

## **Tommy Makem**

# **"The Rambles Of Spring"**

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There's a piercing wintry breeze  
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

Chorus

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