

# Green Fiddler's, Lanigan's Ball

In the town of Athy one Jeremy Lanigan  
Battered away till he hadn't a pound  
And his father he died and made him a man again,  
Left him a farm and ten acres of ground  
He gave a grand party to friends and relations  
Who did not forget him when come to the wall  
If you'd only listen, I'll make your eyes glisten  
At the rows and ructions of Lanigan's ball

Myself to be sure got free invitations  
For all the nice girls and boys I might ask  
In less than a minute both friends and relations  
Were dancing as merry as bees round a cask  
Lashing of punch and wine for the ladies  
Potatoes, cakes, there was bacon and tea  
There were the Nolans, Dolans, O'Grady's  
Courting the girls and dancing away

Six long months I spent in Dublin  
Six long months doing nothing at all  
Six long months I spent in Dublin  
Learning to dance for Lanigan's ball

They were doing all kinds of nonsensical polkas  
Round the room in a whirly gig  
But Julia and I soon banished their nonsense  
And tipped them a twist of a real Irish jig  
Oh how the girl she really got mad and me  
Danced that you'd think that the ceiling would fall  
For I spent three weeks at Brooks Academy  
Learning to dance for Lanigan's ball

Six long months I spent in Dublin  
Six long months doing nothing at all  
Six long months I spent in Dublin  
Learning to dance for Lanigan's ball

And I stepped out - and I stepped in again  
Learning to dance for Lanigan's ball

The boys were as merry, the girls all hearty  
Dancing around in couples and groups  
Till an accident happened, young Terence McCarthy  
He put his right leg through Miss Finerty's hoops  
The creature she fainted and cried "Meelia Murther"  
And called for her brothers and gathered them all  
Carmody swore that he'd go no further,  
Till he had satisfaction at Lanigan's ball

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Learning to dance for Lanigan's ball

Boys, oh boys, 'tis there was ructions  
Myself got a kick from big Phelim McHugh  
And I soon replied to his kind introduction  
And kicked him a terrible hullabaloo  
Casey the piper was nearly being strangled  
They squeezed up his pipes, bellows, chanters and all  
And the girls in their ribbons they all got entangled  
And that put an end to Lanigan's ball

Six long months I spent in Dublin

Six long months doing nothing at all  
Six long months I spent in Dublin  
Learning to dance for Lanigan's ball

And I stepped out - and I stepped in again  
Learning to dance for Lanigan's ball