

Ramblin Irishman

I am a ramblin Irishman, In ulster I was born in
And many's the happy hours I spent on the banks of sweet loch Erin
But to be poor I could not endure like others of my station
to amarikay I sailed away and left this Irish nation

Right tant-tänderna, tant-tänderna, Right tant-tänder noor and the nandy

The night before I sailed aways I spent it with my darling
From three o clock in the afternoon till the break of day next morning
But when that we were going to part we lay'd in each others arms
and you may be sure, very sure It wounded both are charums

The very first Night I slept on board I dreamt about my Nancy
I dreamt I held her in my arms and well she pleased my fancy
But when I woke up from my sleep and I found my bosom empty
Well you may be sure, very sure that I lay discontented

When we arrived at the other side we were both stout and healthy
We cast our anchor in the bay going down to Philadelphi
And let every lad link with his lass blue Jacket and white trousers
And let every lass link with her lad blue petticoats and white flounces