My Rosy Rambler

Words by
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Music by
EGBERT VAN ALSTYNE

Moderato

Way down in Ar-
Some where a far-o

zona,
dealer,
There lived a Spanish maid
Sleeps in a lonely place.

She sang the La Pa-lo-
It says "Here lies poor Wheel-

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While her guitar she played,
He tried to hide an ace;"

Far up each night,

Above the canyon,
a dark-eyed scrambler,

Big Jim climbs up
the faro king,

Wall,

Pined for a sweet companion
And while she plants a rambler

So ev'ry evening to her he'd sing
Above her gambler you'll hear her call

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CHORUS

My Rosy Rambler, climb up to me,

If you're a gambler, I'll play with thee,

You draw a heart and my hand you'll see,

My Rosy, pos-y, Rosy Rambler, Rambler