A-Roving



In Amsterdam there lived a maid, Mark well what I do say, In Amsterdam there lived a maid, And she was mistress of her trade, I'll go no more a-roving, with you fair maid. A-roving, a-roving, since roving's been my ruin, I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid.

I took that fair maid for a walk, Mark well what I do say, I took that fair maid for a walk, And we had such a loving talk. I'll go no more a-roving, with you fair maid. A-roving, a-roving, since roving's been my ruin, I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid. I put my arm around her waist, Mark well what I do say, I put my arm around her waist, So slim and trim and tightly laced, I'll go no more a-roving, with you fair maid. A-roving, a-roving, since roving's been my ruin, I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid.