

Ramblin Rover

Fiddler's Green

Oh, there're sober men and plenty,
and drunkards barely twenty,
There are men of over ninety

who have never yet kissed a girl.
But give me a ramblin' rover,
from Orkney down to Dover.
We will roam the country over
and together we'll face the world.
There's many that feign enjoyment
from merciless employment,
Their ambition was this deployment
from the minute they left the school.
And they save and scrape and ponder
while the rest go out and squander,
See the world and rove and wander
and are happier as a rule.
I have roamed through all the nations
in delight of all creations,
And enjoyed a wee sensation
where the company, it was kind.
And when barkin' was no pleasure,
I've drunk another measure
To the good friends that were treasure
for they always around were mine.
If you're bent with arthritis,
your bowels have got Colitis,
You're gallopin' with balacitis
and you're thinkin' it's time you died,
If you been a man of action,
though you're lying there in traction,
You will get some satisfaction
thinkin', "Jesus, at least I tried."