

## Ramblin Rover

Fiddler's Green

Oh, there're sober men and plenty,  
and drunkards barely twenty,  
There are men of over ninety

who have never yet kissed a girl.

But give me a ramblin' rover,  
from Orkney down to Dover.

We will roam the country over  
and together we'll face the world.

There's many that feign enjoyment  
from merciless employment,

Their ambition was this deployment  
from the minute they left the school.

And they save and scrape and ponder  
while the rest go out and squander,

See the world and rove and wander  
and are happier as a rule.

I have roamed through all the nations  
in delight of all creations,

And enjoyed a wee sensation  
where the company, it was kind.

And when barkin' was no pleasure,  
I've drunk another measure

To the good friends that were treasure  
for they always around were mine.

If you're bent with arthritis,  
your bowels have got Colitis,

You're gallopin' with balacitis  
and you're thinkin' it's time you died,

If you been a man of action,  
though you're lying there in traction,

You will get some satisfaction  
thinkin', "Jesus, at least I tried."