

## The Irish Bachelor Gig

They came by cab, they came by foot, they came, one and all  
To the Irish Bachelor Gig, at the Paddington Town Hall  
Numbered, hundreds around the tables, they hungered for a win  
You could tell from all the shouting, the kind of mood they're in  
The Guinness flowed quite freely and words became a little blurred  
But as the night grew older, t'was just the shouting that we heard  
As twelve of the finest Irishmen, did strut and pass the test  
To see who would be the winner, or who would be the best  
So, Donal's three turned on their charm, O'Gorman, Brosnan, Ward  
They sang and joked as best they could, one played the Pipes, by gawd  
Naught was lost with Derek, Barry, Patrick, Harry, Will  
Who dared to do the Tango, with steps he thought would thrill  
The Jameson girls and Judges, all did shout and rave a treat  
As we counted all the bruises, on poor Kathryn's feet  
And Rowan Walsh did nicely, you'd think a one horse race  
But then came Robbie Donovan, just pipped him with his pace  
Then to the stage came Sean Ferns, excited, fast and happy  
You'd think that someone spiked his drink, cause he's one craic happy pappy  
Now to say that I am biased, about our man Ro-nan (Ronan)  
He acquitted very nicely, as any Dublin born, boy can  
Ronan came out swinging and did himself real proud  
He looked when he had finished, that he'd really pleased the crowd  
He did his best for Durty's, that smile from ear to ear  
That picture told a story, of his finest hour, no fear  
Whilst the MC "Roy", worked his butt off, did what he does best  
The night passed by so quickly, that he never got a rest  
Cause mid way through the evening, the auction he did run  
And rested many dollars, from those Paddy's having fun  
Then he left it to the Judges, TV stars and Damien Leith  
When they called out the winners name, I had to grit my teeth  
But all is fair in love and war, there can only be one prize  
And that I saw much later on, of which did please my eyes  
Because, happiness abounded, in the room so grand  
Not a word about recession or the misery at hand  
So to all the unsung heroes, for doing what they did  
It's the likes of them and others, I'm prepared to tip my lid  
And to thank those that attended, after the Bachelor Ball  
Down at Durty Nelly's, where it was fun for one and all  
Until the wee small hours, while the memories grew thin  
I hope that they remember, the state of mind therein  
So if the night did fill your soul, or the atmosphere's what caught ya  
You know it's down at Durty's where we say Céad Míle Fáilte

**By Michael Nissen**

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