

# 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