

Lannigan's Ball

Seven Nations

Lannigan's Ball

(Traditional, arranged Neil Anderson/Kirk McLeod) (excerpt in chorus from 'Delirium Tremens' by C.

Moore) 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 gr, mo stir

Altar boys and ladies In the town of Athy, one Jeremy Lannigan 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, learning to dance for 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. 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 Finnerty'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! St. 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
 Murdered them in Killaloe
 On soups and second courses 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