

Saint Patrick

(1950)

by George Albert Leddy

Long, long, ago, in a village in France, lived a young man who had ants-in-his-pants;
He had a fine home, but he'd much rather roam, he wanted his freedom to sing and to dance.
He oft' had heard tell, of the Colleens so swell, who lived in the dells, in that little Green-Isle;
So he said, "I'll go there, and have never a care—I'll show the wee Lassies a bit of my style.

"I'll stop in Killarney, and pick up the Blarney, and faith, I will talk like a Son-of-the-sod.
I'll laugh and be merry, my smile will be cherry, the Lassies will think me a Little-glass-god.
"I'll have me plug-hat, and me little shillelagh; the stories I'll tell will be gentle and tame.
I won't be a Frenchman no-longer, b'gorrah—I'll be a true Irishman, Paddy b'name!"

So he sat on the stile—he was thinking of kissin', the first little Maidens, who give him the breaks;
When down at his feet, he heard something hiss'n—"Oh, Adam and Eve, it's a bedlam of Snakes!"
The Snakes now were frightened, they soon stopped their hiss'n';
said Mamma Snake, "Papa Snake, what can it be?"
So taking their Young-ones, they took to the water, and every danged one of 'em,
drowned in the Sea.

Then the Maidens came 'round, there, they found little Paddy;
B'gorrah, he lay on the grass in a faint.
But from that day forward, he'd no use for women;
And that is the reason—that today, he's a Saint!
