

AP

\* hobo jungle

He left me here to ramble on  
My ramblin' pal is dead and gone  
It when we die we go somewhere  
I'll bet you a dollar he's ramblin'

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 only friend I had.

Says my old pal, "We'd rather bum!"  
We thought we'd try to work one day  
In Tulsa town we changed to stray  
In the boss said he had room for one

(Chorus)

boy — May all your ram - blin', bring you joy. — A

A E7 ram - blin', bring you joy — And here's to you — my ram-blin'

E7 A A D snow. — And here's to you — my ram-blin', boy — May all your

A Chorus A D A cared — if I had no dough — We ram-blid round — in the rain and

E7 ways — He stuck with me — in the hard old days. — He never

A E7 A He was a man — and a friend al -

E7 A

Words and Music by Tom Paxton © 1963 by Cherry Lane Music Inc.

## Ramblin' Boy