

## St. Patrick's Day

Damien Dempsey

Mammy sings wonderfully, Lamenting melodies, Then Daddy comes home from work, He falls in and goes berserk. The priest calls a round for tea, He always seems so terribly lonely, Talks of industrial school, As he looks at me so cruel.

On Paddy's Day, Well they marched in Amerikay. On Paddy's Day Well they danced down Cricklewood way On Paddy's Day, Well they sang around Botany Bay On Paddy's Day, For my sanity I'll pray

Da fought the Black and Tans, So did our uncle Dan. Then there was civil war, And we ne'er saw Dan anymore. We all have to walk to Cobh. A family of 13, both young and old. Transport our poverty, To a room and a ditch cross the sea.

On Paddy's Day, And they marched in Amerikay. On Paddy's Day, Well they danced down Cricklewood way On Paddy's Day, Well they sang around Botany Bay. On Paddy's Day, And my sanity I'll pray

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