

She Danced - song lyrics

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SHE DANCED.

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Written and Composed by W. E. Goodwins.

If there's one thing really in this world I liked, that one thing was a dance;
And if a "hop" came off, no matter where, I'd go on half a chance.
Well, not long ago, in a paper advertised, I spotted one and thought
"I'll go a-mashing to that merry ball," and straight my ticket bought.
I went-oh! shall I e'er forget that night I for there I met the girl
Who captivated this poor heart and set my senses in a whirl.
For her dancing sweet quite took my breath away-I stood as in a trance.
Till some one introduced me, to my joy! and I begged "one little dance."

Chorus.

Oh! she danced and pranced; she did the gay schottische and polka;
Waltzing, too, she really made divine; .
I lost my heart while fairly gloating o'er her steps,
But now she's gone from me, that girl I once thought mine.

Then we took our places in a jolly "set," the music soon began;
I viewed with pride the partner by my side, and felt a happy man. [please!"
Then "top and bottom couples, left and right," we did, "set, turn your partners,
Next "ladies chain" and "promenading" round wound up our dance with ease,
Soon in a sweet and mazy little waltz I clasped her slender waist;
With "one, two, three," we glided o'er the floor, and flirted as we paced.
In a schottische fresh delight for us was found, 'twas lovely, we agreed;
Then a roguish little polka we enjoyed, and of others took no heed.- Chorus.

Ah! the night too quickly seemed to slip away-she said, "I now must go;"
I asked permission just to see her home; she murmured "Really, no.
Dear mamma, you see, is very, very strict-if she saw me with you
She'd be so cross, and bother would create, and then what should I do?",
I begged her an appointment near to make; she did, and with a kiss
And a loving good-bye was lost to view, but left me filled with bliss.
At that moment some one asked me for the time-my watch I seek in vain.
It was gone! that fair, but false, deceitful girl had collared, too, the chain.

Chorus.

Then with rage I pranced, and cursed the gay schottische and polka!
Waltzing then I didn't think divine;
For she stole my watch, my chain, while we were whispering;
Oh, yes, she did me clean, the girl I once thought mine.