

Irish Song Lyrics

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BRIDGET AND THE PILL (Brian Pearson)

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 ill
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