

Poem by Dr. R. Emmet Kane written about the Irish residents living within and in the vicinity of the Kerry Patch. (Published in the St. Louis Register in the late 1800s)

*Left! - Right! - Left! - Right!
I'm Matthew Kiely, Obey me or fight!*

*I'm your grand marshal! Now all understand
No wan but me will give any command!
Lannigan, Brannigan, Walsh, and McBride,
Being my aides you may ride by me side.
Bandmaster Daniel O'Connell O'Shea,
Passing St. Bridget's play "St. Patrick's day.
" This, Herman Schmaltz, will be your order too.
Have your Dutch band play "O'Donnell Aboo.
" Mickey Mullarkey, keep step with the tune,
Yet double left-footed Kilkenny gossoon!
Officer Casey, when walking your beat,
Didn't ye learn how to lift up your feet?
Ev'ry Raypublican black A.P.A.
Envies us Irish on St. Patrick's day.*

*Proud 'tis I am of ye!
Ev'ry last man of ye!
Irish the whole of ye!
God bless the soul of ye!
Slaionte to all of ye!*

Erin Go Bragh!

*Left!- Right! - Left! - Right!
Glory to Patrick, Now, ain't ye a sight!*

*You, Shamus Cleary, with legs like a bow,
Right out in front! Why you vain so and so!
You should be marching behind Fatty Burke,
Where no wan could see ye, ye misshapen Turk!
Rafferty, watch were ye're putting your feet,
Get off the sidewalk, get down in the street!
Eyes to the fron there, O'Brien of Clare,
Never mind watching the colleens out there!
Alderman Cahill, sure how are your twins?*

Thank you Kevin Quinlisk for contributing this poem

*Make both of them priests, it won't balance your sins!
Michael McLaughlin, do ye and Shan Quinn
March on each side, lads, of Peg-Legged Flynn,
Father O'Shaughnessy, my, ye look grand!
Your Em'rald cadets are the best in the land!*

*Proud 'tis I am of ye!
Ev'ry last man of ye!
Irish the whole of ye!
God bless the soul of ye!
Slainte to all of ye!*

Erin Go Bragh!

*Left!- Right! - Left! - Right!
Feet may be heavy, But hearts are all light!*

*Stick in your stomach and hold up your chin,
Aisy to see you're from Mayo, McGinn!
What are ye puffing for, Larry Molloy?
Sure, tho' you're 80, you're only a boy!
Duffy, I'm sorry the wife's feeling poor,
Play a soft tune, boys, when passing her door.
Fighting again, were ye, Danny, my b'y?
Who was it gave ye the lovely black eye?
Thanks be to God for the brave Clan na Gael,
Johnny Bull trembles when you're out of jail!
At the Cathedral we'll pass in review,
Green flags a waving with Red, White, and Blue;
Straighten your line now and strike up the band,
Archbishop Glennon's out there on the stand.*

*Proud sure, I am of ye!
Ev'ry last man of ye!
Irish the whole of ye!
God bless the soul of ye!
Slainte to all of ye!*

Erin Go Bragh!

*Left!- Right! - Left! - Right!
Gaze up to heaven! Sure, what a grand sight!*

*There's Father Lonergan, good old John Finn,
Judge O'Neill Ryan and Daniel McGlynn,
I see James Cullinane, King of the Patch,
Michael E. Smith with his snowy white thatch;
John J. O'Connor and there's Father Tim,
Father Mike Ryan, with all of his kin;
Dr. O'Reilly and old Dr. Kane,
Bishop Gilfillan-how he loved Sinn Fein!
Sheehan, the Moynihans, Pete Madden, too--
Fenians the lot of them, fearless and true!
Denny O'Callaghan, Sheriff Pat Clarke,
Father O'Rourke of the Church of St. Mark!
Home to St. Bridget her wild geese have flown,
Shamrocks alone today carpet God's throne.*

*Proud sure, I am of them!
Ev'ry last man of them!
Irish the whole of them!
God rest the soul of them!
Mercy God Show to them!*

Erin Go Bragh!