Bare Legged Joe

Bare Legged Joe
Irish Rovers

Bare legged Joe knows the curlew's cry
He runs with the hare when the summer's nigh
A tinker boy is fancy free
In the quiet green hills of Sligo

Don't wish someday that you could go
With a bag on your back and a pace that's slow
Leave your home in the city smoke
With the tinkers to go roving

That tinker boy never went to school
But you can tell he's no one's fool
He knows how to fish and to lay a snare
He can sing like a lark in the morning

Think I'll leave and go with him
Now that the summer is coming in
Travel the road with the tinker band
And a bare legged boy to lead me

recorded by the Irish Rovers
SOF