

Patrick's Arrival

Christy Moore

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(William Maginn)

You've heard of St. Denis of France.
He never had much for to brag on.
You've heard of St. George and his lance
Who killed d'old heathenish dragon.
The Saints of the Welshmen and Scot
Are a couple of pitiful pipers
And might just as well go to pot
When compared to the patron of vipers:
St. Patrick of Ireland, my dear.
He sailed to the Emerald Isle
On a lump of pavin' stone mounted.
He beat the steamboat by a mile
Which mighty good sailing was counted.
Says he, "The salt water, I think,
Has made me unmerciful thirsty;
So bring me a flagon to drink
To wash down the mullygrups, burst ye,
Of drink that is fit for a Saint."
He preached then with wonderful force
The ignorant natives a teaching,
With wine washed down each discourse,
For, says he, "I detest your dry preaching."
The people in wonderment struck
At a pastor so pious and civil,
Exclaimed, "We're for you, my old buck,
And we'll heave our blind Gods to the divil,
Who dwells in hot water below."
This finished, our worshipful man
Went to visit an elegant fellow
Whose practise each cool afternoon
Was to get most delightful mellow.
That day with a barrel of beer,
He was drinking away with abandon.
Say's Patrick, "It's grand to be here.
I drank nothing to speak of since landing,
So give me a pull from your pot."
He lifted the pewter in sport.
Believe me, I tell you, it's no fable.
A gallon he drank from the quart
And left it back full on the table.
"A miracle!" everyone cried
And all took a pull on the Stingo.
They were mighty good hands at that trade
And they drank 'til they fell yet, by Jingo.
The pot it still frothed o'er the brim.
Next day said the host, "It's a fast,
And I've nothing to eat but cold mutton.
On Fridays who'd make such repast
Except an unmerciful glutton?"
Said Pat, "Stop this nonsense, I beg.
What you tell me is nothing but gammon."
When the host brought down the lamb's leg,
Pat ordered to turn it to salmon,
And the leg most politely complied.
You've heard, I suppose, long ago,

How the snakes, in a manner most antic,
He marched to the county Mayo
And ordered them all into the Atlantic.
Hence never use water to drink
The people of Ireland determine
With mighty good reason, I think,
For Patrick has filled it with vermin,
And snakes and such other things.
He was a fine man as you'd meet
From Fairhead to Kilcrumper,
Though under the sod he is laid,
Let's all drink his health in a bumper.
I wish he was here that my glass
He might by art magic replenish,
But since he is not, why alas!
My old song must come to a finish
Because all the drink is gone.