

Oh He Was A Good Young Man - song lyrics

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Oh! He Was a Good Young Man.
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Now there was a young man, and he listened to advice
And resolved to retire early;
As the clock struck nine, he was there on time-
Oh, he was a good young man!
On one dark night the house was burned,
And now he's up to heaven gone;
Yet he might have been alive,-

Spoken-" Had he scrambled in at dawn!"
Excuse this interruption. Now, why didn't he come home In the morning.
about 4 o'clock, like all the rest of the boys? Some one told him to go to bed
early. Foolish boy!

Chorus.
So you see, dear friends, that the moral is,
"Advice you must not always take,"
Or you, too, like this good young man,
Will make a big mistake.
As you go through life, just do as you please,
Or the very, very best that you can,
Or when too late, you'll share the fate
Of this goody, good young man.

Now there was a young man, and he listened to advice,
And resolved that he'd raise whiskers,
So he'd shave and shave, and no dimes he'd save-
Oh, he was a good young man!
His whiskers grew to six feet two;
Wherever he would go, the wind
It would blow, and it would snow,

Spoken-And a cyclone you'd find!
Excuse this interruption but this is a true story! Unfortunate young man.
the victim of good advice. A huge wind caught him up into the clouds, and
the last time he was heard of he was hanging just over Kansas City, and all the
people for miles around thought he was a new comet. It's a true story. Don't
you believe it?-Chorus.

Now there was a young man, and he listened to advice,
And he resolved that he would marry,
So a widow he asked his wife to be-
Oh, he was a good young man!
The first she did, this witching "wid,"
She had her tootsie's life insured.
He got wed, and now he's dead-

Spoken-Of marriage he is cured.
He was a friend of mine, and the very last words he uttered were, that he
never would get married again. Well, he's gone now; there's no use of crying
about it. I feel just as bad as you.- Chorus.

Now there was a young man, and he listened to advice,
He'd his ma-in-law treat kindly,
And unto his home ask the dear to come-
Oh, he was a good young man!
His hair turned gray right off, they say,
And he's in the asylum now:
So don't take too much advice,

Spoken-Is written on his alabaster brow.
Poor young man! Haven't you all been there?-Chorus.