

Harry Belafonte

"A ROVING"

Visit "[A ROVING](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

A roving, a roving since roving's been my ruin
I'll go no more a roving from you fair maid

In Amsterdam there lives a maid
mark well what I do say
In Amsterdam there lives a maid
and she was mistress of her trade
I'll go no more a roving from you fair maid
A roving a roving since roving's been my ruin
I'll go no more a roving from you fair maid

Her eyes are like two stars so bright
mark well what I do say
Her eyes are like two stars so bright
her face is soft her step is light
I'll go no more a roving from you fair maid
A roving a roving since roving's been my ruin
I'll go no more a roving from you fair maid

Her cheeks are like the rosebud's red,
mark well what I do say
Her cheeks are like the rosebud's red
there's a wealth of hair upon her head
I go no more a roving from you fair maid
A roving a roving since roving's been my ruin
I'll go no more a roving from you fair maid

Visit [Harry Belafonte](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.