

St. Patrick's Day Poems

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LEPRECHAUN TROUBLE

On St. Patrick's morn, I leapt out of bed,
Dreaming of gold and some green on my head.
I slipped on my socks (one red, one blue),
Not very festive—but no one quite knew!

I ran to the kitchen, my stomach was growling,
But out on the porch, I heard a strange howling.
I peeked through the door and what did I spy?
A tiny green man with a gleam in his eye!

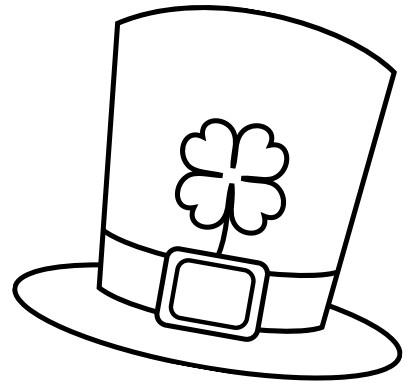
"Top o' the mornin'!" the leprechaun said,
As he balanced a hat like a bowl on his head.
"I lost all me gold in a terrible chase,
And now I need breakfast—some syrup to taste!"

I offered him pancakes (he gobbled them down),
But when I looked up... he'd vanished from town!
I ran to my room, and what did I see?
My shoes were now missing—how could this be?!

My socks were replaced with shamrocks and clovers,
My backpack was stuffed with leftover sodas.
My dog had been dyed a bright shade of green,
And my toothbrush? It was dipped in mint ice cream!

I raced to the mirror and let out a yelp,
For stuck to my forehead—a sticker that said "HELP!"
Just then, a chuckle rang out from the air,
That leprechaun prankster had vanished somewhere!

So hear me, my friends, if March 17 nears,
Watch out for wee tricksters—keep hold of your ears!
For if you're not careful, before the day's through,
You might find your socks have been dyed rainbow hues!



THE SNEAKY LEPRECHAUN

A leprechaun ran through my door,
Left green footprints on the floor!
He tipped my hat, he tied my shoe,
He filled my socks with sticky glue!
He giggled loud and ran away,
"Catch me quick—it's St. Paddy's Day!"

