For men whose lower limbs are crushed, and only have one arm.
At Balaclava, in the charge, my life I threw away"-
And now he gets a pension of a few odd pence a day.

Chorus.

He's a good old "has been "of days gone by,
A brave old soldier, but that don't signify;
He's lost his limbs for country's sake, was ruined in ale prime;
Forgotten now the way he fought once upon a time.