

## Christy Moore "Bridget's Pill"

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Bridget O'Reilly was a fine looking girl  
Well, her skin was like ivory and her teeth shone like  
Pearls  
The fellas all chased her in vain til one day  
She went and got married to Barney O'Shea

They'd been married a year, when to their pride and  
joy  
Along came a baby, a fine strapping boy  
When three years had past, they'd two boys and a girl  
How to feed them and clothe them made Bridget's  
head  
Whirl

Bridget went to the priest, she was near desperation  
Because of this process of constant gestation  
O Father, this business is making me I'll  
Would it be a sin if I took to the Pill?

The priest heard her story and when he had heard it  
To higher authorities, perplexed, he referred it  
The bishops were baffled, the cardinals too  
Not one could tell Bridget just what she should do

Two years they debated with holy profundity  
What should be done about Bridget's fecundity  
For now Bridget's children amounted to five  
And she scarcely was able to keep them alive

They gave due attention to points theological  
Points philosophic and physiological  
Til in desperation, the Pope cried, o sod  
There's just one thing to do, I'd best go and ask God

So the Pope sent a letter by five penny post  
On Papal notepaper, addressed, Holy Ghost  
Come send me an answer in double quick time

You can reach me at home, just ring VAT 69

The Pope got his answer and then he announced it  
Oral contraception, he thoroughly denounced it

All chemical means to prevent procreation  
Are banned on the pain or eternal damnation

If we were to allow it, unashamed fornication  
Would spread like a flash to all parts of the nation  
There'd be plagues, fire, and famine and moral  
Pollution  
Atheistical notions and red revolution

And the Lord knows what women would do with their  
lives  
If they weren't kept so busy as mothers and wives  
They might get ideas not befitting their station  
And wind up in women's or gay liberation

So Bridget, my dear, there's no need for frustration  
Because of the banning of this medication  
The Church, she is merciful, holy, and gracious  
Surely the old rhythm method you'll find efficacious

Away now, said Bridget, I'll have none of your row  
For I tried it before and just look at me now  
Whatever I did, we continued to breed  
And she's off to the chemists with maximum speed

Now the Church is in ferment, in great trepidation  
Lest such thought should spread to the whole  
Congregation  
And they've issued a record to prevent a schism  
By the Pope and the Hierarchy, called, I've got rhythm

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