

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!