

# Four And Twenty Elders, Packy Go Home

Now Packy Kildare was a kid without a care  
His pal was Bucky McGrath  
At the age of ten they talked like men  
feared by the rest of their class

Sister Josephine ran a clean machine  
She was nobody's fool  
She'd send down below to shovel in the coal  
That heated all St. Brendan's School  
But they'd spilled off the spool  
They were too cool for school  
They called it a waste of time  
So everyother day was wasted away  
At the river in their life of crime

Packy I confess you have beaten the best  
with a story to tell of your own  
Packy go home they're looking for your bones  
And your Ma's waitin'up all alone

Now the clever young men had a plan  
To escape the fate that was comin'  
Loadin'every grain of coal that furnace could hold  
To keep that boiler hummin'  
When the temperature soared to a thousand or more  
The pressure continued to rise  
Our boys were miles away burnin'up another day  
When the blast split the mid-day sky

Now Packy's old man was first in command  
The captain of the fire brigade  
But the good Father Keane was first on the scene  
With the good sisters he prayed  
When the flames were finally out, they all looked about  
Still looking for Packy and Buck  
When they neither could be found  
They were mourned through the town  
As the heroes who ran out of luck