

Bachman-Turner Overdrive "St. Patrick Was A Gentleman"

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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

Chorus :

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 than 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"

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