

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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