

The Folksong Collection



Ramblin' Boy (Tom Paxton)

C / F C / G7 / C /

1 He was a man and a friend always, he stuck with me, in the hard old days.
He never cared if I had no dough, we rambled 'round in the rain and snow;

Ch And here's to you, my ramblin' boy, may all your ramb - lin' bring you joy.
Here's to you, my ramblin' boy, may all your ramb - lin' bring you joy.

2 In Tulsa town, we chanced to stray, we thought we'd try to work one day;
The boss said he had room for one; says my old pal, we'd rather bum.

[Chorus]

3 Late one night, in a jungle camp, the weather it was cold and damp;
He got the chills and he got 'em bad, they took the on - ly friend I had.

[Chorus]

4 He left me here, to ramble on: my ramblin' pal, is dead and gone.
If when we die, we go somewhere, I bet you a dollar, he's ramblin' there.

Ch And here's to you, my ramblin' boy, may all your ramb - lin' bring you joy.
Here's to you, my ramblin' boy, may all your ramb - lin' bring you joy.

May all your ram - blin' bring you joy.

