

Album: [Since Time Immoral](#) – Artist: The Kipper Family

Our master of old have now passed away.  
At peace and at rest, we may all see him lay.  
We've one consolation now we are unmastered.  
Until his last breath, he was a real bastard.  
Every man had a good word for he,  
But will not repeat it in company.

His life it was long, which made ours seem longer.  
When we feed him hemlock, that just made him stronger.

When we cut off his beard, and set fire to his  
stubble,  
He untied out cottages, and reduced them to rubble.

He was fond of animals, especially of horses.  
So we pulled the plough while he went to racecourses.  
He also loved children and tried without cease,  
By night and by day, to make their numbers increase.

On his common land, we had grazing rights.  
But you don't get fat eating grass every night.  
He gave us each year a long holiday.  
That came in the winter without any pay.

Now he is gone, his life is complete.  
We will place a large stone at his head and his feet.  
These stones are all prepared, indeed, truth to tell,  
That was them falling on him that sent him to hell.