a-roving

In Amsterdam there lived a maid,
Bless you young women.
In Amsterdam there lived a maid,
O mind what I do say.
In Amsterdam there lived a maid,
and she was mistress of her trade.

refrein: I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid,
a-roving, a-roving,
since roving's been my ru-i-in.
I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.

I took this fair maid for a walk,
Bless you young women.
I took this fair maid for a walk,
O mind what I do say.
I took this fair maid for a walk,
and we had such a loving talk.

refrein

O didn't I tell her stories too,
Bless you young women.
O didn't I tell her stories too,
O mind what I do say.
O didn't I tell her whoppers too,
of the gold I found in Timbuktu.

refrein + herhalen laatste 3 regels