

## **St. Patrick's Day "Lanigan's Ball"**

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In the town of Athol one Jeremy Lanigan  
Battered away 'til he hadn't a pound.  
His father died and made him a man again  
Left him a farm and ten acres of ground.  
Myself to be sure got free invitation,  
For all the boys and girls I might ask,  
And without being asked both friends and relations  
Danced like bees 'round the sweet cask.

There were lashings of punch and wine for the ladies,  
Potatoes and cakes; bacon and tea,  
Nolans, Dolans, all the O'Gradys  
Courting the girls and dancing away.  
Songs they went 'round as plenty as water,  
"The harp that once sounded in Tara's old hall,"  
"Sweet Nelly Gray" and "The Rat Catcher's Daughter,"  
Singing together at Lanigan's Ball.

They were doing all kinds of nonsensical polkas  
All 'round the room in a whirligig.  
Julia and I, soon banished their nonsense  
And tipped them the twist of a reel and a jig.  
How the girls they all got mad at me  
For they thought the ceiling would fall.  
I spent six months at Brooks' Academy  
Learning to dance for Lanigan's Ball.

Six long months I spent up in Dublin,  
Six long months doing nothing at all,  
Six long months I spent up in Dublin,  
Learning to dance for Lanigan's Ball.  
She stepped out and I stepped in again,  
I stepped out and she stepped in again,  
She stepped out and I stepped in again,  
Learning new steps for Lanigan's Ball.

The boys were merry, the girls all hearty  
Dancing around in couples and groups,  
An accident happened, young Terrance McCarthy  
He put his foot through miss Finnerty's hoops.  
The craythur she fainted, and roared, "Bloody  
Murder,"

Sent for her brothers and gathered them all.  
Carmody swore he'd go no further  
'Til he had revenge at Lanigan's Ball.

In the midst of the row miss Kerrigan fainted,  
Her cheeks at the time as red as a rose.  
Some of the lads declared she was painted,  
She took a small drop too much, I suppose.  
Her sweetheart, Ned Morgan, so powerful and able,  
When he saw his colleen stretched out by the wall,  
Tore the left leg from under the table  
And smashed all the Chaney's at Lanigan's Ball.

Boys, oh boys, 'twas then there were ructions.  
I got a kick from big Phelim McHugh.  
I soon replied to his introduction  
And kicked up a terrible hullabaloo.  
Casey, the piper, was near being strangled.  
Squeezed up his pipes, chanters and all.  
The girls and boys they got all entangled  
And that put an end to Lanigan's Ball.

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