

The Man Who Taught Her To Dance - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

The Man Who Taught Her to Dance.

Sung by Win. J. Scanlan.

I've got a daughter I talk to all day,
But the devil a word will she mind what I say,
In spite of advice she'll go far away,
Sometimes she cannot be found.
If I say stay at home, begorra she'll get mad,
She'll call me au old tad, say I've got them bad,
Inside of au oyster I ought to be clad,
To a nanny goat I ought to be bound.

Chorus.

Ah, but if I catch the man that taught her to dance,
The la-de-da dance, the tra-le-la dance,
On the top of his nose I'll make my fist prance,
And twist off the both of his legs, ha, ha!-(Repeat.)

At night she'll put on her fol-de-lol-lols,
Then she'll skip off to her picnics And balls,
Then on the neighbors she'll make her grand calls.
Borrow all the clothes that she can.
For a bustle she'll wear my coderie pants.
My chin-chilly vest, or anything by chance,
But if I catch the laddie-buck that taught her to dance,
I'll twist off the both of his legs - Chorus.