



# 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-ro-oving with you fair maid***

***A-roving, a-roving, since roving's been my ru-ey-in***

***I'll go no more a-ro-oving with you fair maid***

I met this fair maid after dark

She took me to her favourite park

I took this fair maid for a walk

And we had such a loving talk

I put my arm around her waist

She said "young man you're in great haste"

I put my hand upon her knee

She said "young man you're rather free"

I put my hand upon her thigh

She said " young man you're getting nigh"

Her skin was white as any milk

The hair on her thigh was soft as silk

Her lips were red just like a plum

The cheeks of her arse were tight as a drum

I pushed her over on her back

And then she let me have me whack

In three weeks time I was badly bent

So off to sea I sadly went

Now when I got back home from sea

A soldier had her dancing on his knee

*Alternative ending:*

'Twas then I got an awful shock

Her skirt was a kilt and her name was Jock