

Percy French

"Phil The Fluthers Ball"

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Phil the Fluther's Ball

(Percy French)

Have you heard of Phil the Fluther, of the town of
Ballymuck?

The times were going hard with him, in fact the man
was broke.

So he just sent out a notice to his neighbours, one an
all

As to how he'd like their company that evening at a ball.
And when writin' out he was careful to suggest to them,
That if they found a hat of his convanient to the dure,
The more they put in, whenever he requested them
The better would the music be for battherin' the flute.

With the toot of the flute,

And the twiddle of the fiddle, O;

Hopping in the middle, like a herrin' on the griddle, O.

Up! down, hands aroun',

Crossing to the wall.

Oh! Hadn't we the gaiety at Phil the Fluther's Ball.

There was Mister Denis Dogherty, who kep' the runnin'
dog;

There was little crooked Paddy, from the Tiraloughett
bog;

There was boys from every Barony, and girls from
ev'ry "art"

And the beautiful Miss Bradys, in a private ass an' cart,

And along with them came bouncing Mrs. Cafferty,

Little Micky Mulligan was also to the fore,

Rose, Suzanne, and Margaret O'Rafferty,

The flower of Ardmagullion, and the pride of

Pethravore.

First, little Micky Mulligan got up to show them how,

And then the Widda' Cafferty steps out and makes her
bow,

I could dance you off your legs, sez she, as sure as you
are born,

If ye'll only make the piper play, "The hare was in the
corn."

So Phil plays up to the best of his ability,

The lady and the gentleman begin to do their share;

Faith, then Mick it's you that has agility,

Begorra Mrs. Cafferty, yer leppin' like a hare!

Then Phil the Fluther tipped a wink to little Crooked Pat,
"I think it's nearly time," sez he, "for passin' round the
hat."

So Paddy pass'd the caubeen round, and looking
mighty cute.

Sez, "Ye've got to pay the piper when he toothers on
the flute."

Then all joined in wid the greatest joviality,
Covering the buckle, and the shuffle, and the cut;
Jigs were danced, of the very finest quality,
But the Widda' bet the company at "handling the fut."

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