

# The Good Young Man Who Died - song lyrics

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

The Good Young Man Who Died.

Words by H. P. Stephens. Music by Edward Solomon.

He has left this world for a brighter sphere;  
There's a neat little head-stone o'er him,  
Telling how much we held him dear,  
And how deeply we deplore him;  
But that cannot tell how we miss his ways,  
Our friend, philosopher, and guide;  
For years to come we shall sing in praise  
Of the good young man who died:  
Oh! the good young man who died, my friends,  
The good young man who died,  
He never murdered flies And he said he hated lies,  
The good young man who died.

He would never drink Bass or Guinness's beer,  
He would faint at the name of porter,  
And aveer'd that he saved two hundred a year  
By consuming filtered water;  
He never smoked a pipe or Havana cigars,  
Because he was ill whene'er he tried.  
But he did fancy work for the best bazaars,  
Did the good young man who died;  
Oh! the good young man who died, my friends,  
The good young man who died,  
He was meek as a lamb and he never said d---  
The good young man who died.

He ne'er visited theatres except with a pass,  
For he looked upon plays as baneful.  
And whene'er he did go he would whisper, "Alas!  
Oh, this exhibition's painful."  
Then he'd send to some of the actresses notes,  
With highly moral tracts inside.  
Rebuking the shortness of their petticoats,  
Would the good young man who died;  
Oh! the good young man who died, my friends,  
The good young man who died,  
He never gave a handle to any sort of scandal,  
The good young man who died.

He would go to a race and say he had lost,  
And descant on the ways of sinners;  
He would reckon the sum that the trip had cost,  
Though he always named the winners.  
He didn't know how to play billiards or pool,  
Or the niceties of "screw" and "side"  
But he managed to beat his opponent, as a rule,  
Did the good young man who died;  
Oh, the good young man who died, my friends,  
The good young man who died,  
There were few who could resist the hands he held at whist.  
The good young man who died.