

A-Roving

C

In Amsterdam there lived a maid,

Mark well what I do say,

F

C

In Amsterdam there lived a maid

D7

G7

And she was mistress of her trade,

C

F

C

G7

C

I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.

Chorus:

F

C

A-roving, a-roving,

D7

G7

Since roving's been my ru-i-in,

C

F

I'll go no more a-roving

C

G7

C

With you fair maid.

Her eyes are like two stars so bright,
Mark well. . . etc.

Her eyes are like two stars so bright,
Her face is fair, her step is light;
I'll go no more a-roving . . . etc.

Her cheeks are like the rosebuds red, etc.
Her cheeks are like the rosebuds red,
There's wealth of hair upon her head; etc.

I love this fair maid as my life, etc.
I love this fair maid as my life,
And soon she'll be my little wife; etc.

And if you'd know this maiden's name, etc.
And if you'd know this maiden's name,
Why soon like mine, 'twill be the same; etc.