

Will Handy

G D7 G
Old Beebe had three full grown sons, Buster, Bill and Bee,

And Buster was the black sheep of the Beebe family;

They tried their best to break him of his rough

D7 G
and rowdy ways,

At last they had to get a judge to give him ninety days.

Chorus:

G
Oh! didn't he ramble, ramble?

D7 G D7
He rambled all around, in and out of town,

G
Oh! didn't he ramble, ramble,

C D7 G
He rambled 'til the butchers cut him down.

This black sheep was a terror, oh! and such a ram was he,
That every "copper" knew by heart his rambling pedigree.
And when he took his ladder out to go and paint the town,
They had to take their megaphones to call
the rambler down.

He rambled in a swell hotel, his appetite was stout,
When he refused to pay his bill the landlord
kicked him out.

He reached to strike him with a brick but when he
went to stoop,
The landlord kicked him in the pants and made him
loop the loop.

He rambled in a gambling house, to gamble on the green,
But there they showed the ram a trick that
he had never seen.

He lost his roll and jewelry and nearly lost his life,
He lost the car that took him home, and then he lost
his wife.

He rambled to an Irish wake on one St. Patrick's night,
They asked him what he'd like to drink, they meant
to treat him right.

But like the old Kilkenny cats, their backs began to arch,
When he called for orange phosphate, on the
seventeenth of March.

He rambled to the races, to make a gallery bet,
He backed a horse named Hydrant, and Hydrant's
running yet.

He would have had to walk back home, his friends
all from him hid,
By luck he met old George Sedam, it's a damn good thing
he did.

He rambled through the tunnel once on board
a moving train,
Another train came rumbling in, and rammed him
out again.
It rammed him just a block, and then, they caught him
on the fly.
And with a ton of dynamite they rammed him to the sky