


The Ramble-er

Words collected AB (Banjo) Paterson


Tune D Johnson1984

Verses 1&2

C Dm Am C Dm G₇




C Am G₇ C G C




Chorus

C G₇ C F C G₇ C




Verses 3&4

C Dm Am C Dm G₇




C Am G₇ C Dm C Dm C G₇ C



Chorus

C G₇ C F C G₇ C



The earth rolls on through empty space, its journey's never done,
It's entered for a starry race throughout the Kingdom Come.
And, as I am a bit of earth, I follow it because –
And prove I am a rolling stone that never gathers moss.

For I'm a ramble-er, a rollicking ramble-er.
I'm a roving rake of poverty and a son of a gun for beer.

I've done a bit of fossicking for tucker and for gold;
I've been a menial rouseabout and a rollocking shearer bold.
I've shanked across the Old Man Plain after busting up a cheque,
And whipped the cat once more again, though I haven't met it yet.

I've done a bit of droving of cattle and of sheep,
I've done a bit of moving with Matilda for a mate
Of fencing I have done my share wool scouring on the green;
Axeman, navy – Old Nick can bear me out in what I haven't been.

I've worked the treadmill thresher, the scythe and reaping hook,
Been wood and water fetcher for Mary Jane the cook:
I've done a few cronk things too, when I have struck a town,
There's few things I wouldn't do – but I never did lambing-down.