

Patrick Was a Gentleman

Christy Moore

St. Patrick was a Gentleman
He came from daycent people
He built a church in Dublin town
And on it put a steeple

His father was a Gallagher
His mother was a Grady
His aunt was an O'Shaughnessy
His uncle was a Brady

The Wicklow hills are very high
And so is the hill of Howth sir
But there's a hill much higher still
Much higher than them both sir

On top of this high hill
St. Patrick preached a sermon
Drove the frogs into the bogs
And banished all the vermin

There's not a mile of Eireann's Isle
Where dirty vermin musters
But there he put his dear fore-foot
And murdered them in clusters

The frogs went hop and the toads went pop
Slapdash into the water
The snakes committed suicide
To save themselves from slaughter

900,000 reptiles blue
He charmed with sweet discourses
Dined on them in Killaloe
On soups and second courses

Where blind worms crawling in the grass
Disgusted all the nation
Down to hell with a holy spell
He changed their situation

No wonder that them Irish lads
Should be so gay and frisky
Sure St. Pat he taught them that
As well as making whiskey

No wonder that the Saint himself
Should understand distilling
His mother kept a sheebeen shop
In the town of Enniskillen

Was I but so fortunate
As to be back in Munster
I'd be bound that from that ground
I never more would once stir

There St. Patrick planted turf
Cabbages and praties

Pigs galore, mo grá, mo stóir
Altar boys and ladies