

## Penny Whistle Peddler

The Irish Rovers

I hope you meet the peddler with the feather in his hat  
The penny whistle man with the orange colored cap  
Bells on his coat and a raggle taggle kind of grin  
He'll teach you how to love if you believe him

In the misty mystic land beneath dark hills  
The Penny whistle peddler lives and there he weaves his magic spells  
If you ever heard his piping coming from some forest glade  
Open up your mind and love and never be afraid

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He never heard of war in the place he dwells  
There's music and laughter and magic are the tales they tell  
No one's ever nasty, snakes and dogs don't ever bite  
Little children never cry, they're happy day and night

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We are sad to tell you the whistle man has gone  
Today you never hear of him, the sound of war and hate have come  
But if children love each other narrow minds all pass away  
The penny whistle man will be back someday

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