

Phil the Fluter's Ball

Have you heard of Phil the fluter,
 From the town of Ballymuck,
 The times was going hard for him,
 In fact the man was broke,
 So he sent an invitation,
 To his neighbours one and all,
 As how he'd like their cornpany,
 That evening at a ball.

And when writing out,
 He was careful to suggest to them,
 That if they found a hat of his,
 Convenient to the door,
 The more they put in,
 Whenever he requested them,
 The better would the music be,
 For battering the floor.

Chorus:

With a toot on the flute,
 And a twiddle on the fiddle-oh,
 Hopping in the middle,
 Like a herring on the griddle-oh,
 Up, down, hands around,
 And crossing to the wall,
 Sure hadn't we the gaiety,
 At Phil the Fluter's ball.

There was Mister Denis Doherty,
 Who kept a running dog,
 There was little crooked Paddy,
 From the Tiraloughett bog,
 There was boys from every barony,
 And girls from every art,
 And the beautiful Miss Bradys'
 In their private ass and cart.

And along with them,
 Came bouncing Mrs Cafferty,
 Little Mickey Mulligan
 Was also to the fore,
 Rose, Suzanne,
 And Margaret O'Rafferty,
 The flower of Ard Na Gullion,
 And the pride of Petravore.

Chorus

First little Mickey Mulligan,
 Got up to show them how,
 And then the widow Cafferty,
 Steps out and takes her bow,
 I'll dance you off your legs says she,
 As sure as you were born,
 If you'll only make the piper play,
 The Hare was in the Corn.

So Phil plays up,
 To the best of his ability,
 The ladies and the gentlemen,
 Begin to do their share,
 Faith, then Mick,
 It's you that has agility,
 Begorra Mrs. Cafferty,
 You're leppin' like a hare.

Chorus

Then Phil the fluter tipped a wink,
To little crooked Pat,
I think it's nearly time says he,
For passing round the hat,
So Paddy passed the caipn round,
And looking very cute,
Said, you have to pay the piper,
When he tootles on the flute.

Then all joined in,
With the greatest joviality,
Coverin' the buckle,
And the shuffle and the cut,
Jigs were danced,
Of the very finest quality,
But the widow bate the company,
At handlin' the foot.

Chorus