

Roving Journeyman

The Corries

I am a roving journeyman and I rove from town to town,
Wherever I get a job of work I'm willing to set down,
With my kit upon my shoulder and my stick then in my
hand

It's down the country I will go, a roving journeyman.

But when I came to Carlow the girls all jumped for joy,
Saying one unto the other, "Here comes a roving boy;"
One treats me to a bottle, another to a dram,
And the toast goes round the table, "Here's a health to
the journeyman."

I had not been to Carlow three days, but only three,
When a skinner's lovely daughter she fell in love with
me;
She wanted me to marry her, and took me by the hand,
And she slyly told her mother that she loved her
journeyman.

"Oh! hold your tongue, you silly girl, why do you dare
say so,
How can you love a journeyman you never saw before?"
"Oh! hold your tongue, dear mother, and do the best you
can,
For it's down the country I will go with my roving
journeyman."
Then I took my stick into my hand, I took my kit also,
And away from friend and parents a-roving I did go.
There's not a town I go through but I get a new
sweetheart,
So girls, if you believe me, I'm sorry from you to
part.

So now my loving sweetheart to you I bid adieu,
But if ever I return again I'll surely marry you.
Now let them all be talking and say the worst they can,
For it's off to Dublin I will go, a roving journeyman.