

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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A-Roving on a Winter's Night

A-Roving on a Winter's Night
(Doc Watson)

A-roving on a winter's night
And a-drinking good old wine
Thinking about that pretty little girl
That broke this heart of mine

She is just like a bud of rose
That blooms in the month of June
Or like some musical instrument
That's just been lately tuned

Well, perhaps it's a trip to some foreign land
A trip to France or Spain
But if I should go ten thousand miles
I'm coming home again

And it's who's gonna shoe your pretty little foot
And who's gonna glove your little hand
And who's gonna kiss your red ruby lips
Who's gonna be your man

I love you till the sea runs dry
And the rocks all melt with the sun
I love you till the day I die
Though you'll never be my own

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note: A pretty good translation of My Luve Is Like A Red Red Rose
into U.S. country terms. RG

JN