

## Ye rambling boys of pleasure

Ye rambling boys of pleasure, Give ear on to these lines I write  
Although I am a rover, In rambling I take great delight  
I placed my mind on a handsome girl, and often times she does me slight  
My mind will is never easy except when my true love is in my sight

Down by yon flowery garden, Where me and my true love do meet  
I took her in my arms, and on to her gave kisses sweet  
She bad me take love easy, Just as the leaves fall from the trees  
But I been young and foolish with my own true love did not agree

And the second time I met my love, I thought that her heart was surely mine  
But as the season changes, my darling girl has changed her mind  
Gold is the root of evil, although it bares a glissling hue  
Causes there's many' s the lad and lass to part, though their hearts like mine be e'er so true

And I wish I was in Belfast town, and my true love along with me  
And money in my pocket, to keep us in good company  
Liquor to be plenty, a flowin' glass on every side  
Hard fortune would ne'er daunt me, for I am young and the world is wide