

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