

## The Week of the Leek

By Michael Hudson

Chorus:

Oh, the week of the leek was the favored week of all the monks in Wales:  
St. David never heard confession then-for the sake of the way he smelled.  
For the sake of the way the old saint smelled.

But before that was the custom, a young monk came so meek;  
It was at the noon on Friday, toward the end of the week of the leek.  
He said, "Father you must help me; in your great faith intervene."  
David breathed a prayer upon him-and the poor boy's hair turned green!

Chorus

And once a poor young woman came: she was like dear Mary mild-  
For she also had no husband and was growing great with child.  
David felt a great compassion, and breathed a holy sigh-  
And in that sacred silence, you could hear her baby cry!

Chorus

And once the Grey Wolf came in spring and snatched a lamb away-  
But David tracked him down and said, "You go no further today.  
You knew that I would follow: 'Tis the lost the Shepherd seeks."  
And the Great wolf set that lamb right down (and said) ...  
"Dear God! You got to stop eatin' them leeks!"