

Cara Dillon

"I Am A Youth That's Inclined To Ramble"

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I am a youth that's inclined to ramble,
To some foreign country I meen to steer,
I am loath to part from my friends and comrades,
And my dear sweetheart, whom I loved dear.
But there's one of those I do most admire,
One her I 'll think when I 'm far away,
For since fates decreed I am resolved to part her,
And try my fortune in Americay

So farewell darling I must leave you,
I place great dependence on your constancy,
That no other young man may gain your favour,
Or change your mind when I am o'ver the sea.
For although the seas do separate us,
And in between us they do rise and fall,
If fortune favours me you'll find your Jamie,
Returning homeward from Americay.

Oh Jamie dear do you remember,
When I sat with you for manys the hour,
And my young fancy away was carried,
And the bees hummed around on each opening flower,
But when you're crossing the western ocean.

The maid that loved you, you'll ne'er mind ava,
And you'll scarce e'er think upon the maids of Erin,
For you'll find strange sweethearts in America.

Oh Mary dear, I don't disemble,
For to all other fair maids I 'll prove untrue,
And if you think that these are fales promise,
I 'll leave these vows as a pledge to you.
That what I have may prove unsuccessful,
And fortune prove to me a slippery ball,
That a favoring gale it may n'er blow on me,
If forsake you in America.

And to conclude and to end these verses,
May God profect this young female fair,
And keep her from every wild embarrassment,
And of my darling take the greatest care.
For she's slow to anger and of kind disposition,

And her cheeks like roses in June do blow,
In my nightly slumbers when e'er I think on her,
I could court her vision in America.

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