

Spencer the Rover

These words were composed by Spencer the Rover,
Who had travelled Great Britain and most parts of Wales,
He had been so reduc-ed which caused great confusion
And that was the reason he went on the roam.

In Yorkshire near Rotherham he had been on his rambles,
Being weary of travelling he sat down to rest.
At the foot of yonder mountain there runs a clear fountain,
With bread and cold water he himself did refresh.

It tasted more sweeter than the gold he had wasted,
More sweeter than honey and gave more content,
But the thoughts of his babies lamenting their father
Brought tears in his eyes which made him lament.

The night fast approaching to the woods he resorted,
With woodbine and ivy his bed for to make.
There he dreamt about sighing lamenting and crying,
Go home to your family and rambling forsake.

On the fifth of November I've a reason to remember
When first he arrived home to his family and wife,
They stood so surprised when first he arrived
To behold such a stranger once more in their sight.

His children came around him with their prittle-prattling stories,
With their prittle-prattling stories to drive care away.
Now they are united like birds of one feather,
Like bees in one hive contented they'll be.

So now he is a-living in his cottage contented
With woodbine and roses growing all around the door,
He's as happy as those that's got thousands of riches,
Contented he'll stay and go rambling no more.