

Ramblin Rover

by Andy M. Stewart

Chorus: *Oh, there's sober men a-plenty, and drunkards barely twenty, There are men of over ninety that have never yet kissed a girl. But give me a ramblin' rover, and frae Orkney down to Dover, We will roam the country over and together will face the world!*

There's many that feign enjoyment of merciless employment - Their ambition was this deployment from the minute they left the school. They save and scrape and ponder while the rest go out and squander, See the world, and rove and wander, and they're happier as a rule.

I've roamed through all the nations, ta'en delight in all creation And I've tried a wee sensation when the company did prove kind. And when parting was no pleasure, I've drunk another measure To the good friends that we treasure for they always are in our minds

The lassies young and sprightly, them all I courted nightly, And when stayin' wasn't likely, then I rambled up and down. But life it will be hearty, I'll dance at every party, Stay with ramblin' Dan McCarty, and we'll all go on the town.

So when troubles do befall me, to the high road I do haul me - Ramblin' Johnny's what you call me, 'tis me blessing and me bane. Though my comrades have been many, I'll take a drink with any, 'Til I've spent me last wee penny, and life I'll not see again.

When you're bent with artheritis, and your bowels have got colitis, You've that gallopin' bollockitis, and your thinkin' it's time you died - If you've been a man of action, though you're lying there in traction, You may gain some satisfaction saying, "Jesus, at least I tried!"

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