



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 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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