

The Glendalough Saint

The Dubliners

In Glendalough lived an old saint
Renowned for learning and piety
His manners was curious and quaint
And he looked upon girl with disparity

fol di dol fol di fol day
fol di dol rol di dol ad dy
fol di dol rol di dol day
fol di dol rol di dol ad dy

He was fond of readin` a book
When he could get one to his wishes
He was fond of castin` his hook
In among the ould fishes

fol di dol fol di fol day
fol di dol rol di dol ad dy
fol di dol rol di dol day
fol di dol rol di dol ad dy

But one evenin' he landed a trout
He landed a fine big trout, Sir
When young Kathleen from over the way
Came to see what the ould monk was about, Sir

fol di dol fol di fol day
fol di dol rol di dol ad dy
fol di dol rol di dol day
fol di dol rol di dol ad dy

"Well get out o' me way" said the saint
for I am a man of great piety
and me good manners I wouldn't taint
not be mixing with female society

fol di dol fol di fol day
fol di dol rol di dol ad dy
fol di dol rol di dol day
fol di dol rol di dol ad dy

Oh but Kitty she wouldn't give in
And when he got home to his rockery
He found she was seated therein
a-polishin' up his ould crockery

fol di dol fol di fol day
fol di dol rol di dol ad dy
fol di dol rol di dol day
fol di dol rol di dol ad dy

Well he gave the poor creature a shake
And I wish that the Garda had caught him!
For he threw her right into the lake
And, be Jaysus, she sank to the bottom

fol di dol fol di fol day
fol di dol rol di dol ad dy

fol di dol rol di dol day
fol di dol rol di dol ad dy