

# Irish Song Lyrics

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Rambles Of Spring  
Tommy Makem

There's a cold and wintry breeze blowing through the buddin' trees  
and I've buttoned up my coat to keep me warm  
But the days are on the mend and I'm on the road again  
With me fiddle snuggled close beneath my arm

I've a fine felt hat and a strong pair of brouges  
I have rosin in me pocket for me bow  
and my fiddle strings are new and I've learned a tune or two  
So I'm well prepared to ramble, I 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, as the Thrushes start to sing  
and I'm headed down the road to see my friends

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I have rosin in me pocket for me bow  
and my fiddle strings are new and I've learned a tune or two  
So I'm well prepared to ramble, I must go

I have friends in every town as I ramble up and down  
Makin' music at the markets and the fairs  
to the Dumphies and the Friels and the farmers makin deals  
and the Yellow-headed tinker sellin' wares

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and my fiddle strings are new and I've learned a tune or two  
So I'm well prepared to ramble, I must go

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

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