Album: The Ever Decreasing Circle – Artist: The Kipper Family

This song was compos-ed for many's the year
While travelling through England on whisky and beer
It had been much reduc-ed, my gold in great store
And I'll never play Spencer the wild rover no more

In Yorkshire near Rotherham, with Ivy I went
Me mind was on travelling, me money was spent
By the foot of yon mountain she said to me nay
For bread and cold water I can get any day

With night fast approaching, without sovereigns bright
With Woodbines and Ivy opened wide with delight
But I drank on sighing with wines of the best
Go home to your family, it was only in jest

Well his children gathered round him,
Told him what they'd done
With prittle- prattling stories about the prodigal son
I'm as happy as those as oft times before
Like bees in one hive, I'll go roving no more