

The Minstrel Of Cranberry Lane

The Irish Rovers

HE HASN'T A CENT TO HIS NAME
NO ROOF TO KEEP OUT THE RAIN
BUT HE STRUMS AND HE SINGS AND WHAT HAPPINESS HE BRINGS
THE MINSTREL OF CRANBERRY LANE

SOMETIMES HE'S HUNGRY AND COLD
HIS CLOTHES ARE A SIGHT TO BEHOLD
BUT HE'S GENTLE AND MILD AND HE SINGS TO EACH CHILD
THE MINSTREL OF CRANBERRY LANE

ONE FOGGY NIGHT THE NEIGHBORS MET
IN A MEETING PLACE DOWN IN THE LANE
AND THEY SAID THIS OLD MAN FOR OUR CHILDREN IS BAD
WHY! HE EVEN SINGS IN THE RAIN

SO THEY ISSUED A SUMMONS
THE MINSTREL MUST GO
BUT THEY RECKONED WITHOUT HIS APPEAL
FOR HE SANG OF THE GOLD AT THE RAINBOW'S END
AND DREAMS ONLY CHILDREN CAN FEEL

AND SO IN THE NIGHT WHILE THE TOWN WAS ASLEEP
HE SANG HIS SONG AROUND THE LANE
AND THE CHILDREN CREPT OUT OF THEIR BEDS IN THE NIGHT
AND THEY FOLLOWED THE MINSTREL AWAY

NOW MUCH SADDER BUT WISER I FEAR
ARE THE ONES WHO LOST CHILDREN SO DEAR
FOR EACH CHILD MUST BE FREE TO FOLLOW LIKE ME
THE MINSTREL OF CRANBERRY LANE

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