

## Spencer The Rover

Colin Hay

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 roam.

In Yorkshire near Rotherham, he had been on the ramble  
Weary of travelling, he sat down to rest  
By the foot of yon' mountain  
Lays a clear flowing fountain  
With bread and cold water he himself did refresh.

With the night fast approaching, to the woods he  
resorted  
With wood, vine 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 sight.

And 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 away.

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