

NARRATOR 1: 'Twas the tip top of a St. Patrick's Day morning.

NARRATOR 2: The warm sun spread sparkle over all of Ireland and its fields of spring green shamrocks.

NARRATOR 3: Somewhere near Downpatrick, County Down in Northern Ireland,

NARRATOR 4: a shoe mending leprechaun, dressed all in white, sat under one of those shamrocks mending a tiny dancing slipper. He worked with a white needle threaded with white thread.

NARRATOR 5: WITH SEWING NEEDLE AND HEAVY THREAD, HE SEWED AND STITCHED AND BOWED HIS HEAD.

NARRATOR 6: WORKING AND SEWING THE DAY AWAY, AND HIS NAME WAS

ALL: PADDY O'SHAY!

PADDY: "Sure, and I'm Paddy O'Shay and a bigger fool you'd never wish to see on such a fine St. Patrick's Day! Here I sit mendin' dancin' slippers for the likes of troopin' fairies who dance their lives away. And do they give a fig for work, or pots of gold? No! They just dance their jigs and reels, then drop their tired slippers off for Paddy O'Shay to mend."

NARRATOR 1: Now it should be explained that Paddy O'Shay was a hard working wee fellow who lived alone and loved to grumble.

NARRATOR 2: He wasn't a very old leprechaun. You could tell, because his beard only reached to his belly button.

NARRATOR 3: Paddy never took a holiday from his work.

NARRATOR 4: But, on that particular St. Patrick's Day, the spring sunshine warmed Paddy's cold heart and he decided to give himself a day off!

PADDY: "The saints forgive and preserve me! That's what I'll do! I'll take the day off in honor of blessed St. Patrick, and in special honor of hard workin' Paddy O'Shay himself!

NARRATOR 4: And that's exactly what he did.

NARRATOR 5: Paddy put away his needle and thread,

NARRATOR 6: adjusted his beard,

NARRATOR 1: straightened his hat,

NARRATOR 2: and grabbed his sprig of shillelagh.

NARRATOR 3: Then he strolled off through the shamrocks as a warm spring wind ruffled the clover beneath his feet.

PADDY: "INSTEAD OF WORK THIS SPECIAL DAY, I'LL TAKE A LITTLE TIME TO PLAY!"