

# Picture Eighty-four - song lyrics

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PICTURE EIGHTY-FOUR

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Words by Chas. B. Ward. Music by Gussie L. Davis.

On a pleasant day in summer at the central station door  
Stopped a carriage with a couple, out sight-seeing, nothing more:  
And the gray-haired sup'rintendent kindly showed them through the place.  
First of all the great rogues' gall'ry, where they gazed on many a face,  
diameters of all descriptions-some were famous men of crime,  
Some were dead and some at freedom, some of them were serving time;  
Some had stories interesting, as the man explained them o'er,  
But the woman fainted when she gazed on picture eighty-four.  
'Twas the picture of her father, there among the men of crimes;  
Though now a man of honor, but this tells of other times.  
Now he lives in style and splendor, worth a million now or more,  
Still his picture's in the gall'ry, picture eighty-four.

"Listen, I will tell the story," said the sup'rintendent then.  
"Though that picture's of your father, we have pictures of worse men,  
Men whose conscience know no limit, would do anything for gold,  
Men with lives they do not value, child, the half has not been told.  
Once your father was a forger, forged a check, which brought him shame;  
Though this gall'ry holds his picture, 'tis known by another name.  
You were not born when this happened, it was many years ago,  
And the world is none the wiser, still it's picture eighty-four."  
'Twas the picture of her father, etc.