

Saint Patrick Was A Gentleman - song lyrics

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Saint Patrick was a Gentleman.

Saint Patrick was a gentleman.
And came o' decent-people,
He built a church in Dublin town.
And upon it put a steeple;
His mother was a Callaghan,
His father was a Brady,
His sister was an O'Houlihan,
And his brother a O Grady.

Chorus.

Success attend Saint Patrick's fist.
For he's the decent saint, oh I
Hegave the bugs and toads a twist.
He's a beauty without paint, out

The Wicklow hills are very high,
And so's the hill of Howth, too;
But I know a hill that's twice as high.
And taller than them both, too;
'Twas on the top of that high mount,
Where Saint Patrick preached his sarmint.
He made the frogs jump through the hogs,
And he banished all the varmint. - Chorus,

No wonder that we Irish boys
Should be so gay and friskey,
For Saint Patrick taught the happy knack
Of drinking of the whiskey;
Twas he that brewed the best o' malt,
And understood distilling,
For his mother kept a sheeban shop
In the town of Inniskillen.- Chorus.

Then should I be so fortunate
As to go back to Munster,
Och! I'll be bound, that from that ground
Again I would ne'er once stir;
Twas there Saint Patrick planted turf,
And plenty of the praties,
With pigs galore, a grahm estore.
Ana butter, milk and ladies.-Chorus.