

## The Ramblin' Rover

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Oh, there's sober men aplenty and drunkards barely twenty,  
There are men of over ninety who have never yet kissed a girl.  
But give me a ramblin' rover, frae Orkney down to Dover  
We will roam the country over and together we'll face the world.

I have roamed through all the nations ta'n delight in all creation  
And enjoyed a wee sensation when the company did prove kind.  
And when parting was no pleasure - I drunk another measure  
To the good friends that we treasure for they'll always be on my mind.

There's many who 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 they're happier as a rule.

If you're bent with arthritis, your bowels have got colitis,  
And also conjunctivitis and you're thinking it's time you died.  
If you've been a man of action as you're lying there in traction,  
You will gain some satisfaction thinking, "Jesus, at least I tried."

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