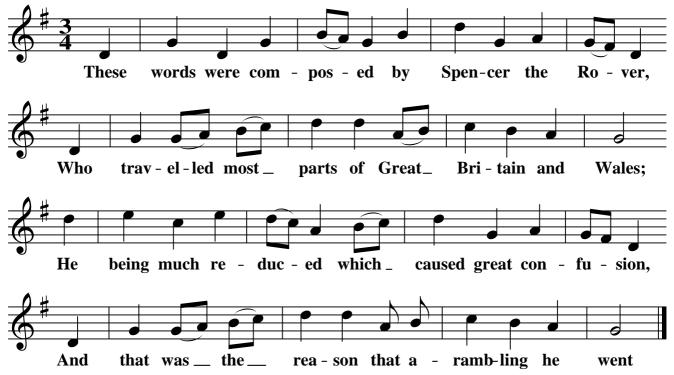
Spencer the Rover



These words were composed by Spencer the Rover Who travelled most parts of Great Britain and Wales; He being much reduced, which caused great confusion, And that was the reason a-rambling he went.

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

It tasted more sweet than the gold he had wasted, Sweeter than honey, and gave more content; Till the thoughts of his babies lamenting their father, Brought tears to his eyes and caused him to lament.

The night being approaching, to the woods he resorted, With woodbine and ivy, his bed for to make; He dreamed about sighing, lamenting and crying, "Come home to your children and rambling forsake."

On the fifth of November, I've reason to remember, When first I arrived home to my family and wife; She stood so surprised to see my arrival, To see such a stranger once more in her sight.

My children flocked around me with their prit-pratling story, With their prit-pratling story to drive away care; So we'll be united, like ants like together, Like bees in one hive contented we'll be.

Now, I am placed in my cottage contented, With primroses and woodbine hanging round my door; As happy as they that have plenty of riches, Contented I'll stay and go rambling no more.