Lanigan's Ball

Fiddler's Green

In the town of Athy one Jeremy Lanigan
Battered away till he hadn´t a pound
And his father he died and made him a man again,

Left him a farm and ten acres of ground
He gave a grand party to friends and relations
Who did not forget him when come to the wall
If you´d only listen, I´ll make your eyes glisten
At the rows and ructions of Lanigan´s ball

Myself to be sure to got free invitations
For all the nice girls and boys I might ask
In less than a minute both friends and relations
Were dancing as merry as bees round a cask
Lashing of punch and wine for the ladies
Potatoes, cakes, there was bacon and tea
There were the Nolans, Dolans, O´Grady´s
Courting the girls and dancing away

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 Lanigan´s ball

They were doing all kinds of nonsensical polkas
Round the room in a whirly gig
But Julia and I soon banished their nonsense
And tipped them a twist of a real Irish jig
Oh how the girl she really got mad and me
Danced that you´d think that the ceiling would fall
For I spent three weeks at Brooks Academy
Learning to dance for Lanigan´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 Lanigan´s ball

And I stepped out – and I stepped in again
Learning to dance for Lanigan´s ball

The boys were as merry, the girls all hearty
Dancing around in couples and groups
Till an accident happened, young Terence McCarthy
He put his right leg through Miss Finerty´s hoops
The creature she fainted and cried "Meelia Murther"
And called for her brothers and gathered them all
Carmody swore that he´d go no further,
Till he'd satisfaction at Lanigan´s ball

Six long months I spent in Dublin
Six long months doing nothing at all
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Learning to dance for Lanigan´s ball

Boys, oh boys, ´tis there was ructions
Myself got a kick from big Phelim McHugh

And I soon replied to his kind introduction
And kicked him a terrible hullabaloo
Casey the piper was nearly being strangled
They squeezed up his pipes, bellows, chanters and all
And the girls in their ribbons they all got entangled
And that put an end to Lanigan´s ball

Six long months I spent in Dublin
Six long months doing nothing at all
Six long months I spent in Dublin
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And I stepped out – and I stepped in again
Learning to dance for Lanigan´s ball

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