

# Irish Song Lyrics

from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

## THE RAKES OF POVERTY

cho: I am a rambling young man, from town to town I steer,  
And like an honest fellow, I like my whiskey clear,  
And like an honest fellow, I like my pint of beer  
I'm the rambling rakes of poverty, I'm the son of a gambaleer.

The old coat that is on my back I got in the pawn store,  
And when it does get wet, my boys, I hang it on the floor,  
And when it does get dry again, likewise I put it on  
You'd think I was some duke or earl, not the son of an honest man.

The old shoes that are on my feet I got at the Crimee wars,  
I got them from a soldier that died of wounds and scars,  
The soles are leaving the uppers and the 'eels going back to sea,  
The toes are burning me in the face with the relics of poverttee.

I wish I had a keg of wine and sugar fifty pounds  
A great big tub to put it in and a stick to turn it round,  
I would drink a health to all in the room and let myself go free,  
So fill up your glass and let it pass with the relics of poverty