

Shamrock Busker

Fiddler's Green

I got the hang of Irish Music
When I saw the Gaelic shore
All my continental fears
Now seem such a bore
The ferry boat took me to Dublin
And the Shannon to the west
To all the people and the hills
My soul likes the best

Now I am a Shamrock busker
All the songs are for the free
All the tunes and Irish airs
Can't stand slavery
We square the circle, start again
We try and try, if all's in vain
We're looking for a brand new morning
Break the chain

Now I am a rambling rover
Roving over hilly land
Lookin' for the final answer
Written in sand
I also jump in at the deep end
Have a stout in Gallway town
Also like the city lights
They can't drag me down

Didn't you know
The Shamrock busker's songs
To Ireland he belongs
With all his wild dreams

Whenever we will play an Irish tune
The Shamrock revives
Whenever we can see a waxing moon
Tim Finnegan will rise