

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Dan Malone

Dan Malone
(Gemma Hasson)

Oh, me name is Dan Malone
I've no place to call me home.
I'm an outcast in the land that I was born in.
And I'm weary of the load
On this long and lonely road.
How I hate to face the sunlight in the morning.

Oh the land is rich and wide
But hunger walks beside.
I'm an outcast in this proud land that bore me.
My life is almost done
And my courage is all gone
For the long road that stretches out before me.

Then that day so long ago
I met Kitty from me home.
Fair of face, her voice forever charmed me.
But she couldn't bear the load
On this long and lonely road.
Now her grave lies unident' outside Killarny.

I have begged from time to time.
I have drunk the golden wine.
I've fought men and I've done my share of lovin'.
I've met wise men; I've met fools.
But we've always known the rules.
A tinker man must always be a movin'.

Ah but maybe one day soon
When the heather is in bloom,
I lay my head upon the scented clover.
A man can't always fight,
And so a long winter's night
I'll go to sleep; my troubles will be over.

Then remember Dan malone
As I lie here all alone
Remember me to this proud land that bore me.
I can sleep my time away
In six feet of pauper's clay,
No open road lay stretching out before me.

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