

OLD DAN TUCKER

Old Dan Tucker was a fine old man
He washed his face in the frying pan
He combed his hair with a wagon wheel
And died of the toothache in his heel

Chorus:

Get out the way for old Dan Tucker
He's too late to git his supper
Supper's over and dishes washed
Nothing left but a piece of squash

Old Dan Tucker went to town
Riding a mule and leading a hound
Hound barked and mule jumped
Threw old Dan right over a stump

Chorus

I come to town the other night
I hear the noise and saw the fight
The watchman was arunning around
Crying "Old Dan Tucker's come to Town"

Old Dan he went down to the mill
To get some meal to put in the swill
The miller swore by the point of his knife
He never see'd such a man in his life

Tucker is a nice old man
He used to ride our darby ram
He sent him whizzin' down the hill
If he hadn't got up, he'd lay there still

Chorus

Old Dan begun in early life
To play the bango and the fife
He play the children all to sleep
And then into his bunk he'd creep

Chorus