**Wild Rover**

I've been a wild rover for many a long year,
I've spent all my money, boys, in fine girls and strong beer,
So for my part I will lay up my money on store,
And it's never will I play the wild rover no more.

Chorus

Wild rover, wild rover, wild rover no more,
And it's never will I play the wild rover no more.

I call'd at some ale-house where I used to resort,
The liquor was good, but my money run short;
I ask'd them to trust me, but their answer was "Nay!
Such a customer as you, my boy, we may have any day."

Then I pull'd out my handfuls of money straightway,
It was only to try them to hear what they'd say.
"You're welcome, kind Sir, to liquor of the best,
What I told you before was only in jest".

"Oh! no", I replied, "that never will be,
I'll see you all hang'd if I spend one penny;
For a man that's got money, he may sing and may roar,
But a man that's got none must be turn'd out of doors."

You should see the land-lady, at ease in her chair,
With her ruffles round her wrist, fine curls in her hair;
It's got by our money, boys, that you very well know,
And for to maintain them - we are fools if we do.

*The Wild Rover is one of the most popular folk songs in Britain and there are many versions. This version is from the South of England.*

**Additional Online Resources**

- Audio recording sung by Paul Sartin
  and the pupils of Anton School, Andover

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