

She Once Was A Millionaire - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

She once was a millionaire.

Copyright, 1896, by Frank Harding.

By Charles Graham.

Will you help a poor man on, sir-buy a pencil, please, from me;
I once had wealth, was happy, sir, and not the wreck you see;
So said a weary peddler, as I passed him by one night,
A picture of despair and want beneath the gleaming light;
His voice was quite familiar, and his face I thought I knew,
And so I stopped a little while, exchanged a word or two;
I found he was an old-time friend, a rich man years ago;
"Why, what's gone wrong, old man," I said, "why have you gone sot"

Refrain.

He once was a millionaire, he once had a charming wife,
And a sweet little maid, who, the neighbors said, was the sunshine of his life;
He's homeless and friendless now, for nothing he seems to care,
Begging his way on the streets each day, though he once was a millionaire.

With startled look, at last he said, "What, Tom! you've changed a lot;
You're looking well and prosp'rous, while these rags are all I've got;
I never look for sympathy, the fault is all my own,
But I have lost all nature, Tom, since my lass Nelly's gone;
My wife, she left me long ago, a heavy blow for me;
I prayed I might forget her, and no more her face should see;
I only wish to be alone, for life I do not care,
That's why I am a beggar, who was once a millionaire." -Refrain.