

## My Ramblin' Boy

The Kingston Trio

Fare thee well, my ramblin' boy, may all your rambles bring you joy. Yes,

He was a man and a friend always. We rambled 'round in the hard , old days.

He never cared if I had no dough. We rambled 'round in the rain or snow.

Late one night in a jungle camp, the weather it was cold and damp.

He got the chills and he got them bad. I lost the only friend I had.

He left me here to ramble on. My ramblin' pal is dead and gone. If, when we die, we go some where, I'll bet you a dollar he's a-ramblin' there.

May all your rambles bring you joy.