

St. Patrick was a Gentleman

Traditional

Quick, and with humour



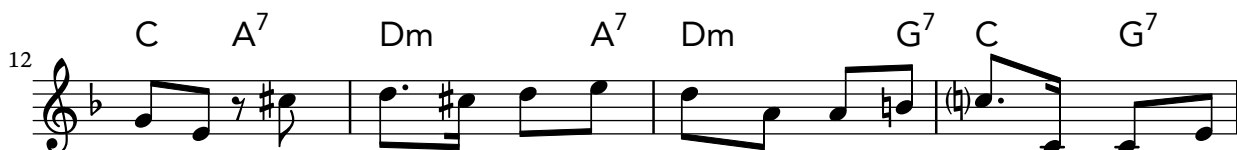
1. Oh, St. Pat-rick was a gen - tle-man, who came from de-cent
2. The Wicklow hills are ve - ry high, and so's the Hill of
3. There's not a mile in Ire-land's isle where dir - ty var-mint
4. Nine hund-red thousand rep-tiles blue he charm'd with sweet dis -



peo - ple. He built a church in Dub-lin town, and on it put a
 Howth, sir; But there's a hill much big-ger still, much high - er than them
 must - ers, but there he put his dear forefoot, and mur-der'd them in
 cour - ses, and dined on them at Kil - la - loe in soups and sec - ond



stee-ple. His fath - er was a Gall - ag - her, his moth-er was a
 both, sir. 'Twas on the top of this high hill St. Pat-rick preach'd his
 clust-ers. The toads went pop, the frogs went hop, slap - dash in - to the
 cours-es. Where blindworms crawling in the grass dis - gus-ted all the



Bra-dy; His aunt was an O'-Shaugh-nes - sy, his un - cle an O'-
 sarmint, that drove the frogs in - to the bogs, and ban-ish'd all the
 wat-er, and the snakes com-mit - ted su - i - cide to save themselves from
 na-tion, he gave them a rise which open'd their eyes to a sense of their situ-



Gra-dy. So suc-cess attend St. Patrick's fist, for he's a Saint so clever; Oh he
 var-mint.
 slaughter.
 a - tion.



gave the snakes and toads a twist, and banished them for ev - er.