

## Rambleaway

Bert Jansch

As I was walking to Birmingham Fair  
In my new scarlet jacket and everything rare  
To where man pass by and these words they did say:  
"Are you the young man they call Rambleaway?"

The very first steps I took into the fair  
I spied pretty Nancy a-combing her hair  
She tipped me the wink and she rolled her dark eye  
Says I to myself, "I'll be there by and by"

As I was a-walking that night in the dark  
I took my bright Nancy to be my sweetheart  
She smiled in my face and 'tis what she did say

"Are you the young man they call Rambleaway?"  
I said, "Now, pretty Nancy, don't smile in my face  
For I do not intend to stay long in this place"  
So I gave her three doubles and fair length and share  
I said that I might ramble but the devil knows where

Now, twenty-four weeks they were over and past  
This fair pretty maiden did sicken at last  
Her gown wouldn't meet nor her apron strings tie  
And all through the love of young Rambleaway