

The Floor Gave Way - song lyrics

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

THE FLOOR GAVE WAY.

Copyright, 1893, by Francis, Day & Hunter.

Words by Albert Hall. Music by Pat. Rafferty.

Now once upon a time old Tim Casey gave a party
To the neighbors one And all around his neighborhood,
There was wagon loads of drinks, there all were gay and hearty,
Tho' Casey kept teetotal, just to see that they kept good.
And all through the night they were jigging, likewise reeling,
Tim Casey danced a polka with O'Brady's sister Kate,
But in the early morning's dawn there came a lot of squealing;
And of that merry party, I am sorry to relate:

Chorus.

That the floor gave way, and down they went,
Down below they had to go, over went the blooming show.
Up above they could not stay, for the rafters did a bust up
And the floor gave way.

Now once upon a time Danny Boyle went down the river,
Took his girl out for a sail and they felt no alarm;
But the weather was quite chilly, poor Dan had oft to shiver,
He went And got some whiskey, Just to keep him nice and warm.
The whiskey be drank, oh, it set Dan Doyle a-talking,
And as the boat got out to sea, he found an early grave,
For up And down the deck he got unsteady in his walking,
He went a step too far and tried to walk upon a wave:

Chorus.

And the floor gave way, and down he went,
Down below he had to go, over went the blooming show.
Up above he could not stay, for he tried to walk on water,
But the floor gave way.

A dear old pal of mine named Tim Daley went ballooning,
Took his sweetheart with him to investigate the sun;
For six hours in that balloon the couple sat a-spooning,
They lived on love and kisses and they shared a penny bun.
But when from the sun they'd got one mile and three-quarters,
Tim Daley swore by holy smoke it was the coast of France;
He said, I do not care a jot for either son or daughter,
He got outside of that balloon to do a song and dance:

Chorus.

And the floor gave way, and down he went,
Down below he had to go, over went the blooming show,
Up above he could not stay, for he tried to dance on nothing,
And the floor gave way.

Oh, once upon a time, my misguided, poor old father
Got in serious trouble and with mother had a fight,
There were whiskers flying 'round, with other things, well, rather,
And mother was a "goner "from that sad and fatal night.
So Dad was arrested, to jail he soon was walking,
There they gave him good advice and said he was a dolt.
One morning on a'platform to the parson he was talking,
They tied his hands behind him and then someone pulled a bolt:

Chorus.

Then the floor gave way, and down he went,
Down below he had to go, over went the blooming show.
Up above he could not stay, for the hangman pulled the bolt back,
And the floor gave way.