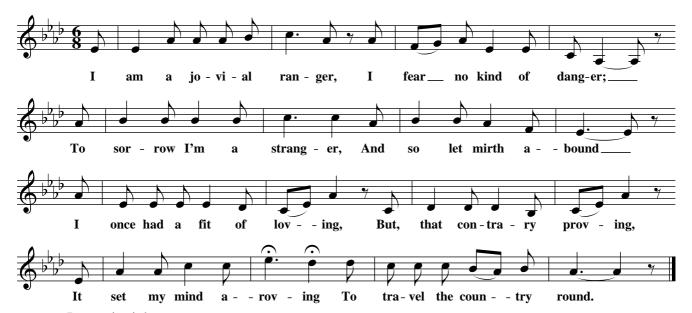
## Travel the Country Round



I am a jovial ranger,
I fear no kind of danger;
To sorrow I'm a stranger,
And so let mirth abound
I once had a fit of loving,
But, that contrary proving,
It set my mind a-roving
To travel the country round.

When first of all I started,
From all my friends I parted,
All almost broken hearted,
Alas! What grief I found!
Till London had fairly touched me,
No part of comfort reached me,
The devil had surely bewitched me
To travel the country round!

When up to London I wandered
A deal of money I squandered,
I masters tried a hundred,
No work was to be found.
And as I wandered up and down,
Some called me "a fool", some "country clown",
And bade me get out of their fine town
To travel the country round!

Now I grew quite dejected, As well might be expected, Myself I then directed To Reading, and was "bound". As soon as I arrived there, Some work for me was contrived there, And I for awhile was depriv'd there, From trav'lling the country round! Six months or more, I tarried,
Till of Reading, I grew wearied,
My roaming fancy fired
To see some other town.
To Oxford then I hasted,
A week or more I wasted,
As long as money lasted
I travelled the country round.

So now in Oxford my station; And here, to my vexation, A foolish new temptation To rest awhile I found. A maid I met so pretty, So good, so wise, so witty, I thought it were surely a pity To travel the country round.

Now I the case must alter, For fear that I should falter, And be led in a halter To church (a dismal sound!) I made a resolution Which I put in execution, It suited my constitution To travel the country round.

So now at home\* I'm seated, My travels are all completed, These words U have repeated, So awhile I'll sit me down; Quite cured of all my moving, As well as all my loving, I'll go no more a-roving To travel the country round

[\* The singer substitutes the name of the nearest town for 'at home']