

Jump Little Children, Sean O'Flaherty's Accordion

My name is Sean O'Flaherty
And a story I will tell
Come gather round, quiet down
And so you hear it well

Listen for patience
As I sing this song
For my voice it is weak
And my drink it is strong

My father played the accordion
A passion in his hands
To end the day, he'd sit and play
The music of his land

He played it to forget
And he played to recall
He played for his family
But for me most of all

He said, "Sean come and listen"
"To what I have to say"
"The time has come for you, my son"
"To learn how to play"

"My hands have grown tired"
"I've counted my moons"
"So please take my instrument"
"With it take my tune"

The music, it was brilliant
The music, it was grand
The instrument would dance around
Alive in my hands

And I played it to forget
And I played to recall
I played this old instrument
For my father most of all

In the cold month of January
My father passed away
And in that time, I came to find
The music hard to play

But troubled I was not
With a drink in my hand
For it's easy to forget
When it's hard just to stand

So I brought my old accordion
To the pub as if to play
But I pass it far, across the bar
My drinking for to pay

You can drink to forget
You can drink to recall
But I'll drink to this old instrument
That hangs on the wall