

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 thee fair maid.

CHORUS:

A roving, a roving, since roving's been my ruin
I'll go no more a roving with thee fair maid.

Her lips were red, her eyes were brown,
Mark well what I do say.
Her lips were red, her eyes were brown,
And her hair was black and it hung right down,
I'll go no more a-roving with thee, fair maid.

I put my arm around her waist ,
Mark well what I do say.
I put my arm around her waist,
Cried she, "Young man you're in great haste."
I'll go no more a-roving with thee, fair maid.

I took that maid upon my knee,
Mark well what I do say.
I took that maid upon my knee,
Cried she, "Young man, you're much too free";
I'll go no more a-roving with thee fair maid.

I kissed that maid and stole away,
Mark well what I do say.
I kissed that maid and stole away,
She wept- "Young man, why won't you stay ";
I'll go no more a-roving with thee, fair maid.