

He would tell me something that happened to him,
And my eyes must be blind or fearfully dim,
If I could not see in such clear, broad light
That the priests of his Church in all things were right.

Such miracles they were known to perform,
He, Pat, was prepared, should there come on a storm,
For a charm his father-confessor had blest
At the end of a string he wore on his breast.

His story begun about a good cow,
Which he owned where the three-leaved shamrocks grow.
She got very sick and he feared she would die
Before a priest could be called or brought nigh.

His children nine (blessings on them all!)
He told them the story both spring and fall,
For a sight most sad indeed it would be
If his darlints grew up so benighted as me.

He did all he could then he went to the priest
To pray to have her from pain released.
A young priest should come, his reverence said,
To the poor sick cow, and mass should be read.

If that did not do, the young priest must run
Back for an older to have it well done.
From the young priest's reading there was no effect,
So back for an elder he ran direct.

The good father arose without delay,
And came to the place where the poor cow lay.
At his first few words she opened her eyes,
Rolled herself over attempting to rise.