

# LOBSTER SALAD, RECITATION

*Performed by:* John Joe English

Last Saturday night I was invited by an old-time friend of mine,  
To eat his lobster salads and drink his beer and wine.  
We drank a toast unto each other until the hour of two;  
Me head was a kind of shaky, me legs was shakin' too.

But anyhow, I staggered home and I think my prayers I said,  
But anyway, I was paralysed when I got into bed.  
I dreamt I died and I went to heaven and I met St Peter at the gate,  
And found that repentance for me was just a bit too late.

'You go out,' St Peter says, 'You know you can't come in,  
You know you have to suffer for that awful gluttonous of sin.'  
Now just then I turned away to hide me grief and shame,  
And I saw St Peter's clerk close by wrote 'Lost' above me name.

Now next that came was a Hebrew, a friend whom I knew well,  
And I listened to the story that he had to tell.  
'Oh goodly father Peter, I come to you at last,  
And one request I ask of you, if you would let me pass.  
On earth I kept a clothing store, me clothes are a-good and a-strong,  
And just to show you an overcoat, I forgot for to fetch along.'

'You go out,' St Peter says, 'And very well you know,  
There's little use for overcoats in the place where you got to go.'

Next there came an old maid, she was bound to have her say,  
She addressed St Peter in a peculiar sort of way.  
'Oh goodly father Peter, I come to you at last,  
And one request I ask of you, if you would let me pass.  
Oh bless-ed father Peter, won't you let me in?  
Give me a nice little piece to meself, away from these naughty men.'

'You go out,' St Peter says, 'No angels have grey hairs;  
You got no sons nor daughters so you cannot come in here.'  
The poor old maid, she turned away for ever to repine  
Like me and all the rest of us, she centred in the line.

Now the next that came was Paddy, a son of old Erin's isle,  
And he addressed St Peter in a loving gracious smile.  
'Is this yourself, St Peter? And you're lookin' so nice and sweet?  
Open the door and let me in and show me to me seat.'

'Oh no, me boy, your case like the rest must be tried.  
You got to show a pass for it before you get inside.'  
'Oh hurry up, St Peter, or for supper I'll be late.'  
He then took off his old slouch hat and he threw it inside the gate.

'Go get that hat,' St. Peter said, 'You sacrilegious slouch.'  
Pat walked in and he shut the gate and he locked St. Peter out.  
'Twas through the key-hole Paddy cried: 'I'm skipper now, you see,  
And I'll give up the key of heaven and crown if you'll set old Ireland free.'

Now, when I awoke me head was jammed between the bed and wall,  
And me feet were tangled in the quilt—Sam's lobsters done it all.