

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Floyd Collins

Floyd Collins

O come all ye good people, and listen while I tell,  
The fate of Floyd Collins, a lad we all know well.  
His face was fair and handsome, his heart was true and brave;  
His body now lies sleeping in a lonely sandstone cave.

"O mother, don't you worry; dear father, don't be sad;  
I'll tell you all my troubles in an awful dream I had.  
I dreamed I was a prisoner; my life I could not save.  
I cried, "O must I perish within this sandstone cave? "

The rescue party labored; they worked both night and day  
To move the mighty barriers that stood within the way.  
"To rescue Floyd Collins," this was their battle cry,  
"We'll never, no, we'll never let Floyd Collins die!"

But on that fatal morning, the sun rose in the skies;  
The workers still were busy, "We'll save him by and by."  
But O how sad the ending; his life could not be saved;  
His body then was sleeping in a lonely sandstone cave.

Young people, O take warning from Floyd Collins' fate,  
And get right with your Maker before it is too late.  
It may not be a sandstone cave in which we find our tomb,  
But at the bar of judgment we too will meet our doom.

From Ballads and Songs of Michigan, Gardner  
Collected from Miss Mabel Tuggle by Mrs. W.A.Drinkard, VA  
DT #769  
Laws G22  
RG  
oct96