

## Rambling Robin

Christy Moore

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