

# Lannigan's Ball

## Seven Nations

Saint Patrick was a Gentleman  
He came from descent people  
He built a church in Dublin town  
And on it he put a steeple  
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 he vanished all the vermin  
There's not a mile of Eireann's Isle  
Where dirty vermin musters  
There he put his dear forefoot  
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  
Blind worms crawling in the grass  
Disgusted all the nation  
Right down to hell with a holy spell  
He changed their situation  
Was I but so fortunate  
To be back in home 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

In the town of Athy, one Jeremy Lanigan battered away till he hadn't a shilling  
His father died, made him a man again, left him a farm and ten acres of ground  
He threw a grand party for friends and relations, hadn't forgot them when it came to the will  
If you'll but listen I'll make your eyes glisten at rousing, rusing at Lannigan's Ball

Six long months I spent in Dublin, six long months doing nothing at all,  
Six long months I spent in Dublin, learning to dance for Lannigan's ball.  
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There was lashings of drink wine for the ladies, pipes, tabaccy, brandy and tea  
Nolans and Dolans and all the O'Gradys, courting the girls and dancing away  
Well the boys were merry and the girls all hearty dancing around in their couples and groups  
An accident happened; Terence McCarthy; He put his boot through Miss Finnert

y's hoops

You've heard of St. Guinness of France, he never had a pulpit to brag on  
You've heard of St. George and his lance, he killed the old heathenous drago  
n  
The saints of the Welshmen and Scots they're a couple of pitiful pipers  
They might as well go to pot when compared to the patron of vipers!

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Boys oh boys 'tis then there was ructions, I got a belt from Phelim Mc Hugh  
I replied to his introduction, kicked up a terrible hullabaloo.  
Moloney the piper was near gettin' strangled, pipes, bellows, regulator, cha  
nger and all  
His Pipe and his pipes they all got entangled and that put an end to Lanniga  
n's ball