

I Am A Youth That's Inclined To Ramble

Cara Dillon

I am a youth that's inclined to ramble
To some foreign country, I mean 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 favor
Or change your mind when I am over the sea

For although the seas do separate us
And in between us, they do rise and fall
If fortune favors me you'll find your Jamie
Returning homeward from Americay

Oh Jamie dear, do you remember
When I sat with you for many 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 never mind eva'
And you'll scarce ever think upon the maids of Erin
For you'll find strange sweethearts in America

Oh Mary dear, I don't dissemble
For to all other fair maids, I'll prove untrue
And if you think that these are false 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 never blow on me
If forsake you in America

And to conclude and to end these verses
May God protect 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 ever I think on her
I could court her vision in America