Spencer The Rover

Cara Dillon

This tune was composed by Spencer the Rover
As valiant a man as ever left home
And he had been much reduced
Which caused great confusion
And that was the reason he started to roamIn Yorkshire near Rotherham, he had been on the ramble
Weary of traveling, he sat down to rest
By the foot of yon' mountain
Lays a clear flowing fountain
With bread and cold water he himself did refreshWith the night fast approaching, to the woods he resorted
With woodbine and ivy his bed for to make
But he dreamt about sighing
Lamenting and crying
Go home to your family and rambling forsake'Twas the fifth day of November, I've reason to remember
When first he arrived home to his family and friends
And they did stand so astounded
Surprised and dumbfounded
To see such a stranger once more in their sightAnd his children come around him with their prittle prattling stories
With their prittle prattling stories to drive care away
And he's as happy as those
As have thousands of riches
Contented he'll remain and not ramble awayThis tune was composed by Spencer the Rover
As valiant a man as ever left home
And he had been much reduced
And caused great confusion
And that was the reason he started to roam

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