

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 dragon

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, changer and all
His Pipe and his pipes they all got entangled and that put an end to Lannigan's ball