

# Father McFadden

Christy Moore

Come all ye Roman Catholics and pray you will be near  
And likewise pay attention and I'll not detain you long  
Concerning Father McFadden who lies in Lifford Jail  
He was remanded there for trial, the judge could find no bail

The day he was arrested was a Sunday after Mass  
It was Inspector Martin, the man who did arrest  
He caught the collar by the priest with a broadsword in his hand  
Says he, "You are my prisoner, sir, and you must come along"

The congregation seen their priest arrested at the door  
And David being among the flock, he did one stone procure  
He stuck the stone into a sling and by the Lord's command  
He killed Inspector Martin on the ground where he did stand

They put Martin on a stretcher and to barracks they did go  
To see them walking down the road, it was a lovely show  
The congregation booed at them, 'twas glorious for to tell  
And to see a sub-Inspector on a door going off to hell

The Devil met them on the road, and he took him by the hand  
Says he, "Inspector Martin, I've been waiting for you long  
You being a worthy officer, and you've done your duty well  
And now I'm going to promote you to the burning pits of Hell"

Adieu to Ballyshannon, will I never see you more  
And many's the happy day I spent along Bundoran's shore  
To my wife and family, I said farewell  
And now I'm away and I'm bound to stay in the burning pits of hell