

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