HE WAS A CARELESS MAN.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED
BY Geo: Grossmith. Junr.

There was a man whose carelessness ob-tain'd for him a name, He
ne-ver looked at tradesmen's bills, or question'd an-y claim, He
thought that time was made for slaves, He grieved when folks were vex'd, And
ne-ver did a thing to-day, that could be done the next.

He was a Careless Man.

Chorus.

He was a care-less man, He was a care-less

man, It troubled him much to think, he was such a

ver - y care-less man.

He was a careless man.

To pass as a phil-an-thropist, it was his con-stant aim, And no sub-scrip-tion

list appear'd with-out his no-ble name; Com-pared with his do-na-tion, ev-'ry

CHORUS.

-o-ther seem'd a speck, But pure ly through forgetful-ness, He, ne-ver sent his cheque. He

was a careless man, He was a careless man, It troubled him much to think he was such a

ve-ry careless man.

1

There was a man whose carelessness obtained for him a name,
He never looked at tradesmen's bills, or questioned any claim,
He thought that time was made for slaves, he grieved when folks were vex'd,
And never did a thing to-day, that could be done the next.

He was a careless man,
He was a careless man,
It troubled him much, to think he was such
A very careless man.

2

To pass as a philanthropist, it was his constant aim,
And no subscription list appeared without his noble name,
Compared with his donation, ev'ry other seem'd a speck,
But purely through forgetfulness he never sent his cheque.

CHORUS.

3

His generosity was thought to be his noblest gift,
He'd call a hansom cab to give a wealthy aunt a lift,
Altho' it was a fact, of which he then was unaware,
He always got out first, and left his aunt to pay the fare.

CHORUS.

4

His friends he very often asked to dinner, ball, or rout,
They hoped to find him *in,* of course, but always found him *out;*
He went to Margate last July and met with much reverse,
His friends there had to keep him, he forgot to take his purse.

CHORUS.

5

He took a *third* class ticket on the railway, but alas!
He was so very negligent, he travelled by *first* class;
He always had refreshment till he heard the station bell,
And when the train was moving off, he hurried off as well.

CHORUS.

6

He rarely lived in one place long, his nature was to roam,
And when the gas and poor-rates called, he never was at home;
He well insured his furniture, a caution wisely learnt,
But rashly spilt some paraffin, and ev'ry stick was burnt.

CHORUS.

7

Whene'er he went to any kind of party, I am told,
He always wore an overcoat, not only cheap, but old,
He hung it in the hall, and when he bade the host adieu,
Went off in some-one else's coat, that happened to be new.

CHORUS.