**HE’LL GO NO MORE A-ROVIN’**

The delightfully bawdy ***Maid of Amsterdam*** was first documented in the mid-1800’s, but is attributed by some scholars to a work by Thomas Heywood in 1608. You can hear it performed by **Wylde Meade** on the link below. Wylde Meade introduces the song with ***Bayou Town Shanty***, which is also shown here.

**BAYOU TOWN SHANTY**

*by Paul Cooper*

**D Bm**

Set my course for Bayou Town -- ***come awake, my Nancy-o***

**G D Bm G D**

Nancy in her cotton gown, set my course for Bayou Town.

Watch out for the hurricane – ***come awake, my Nancy-o***

Thunder, lightning, wind and rain. Watch out for the hurricane.

Galveston, my ship’s in tow – ***come awake, my Nancy-o***.

Up the channel nice and slow. Galveston, my ship’s in tow.

Play the blues in Bayou Town – ***come awake, my Nancy-o***

Lightnin’ died, we lost that sound. Play the blues in Bayou Town.

When my evening star goes down – ***come awake, my Nancy-o***

End my days in Bayou Town. When my evening star goes down.

**MAID OF AMSTERDAM**

*Traditional*

**D A**

In Amsterdam there lived a maid – ***mark well what I do say***

 **G D G A**

In Amsterdam there lived a maid, and she was mistress of her trade

**CHORUS**

 **D A D**

***He’ll go no more a-rovin’ with you fair maid.***

 **G D G A**

***A-rovin’, a-rovin’, oh rovin’ was his ru-i-in.***

 **D A D**

***He’ll go no more a-rovin’ with you fair maid.***

He put his arm about me waist -- ***mark well what I do say***

He put his arm around me waist – I said.

“Young man, you’re in some haste”

**CHORUS**

He put his hand upon me knee -- ***mark well what I do say***

He put his hand upon me knee – I said’

“Young man, you’re rather free”

**CHORUS**

He put his hand upon me thigh -- ***mark well what I do say***

He put his hand upon me thigh – I said,

“Young man, that’s rather high!”

**CHORUS**

He kissed that girl and went away -- ***mark well what I do say***

He kissed that girl and went away -= while he was gone she spent his pay.

**CHORUS**

But when he got back home from sea -- ***mark well what I do say***

And when he got back home from sea, a soldier had her on his knee

He’ll go no more a-rovin’ with you fair maid.