

Didn't He Ramble  
(Will Handy) From Charlie Poole

My mother raised three grown sons, Buster, Bill and I,  
Buster was the black sheep of our little family;  
Mother tried to break him of his rough and rowdy ways,  
Finally had to get a judge to give him ninety days.

Chorus:  
And didn't he ramble, ramble?  
He rambled all around, in and out of town,  
Oh! didn't he ramble, ramble,  
He rambled till the butchers cut him down

He rambled in a gambling game, he gambled on the green,  
The gamblers there showed him a trick that he had never seen.  
He lost his roll and jewelry, he like to lost his life,  
He lost the car that carried him there, and somebody stole his wife.  
Didn't He Ramble continued

Chorus

He rambled in a swell hotel, his appetite was stout,  
And when he refused to pay the bill, the landlord kicked him out.  
He reached a brick to smack him with, and when he went to stop,  
The landlord kicked him over the fence, right in a barrel of slop.  
Chorus.

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