

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Ould Father Dan

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I once knew a dodger whose name was father Dan  
But to purgatory he's gone long ago  
To atone for the sins he committed all for scran  
He is living with his Uncle Tom Below

cho: Then square up your shovels in a row  
Tumble up the sods with the hoe boys O  
There is no more rent for ould Father Dan  
He is gone where the rest all will go

Now ould Father Dan was the rarest ould sprig  
That Ireland did ever see  
For the most of his wit och! it lay in his wig  
And he long kept the rent box key

But alas like all flesh ould Father Dan did die  
The big begger-man is no more  
And the boys for the halfpence they've lost often sigh  
They swear they've been done o'er and o'er

Though his head was as big as any timber block  
He was a fox only he wanted the tail  
For the love of the boys he kept all their stock  
But to purgatory one day he set sail

Dan started for purgatory one cold Winters morn  
And the Bansheis rent the air with their woe  
For the Repeaters of their cash were shorn  
And Repeal with Dan sent below

But the boys pray that Old Nick may claim his own  
When from purgatory Father Dan is cast  
And that with serpents hell be left for to gloan  
For the rent box he long held so fast

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