

The Rambles Of Spring

Blowing through the budding trees
And I button up my coat to keep me warm
But the days are on the mend
And I'm on the road again
With my fiddle snuggled close beneath my arm

Chorus

I've a fine, felt hat
And a strong pair of brogues
I have rosin in my pocket for my bow
O my fiddle strings are new
And I've learned a tune or two
So, I'm well prepared to ramble and must go

I'm as happy as a king
When I catch a breath of spring
And the grass is turning green as winter ends
And the geese are on the wing
And the thrushes start to sing
And I'm headed down the road to see my friends

Chorus

I have friends in every town
As I wander up and down
Making music at the markets and the fairs
Through the donkeys and the creels
And the farmers making deals
And the yellow headed tinkers selling wares

Chorus

Here's a health to one and all
To the big and to the small
To the rich and poor alike and foe and friends
And when I return again
May our foes have turned to friends
And may peace and joy be with you until then