

Christy Moore, Rambling Robin

When first from boyhood I came to a man
To ramble the nation through soon I began
Oh the ramblin' thought that came into me mind
So they christened me Ramblin' Robin oh,
So they christened me Ramblin' Robin.

O'er hills and o'er mountains I used to go
I slept in the woods where there's frost and there's snow
No anxiety ever came into me mind
So contented was Ramblin' Robin oh
So contented was Ramblin' Robin

The wind and the rain oh they blew mw quite cold
Me parents at home they were both growing old
Oh me father did weep and me mother did cry
For the loss of their Ramblin' Robin oh
For the loss of their Ramblin' Robin

When sixteen long years they were over and past
Me poor mother's sorrow was ended at last
And me father the nation did range through and through
Oh in search for his Ramblin' Robin oh
Oh in search for his Ramblin' Robin

When all me past follies they came to an end
To me own little village I did attend
Oh the neighbours they told me my parents were dead
Filled with grief for their Ramblin' Robin oh
Filled with grief for their Ramblin' Robin

Oh where shall I wander and where shall I go?
Me heart it is filled with sorrow and woe
Oh the nation I'll wander through and through
And an end put to Ramblin' Robin oh
And an end put to Ramblin' Robin.