

Tis of My Rambles

The Irish Rovers

Well since I was just a lad I've had the rovin' on me mind
At sixteen years I bid adieu and wandered far away
From Ballymena town I left ould Ireland far behind
But I knew that I'd return again some day

And I wonder are the green fields still as green as they can be
And I wonder if the singing birds are singing in the trees
And is the air as sweet from the smell of burning peat
And will anyone remember me

So I tramped the British isles then I sailed across the sea
I wondered what me fate would be in North Americay
We landed in Quebec where they fly the fleur-de-lis
And from there I rambled down through Boston way

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Well in Frisco next arrived where I fell in love one day
And I swore I'd take her home and show her round the Emerald Isle
But the children came along and the time it slipped away
Though I dreamt of dear ould Ireland all the while

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And now I'm old and grey and me rovin' days are done
Returning to ould Ireland's just a dream across the foam
But me thoughts are still me own and I know where I begun
And fondly do I think back on me home

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