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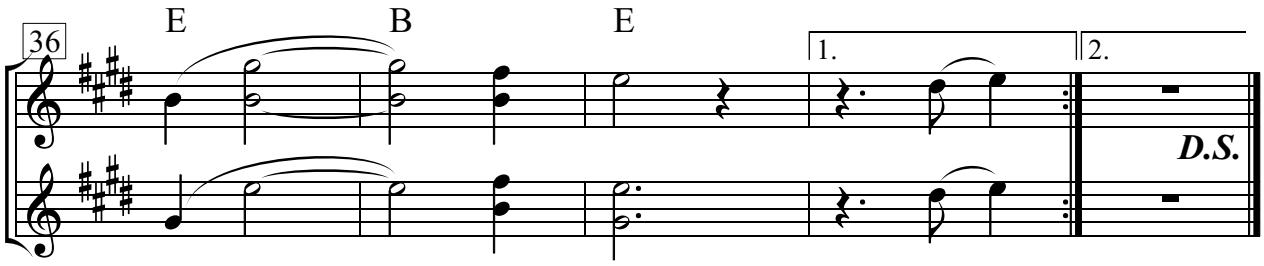
The wild Rover

Irish Folk (19)

Arr.: J. Johow

Allegro molto ♩ = 192





I've been a wild rover
for many's the year,
and I spent all me money
on whiskey and beer.
And now I'm returning
with gold in great store,
and I never will play
the wild rover no more.
And it's no, nay, never!
No, nay, never, no more,
will I play the wild rover.
No never no more!

I went to an alehouse
I used to frequent,
and I told the landlady
me money was spent.
I asked her for credit,
she answered me 'nay,
such a custom as yours
I could have any day'.
And it's no, nay, never ...

I pulled from me pocket
a handful of gold,
and on the round table
it glittered and rolled.
She said 'I have whiskeys
and wines of the best,
and the words that I told you
were only in jest'.
And it's no, nay, never ...

I'll have none of your whiskeys
nor fine Spanish wines,
For your words show you clearly
as no friend of mine.
There's others most willing
to open a door,
To a man coming home
from a far distant shore.
And it's no, nay, never ...

I'll go home to me parents,
confess what I've done,
and I'll ask them to pardon
their prodigal son.
And if they forgive me
as oft times before,
I never will play
the wild rover no more.
And it's no, nay, never ...