

## Oxymoron

### "Rambling Irishman"

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I am a rambling Irishman  
In Ulster I was born  
And many happy hours I spent  
On the banks of sweet Lough Erin  
But to live poor I could not endure  
As other of my station  
To America I sailed away  
And left this Irish nation  
\*chorus\*  
Ry tan tin-a-na, tan tin-a-na  
Ry tan tin-a-noora nandy  
Ry tan tin-a-na, tan tin-a-na  
Ry tan tin-a-noora nandy  
\*all other verses same\*  
The night before I went away  
I spent it with my darling  
>From 3 o'clock in the afternoon  
Till the break of day next morning  
But when that we were going to part  
We lay in each others arms  
You maybe sure very sure  
It wounded both our charms  
\*chorus\*  
The very first night I slept on board  
I dreamt about my Nancy  
I dreamt I held her in my arms  
And she pleased well my fancy  
But when I woke out of my dream  
I found my bed was empty  
You maybe sure, very sure  
That I lay discontented  
\*chorus\*  
When we arrived on the other side  
We were both stout and healthy  
We dropped our anchor in the bay  
Going down to Philadelphia  
But to live poor I could not endure  
As others of my station  
To American I sailed away  
And left this Irish nation  
\*chorus\*

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