

## Phil The Fluter's Ball

Celtic Thunder

Have you heard of Phil the Fluter  
From the town of Ballymuck  
The times was going hard for him  
In fact the man was broke  
So he sent an invitation  
To his neighbours one and all  
As how he'd like their company  
That evening at a ball

And when writing out  
He was careful to suggest to them  
That if they found a hat of his  
Convenient to the door  
The more they put in  
Whenever he requested them  
The better would the music be  
For battering the floor

With a toot on the flute  
And a twiddle on the fiddle-oh  
Hopping in the middle  
Like a herring on the griddle-oh  
Up, down, hands around  
And crossing to the wall  
Well hadn't we the gaiety  
At Phil the Fluter's ball

There was Mister Denis Doherty  
Who kept a running dog  
There was little crooked Paddy  
From the Tiraloughett bog  
There was boys from every barony  
And girls from every art  
And the beautiful Miss Bradys'  
In their private a and cart

And along with them  
Came bouncing Mrs Cafferty  
Little Mickey Mulligan  
Was also to the fore  
Rose, Suzanne  
And Margaret O'Rafferty  
The flower of Ard Na Gullion  
And the pride of Petravore

With a toot on the flute  
And a twiddle on the fiddle-oh  
Hopping in the middle  
Like a herring on the griddle-oh  
Up, down, hands around  
And crossing to the wall  
Well hadn't we the gaiety  
At Phil the Fluter's ball

First little Mickey Mulligan  
Got up to show them how  
And then the widow Cafferty

Steps out and takes her bow  
I'll dance you off your legs says she  
As sure as you were born  
If you'll only make the piper play  
The Hare was in the Corn

So Phil plays up  
To the best of his ability  
The ladies and the gentlemen  
Begin to do their share  
Faith, then Mick  
It's you that has agility  
Begorra Mrs. Cafferty  
You're leppin' like a hare

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And a twiddle on the fiddle-oh  
Hopping in the middle  
Like a herring on the griddle-oh  
Up, down, hands around  
And crossing to the wall  
Well hadn't we the gaiety  
At Phil the Fluter's ball

With a toot on the flute  
And a twiddle on the fiddle-oh  
Hopping in the middle  
Like a herring on the griddle-oh  
Up, down, hands around  
And crossing to the wall  
Well hadn't we the gaiety  
At Phil the Fluter's ball

With a toot on the flute  
And a twiddle on the fiddle-oh  
Hopping in the middle  
Like a herring on the griddle-oh  
Up, down, hands around  
And crossing to the wall  
Sure hadn't we the gaiety  
At Phil the Fluter's ball