

Michael O'flannigan Dropped From The Sky - song lyrics

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Michael O'Flannigan Dropped from the Sky.
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Words and Music by Sigfrid Stenhammar.

Michael O'Flannigan dreamt that he found
A schooner of lager as big as the moon,
De started at once on a walk all around,
To see if he couldn't get into it soon,
But when he attempted to climb up its side,
The glass proved too smooth for O'Flannigan's feet,
And he rested a while, in despair, to abide
A chance to get at it, and ground his teeth. And-

Chorus.
Michael O'Flannigan dropped from the sky,
Plumb down in the schooner of beer;
Then the shock woke him up, And he shouted,
Why, it's a pity I woke when so near.

Scratching his head and thinking it hard,
He finally hit on an excellent plan;
Once up there he thought, I will have my reward;
It can be accomplished, and I am the man;
He started to hire a great big balloon.
And got all prepared for a trip in the sky;
If I hustle, he chuckled, I'll get there by noon,
And tackle the lager beer, too, bye and bye. And-Chorus.

Michael stepped in the balloon and let loose;
He shot up the clouds as quick as a flush,
But just when approaching the precious booze,
The whole blarsted airship collapsed with a crash,
And down went Mike with the bursting balloon,
Exclaiming, in haste, as he fell through the air,
There is one consolation, I'll tackle it soon,
And go on a jolly and glorious tear. And- Chorus.