There Are Others, Willie - song lyrics

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

THERE ARE OTHERS, WILLIE.

Copyright, 1896, by A Scull & Co.
Words and Music by Chas. E. Casey.

A father was giving his only son some very good advice;
He longed to give the lad a chance, but he didn't have the price,
"I can't afford to send you to Yale," the old man began,
"But nevertheless, dear Willie, I'll do the best I can.
Remember what I say. you'll find that it will pay,
Don't think you know it all, for there are others.
"There are others, Willie, there are others;
There are others, Willie, lots of others.
If you think you own the town they'll surely call you down.
For there's others, Willie, there are others.

** 'Twas at a picnic, Willie, I met with two charming girls:
"Twits hard to tell which I liked best, they both had such pretty curls.
But I was gone on Kale it seemed, we wandered side by side,
And just for sport I asked her to be my little bride.
She promptly answered no, and when she turned to go,
I took sweet Mamie's head and said, there's others.
There are others, Willie, there are others;
There are others, Willie, lots of others.
Now Katie she was sweet, almost good enough to eat,
But there's others, Willie, there are others.

There is a dude, who thinks he's all alone upon this earth so grand,
And when it comes to self-conceit, I'm sure he beats the band;
His trolley badly needs repairing, sure, Gussie Is a clerk.
Be curries a club, he's a dub. selling ribbon is his work;
He's an indian for style, he makes the girls all smile,
I think he's still living, but there are others.
There are others, Willie, there are others;
There are others, Willie, lots of others.
Now when he goes to sleep no one will ever weep.
For there's others, Willie, there are others.

"A fakir was doing his best to sell his bunco soap,
He praised It In ten languages, and said that it would float;
They all crowded around in wonder, the fakir looked sad.
When tip dime Mister Ruben with a pretty little jag.
The gang commenced to laugh, they gave the rube the gaff,
The fakir wink'd his eye and said, 'Der'e unders.'
There are others, Willie, there are others;
There are others, Willie, lots of others;
Now the first man was a jay, but it's safe to say,
There are others, Willie, there are others."