The Face Upon The Floor - song lyrics

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THE FACE UPON THE FLOOR
By D'Arcy.

'Twas a balmy summer evening and a goodly crowd was there,
Which well-nigh filled Joe's barroom, on the corner of the square;
And as songs and witty stories came through the open door,
A vagabond crept slowly In and posed upon the floor.

"Where did it come from?" some one said. "The wind has blown it in."
"What does it want?" another cried. "Some whiskey, rum, or gin."
"Here, Toby, seek him, if your stomach's equal to the work-
I wouldn't touch him with a fork, he's as filthy us a Turk."

This badinage the poor wretch took with stoical good grace-
In fact, he smiled as tho' he thought he'd struck the proper place.
"Come, boys, I know there's kindly hearts among so good a crowd;
To be in such good company would make a deacon proud.

"Give me a drink-that's what I want-I'm out of funds, you know.
When I had cash to treat the gang, this hand was never slow.
What? You laugh us if you thought this pocket never held a son;
I once was fixed as well, my boys, as any one of you.

"There, thanks; that braced me nicely; God bless you one and all;
Next time I pass this good saloon, I'll make another call.
Give you a song? No, I can't do that, my singing days are past;
My voice is cracked, my throat's worn out, And my lungs are going fast.

"Say! give me another whiskey, and I tell you what I'll do-
I'll tell you a funny story, and a fact, I promise, too.
That I was ever a decent man, not one of you would think:
But I was. some four or five years back. Say, give us another drink.

"Fill her up, Joe; I want to put some life info my frame;
Such little drinks to a bum like me are miserable tame.
Five fingers-there, that's the scheme-and corking whiskey, too;
Well, here's luck, boys, and landlord, my best regards to you.

"You've treated me pretty kindly, and I'd like to tell you how
I came to he the dirty sot you see before you now.
As I told you, once I was a man with muscle, frame and health,
And, but for a blunder, ought to have made considerable wealth.

"I was a painter-not one that daubed on bricks and wood.
But an artist, and, for my age, was rated pretty good;
I worked hard at my canvas, and was bidding fair to rise,
For gradually I saw the star of fame before my eyes.

"I made a picture, perhaps you've seen, 'tis called the 'Chase of Fame;'
It brought me fifteen hundred pounds, and added to my name.
And then I met a woman-now comes the funny part-
With eyes that petrified my bruin and sunk into my heart.

"Why don't you laugh? 'Tis funny that the vagabond you see
Could: ever love a woman and expect her love for me.
But 'twas so, and for a mouth or two her smiles were freely given,
And when her loving lips touched mine, it carried me to heaven.

"Boys, did you ever see a girl for whom your soul you'd give.
With a form like the Milo Venus, too beautiful to live:
With eyes that would beat the Koh-i-noor, und a wealth of chestnut hair?
If so, 'twas she, for there never was another half so fair.

"I was working on a portrait, one afternoon in May,
Of a fair-haired boy, a friend of mine, who lived across the way;
And Madeline admired it, and, much to my surprise,
Said that she d like to know the man that had such dreamy eyes.

"It didn't take long to know him, and before the month had flown,
My friend had stole my darling and I was left alone;
And ere a year of misery had passed above my head,
The jewel I had treasured so had tarnished And was dead.

"That's why I took to drink, boys, Why, I never saw you smile;
I thought you'd be amused and laughing all the while.
Why, what's the matter, friend? There'e a tear-drop in your eye;
Come, laugh like me, 'tis only babes and women that should cry.

"Say, boys, if you give me just another whiskey, I'll be glad,
And I'll draw, right here, a picture of the fuce that drove me mad.
Give me that piece of chalk with which you mark the base-ball score-
You shall see the lovely Madeline upon the barroom floor."

Another drink, and with chalk In hand, the vagabond began
To sketch a face that well might buy the soul of any man.
Then, as he placed another lock upon the shapely head.
With fearful shriek he leaped and fell across the picture, dead.

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