

# The Gamboling Man - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

THE GAMBOLING MAN.

I am a roving traveler,  
And go from town to town;  
Whene'er I see a table spread,  
So merrily I sit down,  
So merrily I sit down;  
Whene'er I see a table spread.  
So merrily I sit down.

I had not been traveling  
But a few days, perhaps three,  
When I fell in love with a London girl.  
And she in love with me,  
And she in love with me;  
When I fell in love with a London girl,  
And she in love with me.

She took me to her dwelling  
And cooled me with a fan;  
She whisper'd low in her mother's ear:  
"I love the gamboling man,  
I love the gamboling man;  
She whispered low in her mother's ear:  
"I love the gamboling man."

"Oh, daughter, dear daughter,  
How could you treat me so,  
To leave your poor old mother  
And with the gamboler go,  
And with the gamboler go;  
To leave your poor old mother  
And with the gamboler go? "

"'Tis true I love you dearly,  
'Tis true I love you well,  
But the love I have for the gamboling man  
No human tongue can tell,  
No human tongue can tell;  
The I have for the gamboling man  
No human tongue can tell.

"So I'll bundle up my clothing,  
With him will leave my home;  
I'll travel the world over  
Wherever he may roam,  
Wherever he may roam;  
I'll travel the world over  
Wherever he may roam."