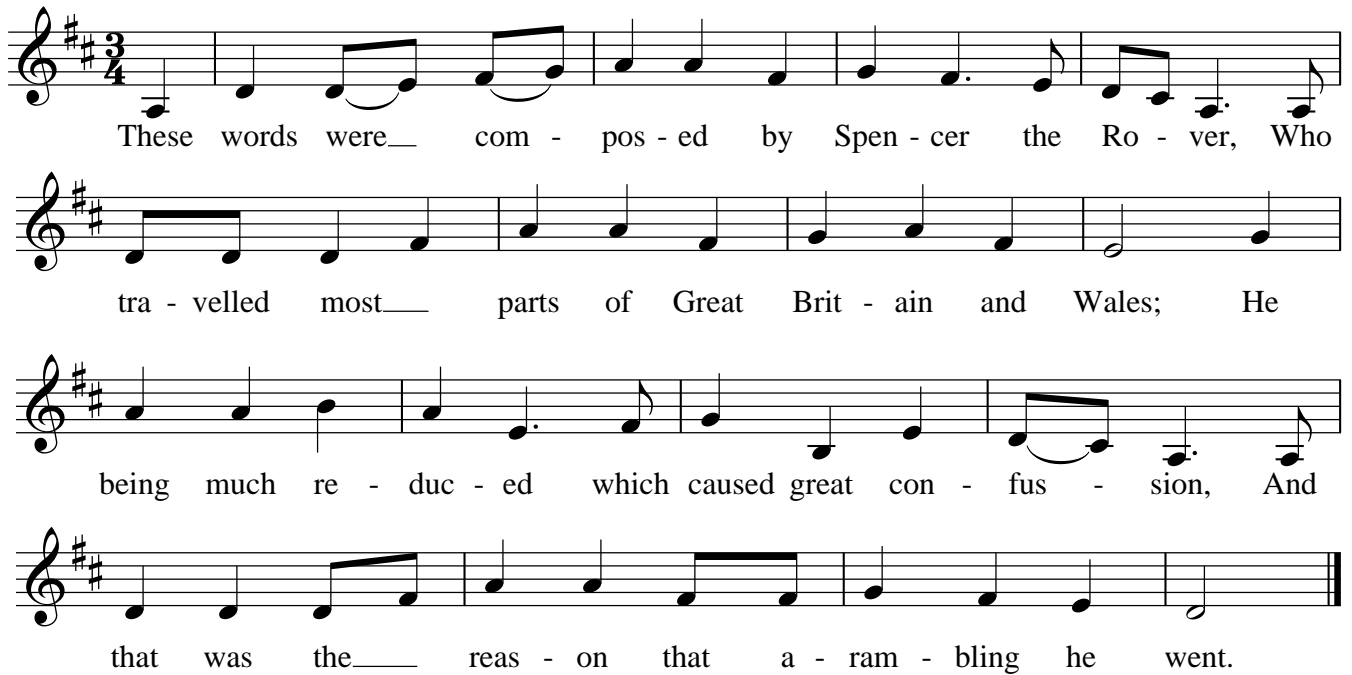


# Spencer the Rover

TYG 3



These words were\_\_\_ com - pos - ed by Spen - cer the Ro - ver, Who  
tra - velled most\_\_\_ parts of Great Brit - ain and Wales; He  
being much re - duc - ed which caused great con - fus - sion, And  
that was the\_\_\_ reas - on that a - ram - bling he went.

1. 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 that a-rambling he went.
2. 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 where runs a clear fountain,  
With bread and cold water he himself did refresh.
3. It tasted more sweeter than the gold he had wasted ,  
Sweeter than honey and gave more content,  
But the thoughts of his babies lamenting their father,  
Brought tears to his eyes and caused him to lament.
4. The night being approaching to the woods he resorted,  
With woodbine and ivy his bed for to make,  
He dreamt about sighing, lamenting and crying,  
Go home to your children and rambling forsake.
5. On the fifth of November I've reason to remember,  
When first he arrivèd with his family and wife;  
She stood so surprisèd to see his arrival,  
To see such a stranger once more in her sight.
6. His children flocked around him with their prattle-prattling stories,  
With their prattle-prattling stories to drive care away;  
Now he is united like birds of one feather,  
Like bees in one hive contented they'll be.