

# 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