

**WHILE ROVING ON A WINTER'S NIGHT**

WHILE ROVING ON A WINTER'S NIGHT AND DRINKING GOOD OLD OLD WINE  
THINKIN' ABOUT ABOUT THAT DEAR LITTLE GIRL SHE BROKE THIS HEART OF MINE  
SHE IS LIKE A BUDDED ROSE THAT BLOOMS IN THE MONTH OF JUNE  
SHE 'S LIKE SOME MUSIC INSTRUMENT THAT'S JUST BEEN LATELY TUNED

WHO'S GONNA SHOE YOUR PRETTY LITTLE FOOT AND

WHO'S GONNA GLOVE YOUR HAND

WHO WILL KISS YOUR RUBY LIPS AND

WHO WILL BE YOUR MAN

PAPA WILL SHOE MY LITTLE FOOT AND MAMA WILL GLOVE MY HAND

YOU CAN KISS MY RUBY LIPS AND YOU CAN BE MY MAN

PEHAPS I'LL GO TO A FAR OFF LAND A TRIP TO FRANCE OR SPAIN

FOR IF I GO TEN THOUSAND MILES I'M COMING BACK AGAIN

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**SHALOM, from  
SPIKE and JAMIE**