Dan Paid For The Oysters - song lyrics

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DAN PAID FOR THE OYSTERS
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Words and Music by Frank D. Bryan.

Three Irishmen on a spree once went.
And they got fall of whiskey-
Their names were Michael. Patrick and Dan,
And the wind It blew quite briskly;
They got into an argument,
One word brought on another,
Another brought on a glues of beer.
And a bet of an oyster supper.

The bet was. when each one went home,
I And be didn't do the first thing
I That his wife ordered him to do.
Why he was to pay for ev'rything;
Each one was to go home with the other.
To prove just what he did. sir;
And if he didn't do as his wife said,
Why he was to pay for the oysters.

Mike was the first one to go home,
And he Couldn't find the keyhole;
He unlocked the door with the sole of his boot,
And broke all the glass in the window.
his wife she hollered down the stairs,
"Why don't you break the furniture, sir; "
He did. by gosh! 'twas all be had,
And Mike didn't pay for the oysters

Now Patrick was the next to go home;
From the window, his wife she pushed her neck.
And hollered. "Patrick, Is that you?"
Says Patrick, "Yes. who did you expect.
He skated in, ran against the piano:
His wlfe cried, "Why don't you break it, sir?"
He did and it cost him three hundred dollars,
And Pat didn't pay for the oysters.

Dan was the last one to go home.
And they left him in the doorway:
He took off his shoes and began to climb
Softly up the stairway;
He very nearly had reached the top,
When he slipped, fell down the stairs, sir.
His wife cried, "That's right, break your neck,"
And Dan paid for the oysters.