

Orthodox Celts

St. Patrick Was A Gentleman

Saint Patrick was a gentleman, he came from decent people,
In Dublin town he built a church and on it put a steeple
His father was a Callahan, his mother was a Grady,
His aunt was O'Shaughnessy and uncle he was Brady

Success to bold Saint Patrick's fist,
He was a Saint so clever,
He gave the snakes an awful twist
And banished them forever

There's not a smile in Ireland's isle where the dirty vermin musters
Where'er he put his dear forefoot he murder'd them in clusters
The toads went hop, the frogs went plop, slap dash into the water
And the beasts committed suicide to save themselves from slaughter

Nine hundred thousand vipers blue he charm'd with sweet discourses
And dined on them at Killaloo an' in the second courses
When blind worms crawling on the grass disgusted all the nation
He gave them a rise and open'd their eyes to a sense of their situation

The Wicklow hills are very high and so's the hill of Howth, sir
But there's a hill much higher still, Ay, higher then them both, sir
And it was on the top of his hill, Saint Patrick preach'd the "Sarmint"
That drove the frogs into the bogs and bothered all the "varmint"