

# Oi' Remember One St. Pat's Day

Well, oi'm raisin' a pint with me boys at the pub  
When McGinty storms in 'n' he glares,  
"Now where's the *spalpeen* who poured glue in me tub?!"  
Point 'im out 'n' I'll kick him downstairs!"  
Then up jumps Macafferty, him who's no more  
than a shadow that's thrown by a shrub,  
and he yells, "Oi am the boyo who did it 'n' sure  
'n' be off 'fore I show ye me club!"  
Well, we all know Macafferty's more than three sheets  
to the wind as the old seamen say  
and he's no more a match for McGinty who beats  
the bejesus out all in his way.  
So the bout lasts a minute or maybe it's two  
'fore Macafferty's out like a light.  
And we pick up the drunkard who hasn't a clue  
as to when, where or how was the fight.  
he downs one more pint and he struggles to rise  
and he loudly declares to us all,  
"Did ye see how meself it 'twas blackened the eyes  
of McGinty who's three toimes as tall?!"  
Oi'm king o' the warriors! Give all a glass!"  
Sure 'n' then he collapsed in a heap,  
but we drank the free round to the poor bloody ass  
and left him there blissful asleep.

The moral?

It isn't the size of the man who wins glory,  
It's the pints in the boyo who tells ye the story.