

Shamrock Sean went fishing  
Down by the river's edge.  
His rod was just a little stick  
He'd found beside the hedge.



To it he tied a piece of string  
And that would be the line.  
His hook was just a safety pin,  
But it would do just fine.

He put the stick between two stones,  
He fixed it firm and tight.  
Then lay down in the summer sun  
And waited for a bite.



After many hours of waiting  
The rod began to twitch.  
Shamrock Sean said to himself –  
This must be one big fish!