

The Story of Ronald MacDonald

by George Albert Leddy

MacDonald was a bonnie lad, he came from o'er the sea;
He used to ware the kilties, just a wee-bit 'bove the knee.
He used to look sa moighty foyne, wi the tassel in the middle;
He loved to play the bagpipes, but he did'na like the fiddle.

One day he told his mother: "Mither Dear, I'm going awhi;
I canna stay another day, I've come to say good-bye."
His eyes were kinda glassy, like a tear was pressin' through:
"Oh werry!" cried the Mother, "Son, what hey ye been up to?"

"Oh Mither Dear, ye need not fear, but ye can plainly see;
I canna wear the kilties, just abo' me pretty knee.
For me legs are gettin' knobby, and all kivered o'er wi hair.
In fact, I sometimes worry, I will turn into a bear!"

So he went down to the harbor—very soon he was afloat;
Upon the mighty bounding main, on an English cattle boat.
Well, the cattle-lice were hungry, and they started eating free;
Had their breakfast off his ankle, and their dinner off his knee.

"I stowed away upon this boat, to save some cash," says he;
"But I guess, I am the loser, for there're bordin' off of me!"
But when he reached America, Sam took him by the hand:
"A welcome to you, Laddie, from that fair and sunny land.

"Here we have wee maids aplenty, and for happiness you're bound;
If you just forget the bagpipes, and just sort-a fiddle 'round.
And you soon will be my nephew, and I'm here to tell you that:
You will never lose your freedom—if you are a Democrat!"
