

A Rovin

In London town there lived a lass
Mark well what I do say!
In London town there lived a lass
And heads would turn when'er she passed
I'll go no more a-rovin' with you fair maid.

Chorus:

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

I took that maid out for a walk
Mark well what I do say—
I took that maid out for a walk
And oh God's teeth how she did talk
I'll go no more a rovin' with you, fair maid

Chorus:

I went with her to dance a jig
Mark well what I do say-
I went with her to dance a jig
She moved just like a drunken pig
I'll go no more a rovin' with you, fair maid

Chorus:

I kissed that girl upon each lip
Mark well what I do say-
I kissed that girl upon each lip
Her breath stunk like a garbage ship
I'll go no more a rovin' with you, fair maid

Chorus:

I ran from her and I did hide
Mark well what I do say-
I ran from her and I did hide
She barked "I want to be your bride!"
She'll go no more a rovin' with me, fair maid

Chorus x2:

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