

The Musical Flat - song lyrics

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THE MUSICAL FLAT.

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Words and Music by Ed. Barry. Sung by Maggie Cline.

I lately moved into a flat, four families on a floor.
With electric-bells and all accommodation?;
Every family in it some instrument they play.
And with music they have drove me to distraction.
There's banjos, tambourines, pianos, accordions,
Every kind of music, I declare;
And when I lay me down to sleep from working hard all day,
This is what will grate upon my ear:

Chorus.

The fellow on the top floor, he plays the clarinet,
And the family underneath me, they grind the organette;
McCarthy, with his fiddle, plays the "Wearing of the Green,"
And Mulligan's daughter, Rosie, plays a great big accordion.

When I come home from working hard and sit down to my day,
To take a little comfort after labor.
The fellow with the banjo, he then begins to play,
And I nearly choke myself with a potato.
I quickly leave the block, run down to the dock.
Gaze contentedly out on the say.
At midnight I return again, and fall off in a doze
When the fellow with the flute begins to play.-Chorus.

Pat Brady's daughter, Julia, is up at the break of day
To practice on the big pianoforte.
The march they call Boulanger you'll hear her thump and play,
Then I lose the appetite I had so hearty.
I know I'll have to shoot the fellow with the flute,
With his tiddleidi ludibum dida.
A new family just come and their boy has brought a drum,
So I'll raise my carpets and I'll move away.
Spoken- For I never could stand-Chorus.