

The Rambling Irishman

trad. arr. Quilty

I am a rambling Irishman,
In Ulster I was born
Many the happy hours I spent
On the banks of sweet Lough Erne
But to live poor I could not endure
Like others of my station.
To America I sailed away
And I left this Irish nation.

*Right tantin-de-na, tantin-de-na,
Right tantin de-noo-ran de-nandy.*

The night before I went away,
I spent it with my darling.
From three o'clock in the afternoon
til the break of day next morning
**But when that we were going to part
We linked in each other's arms
And you may be sure and very sure,
It wounded both our charms.**

Right tantin-de-na...

The very first night I slept on board
I dreamed about my Nancy.
I dreamed I held her in my arms,
And well she pleased my fancy.
**But when I woke out of my dreams
I found my bosom empty
And you may be sure and very sure,
That I lay discontented.**

Right tantin-de-na...

When we arrived at the other side
We were both stout and healthy.
We dropped our anchor in the bay
Going down to Philadelphia.
**So let every lass link with her lad
Blue jacket and white trousers,
And let every lad link with his lass
Blue petticoat and white flounces.**

Right tantin-de-na...