

Dan McGann  
By: Dublin Dan  
Music by J. Lincoln Hall

Said Dan McGann to a 'foreign' man,  
Who sat with him on a bench:  
"Let me tell you this," and for emphasis,  
He flourished a Stillson wrench.  
"Don't talk to me of the bourgeoisie;  
Don't open your lips to speak  
Of the socialist or the anarchist;  
Don't mention the bolshevik."

"I've heard enough of your foreign stuff;  
I'm as sick as a man can be  
Of the speech of hate, and I'm telling you straight,  
That this is the land for me.  
If you want to brag, take a look at our flag,  
And boast of its field of blue,  
Boast of the dead whose blood was shed  
For the peace of the likes of you."

"I'll have no more," and he waved once more  
His wrench in a forceful way,  
"Of the cunning creed of the Russian breed,  
And I stand for the USA.  
I'm sick of your fads and your wild-eyed lads!  
Don't flourish your flag so red  
Where I can see or at night there'll be  
Tall candles around your head."

"So tip your hat to a flag like that;  
Thank God for its stripes and stars;  
Thank God you are here, where the roads are clear,  
Away from the kings and czars!  
And don't you speak of the bolshevik;  
I'm sick of that stuff, I am.  
One God, one flag, that's the creed I brag;  
I'm boosting for Uncle Sam."

The 'foreign' man looked at Dan McGann  
And in perfect English said,  
"I cannot see for the life of me  
What you have got in your head.  
You boast and brag 'bout the grand ole flag  
And the foes you put to rout  
When you haven't a pot in which to piss  
Or a window to throw it out."

"You howl and kick 'bout the bolshevik,  
The anarchist and the Wob.  
You defend this rotten system when  
You don't even own your job.  
Immigration laws would be 'jake' with you  
If they kept out the Russian Finn,  
The German Jew, and the Frenchman, too,  
And just let the Irish in."

"Your full of that religious bunk,  
And the priest on your life has a lease.  
You're not even blest, like some of the rest,  
With the sense that God gave geese.  
You're a rank disgrace to the human race;  
You're one of those grand mistakes,  
Who come from the land, from which I understand,  
Saint Patrick drove the snakes."

"The boss told you, and you think it's so,  
And I guess it is at that,  
That your head is a place on the top of your face  
Which is meant to hold your hat.  
If a thought ever entered your ivory dome,  
Which I am inclined to doubt,  
You would not rest till you'd done your best  
To drive the 'foreigner' out."

"You kick about the strangers here,  
But you give no reason why.  
And without these so-called 'foreigners,'  
How would you get by?  
You're working for an Englishman;  
You room with a French Canuck;  
You board in a Swedish restaurant  
Where a Dutchman cooks your chuck."

"You buy your clothes from a German Jew,  
Your shoes from a Russian Pole;  
And you place your hope in a foreign pope  
To save your Irish soul.  
You're an eighteen-carat Scissorbill;  
You're a regular, brainless gem.  
But the time's at hand when you'll have to stand  
For the things you now condemn."

"So throw away your Stillson wrench,  
You booster for Uncle Sam,  
For the language you use when you're full of booze  
Doesn't scare me worth a damn.  
Go fight and be damned for your glorious flag  
And the boss who is robbing you.  
One Union Grand, that's where I stand;  
I'm boosting the OBU.

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