

## The rambling Irishman Roseanne McGonigle (Gillespie)

I am a rambling Irish man in Ulster I was born in  
And many a pleasant hour I spent on the bank of the sweet Lough Erne  
For to live poor I could not endure like others of my station  
To Americay I sailed away and left this Irish nation.

Right tan-te-na-na tan-te-na-na  
Right tan-toor-a-noor-a-nandy.

The day 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 each others' arms  
And you can be sure and very sure it injured both our charms.

Right tan-te-na-na tan-te-na-na  
Right tan-toor-a noor-a-nandy.

The very first night I spent on board I dreamt about my Nancy  
I dreamt I held her in my arms and well she pleased my fancy  
But when I woke up from my dream and found my bosom empty  
Well you can be sure and very sure that I lay discontented.

Right tan-te-na-na tan-te-na-na  
Right tan-toor-a-noor-a-nandy.

Oh when we reached the other side we were both stout and hearty  
We dropped our anchor in the bay going down to Philadephi'  
So let every lass drink with her lad blue jackets and white trousers  
And let every lad drink with his lass blue petticoats with white flounces.

Right tan-te-na-na tan-te-na-na  
Right tan-toor-a-noor-a-nandy.