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Phil the Fluther's Ball

percy french

Have ye heard of Phil the Fluther of the town of Ballymuck?
 The times were going hard with him, in fact he man was bruk.
 So he sent an invitation to his neighbours one and all,
 As to how he'd like their company that evenin' at a ball.
 And when writin' 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 bether would the music be for batherin' in the floor.

Chorus

With the toot of the flute, and the twiddle of the fiddle-o!
 Hoppin' in the middle like a herrin' on a griddle-o.
 Up, down, hands around crossin to the wall,
 Oh! hadn't we the gaiety at Phil the Fluther's Ball!

There was Mистер Denis Dogherty, who kep' the runnin' dog;
 There was little crooked Paddy, from the Tiraloughett bog;
 There was boys from every Barony, and girls from ev'ry "art"
 And the beautiful Miss Bradys, in a private ass an' cart.
 And along with them came bouncing Mrs. Cafferty,
 Little Micky Mulligan was also to the fore,
 Rose, Suzanne, and Margaret O'Rafferty,
 The floweres of Ardmagullion, and the pride of Pethravore.

Chorus

First, little Micky Mulligan got up to show them how,
 And then the Widda' Cafferty steps out and makes her bow,
 "I could dance you off your legs," says her, "as sure as you are born,
 If ye'll only make the piper play 'The Hare was in the Corn'."
 So Phil plays up to the best of his ability,
 The lady and the gentleman begin to do their share;
 "Faith then Mick, it's you that has agility;
 Begorra Mrs. Cafferty, yer leppin' like a hare!"

Chorus

Then Phil the Fluther tipped a wink to little Crooked Pat,
 "I think it's nearly time," sez he, "for passin' round the hat."
 So Paddy pass'd the caubeen round, and looking mighty cute,
 Sez, "Ye've got to pay the piper when he toothers on the flute."
 Then all joined in wid the greatest joviality,
 Covering the buckle, and the shuffle, and the cut;
 Jigs wer danced, of the very finest quality,
 But the Widda' bet the company at "handling the fut".

Chorus