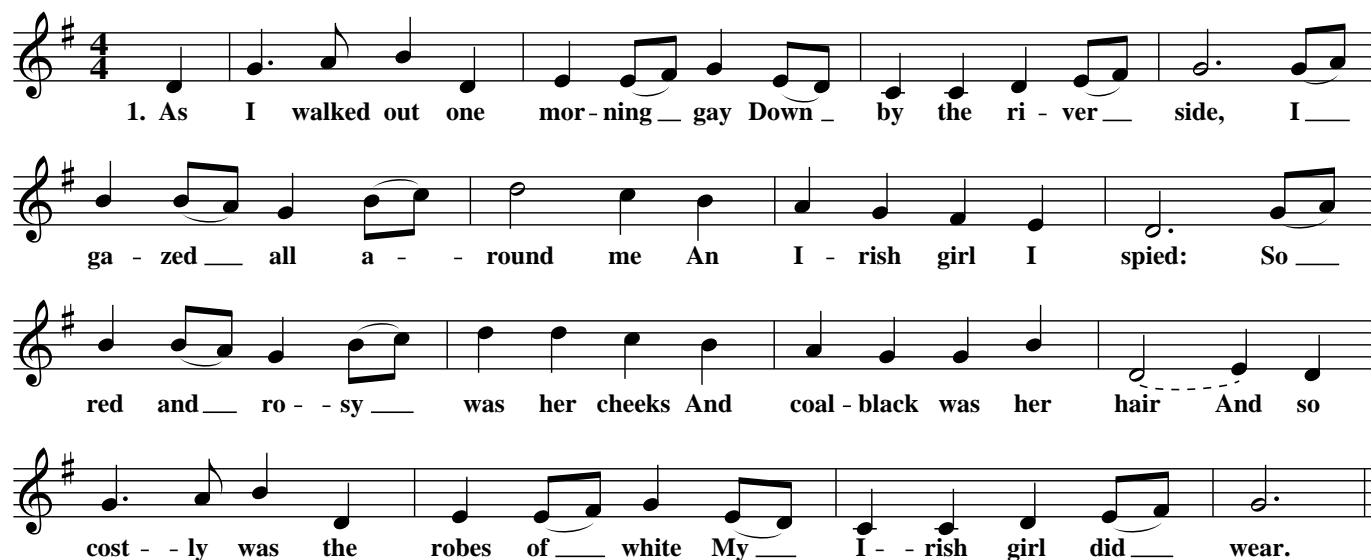


The Irish Girl.



1. As I walked out one mor-ning gay Down by the ri-ver side, I
ga-zed all a-round me An I-rish girl I spied: So
red and ro-sy was her cheeks And coal-black was her hair And so
cost-ly was the robes of white My I-rish girl did wear.

2. Her shoes were of the Spanish black
All spangled round with dew.
She wrung her hands and tore her hair,
Crying: Alas, what shall I do?
I'm going home, I'm going home,
I'm going home, said she.
Why will you go a-roving,
And spite your dear Polly?

4. I wish I was at Exeter
All seated on the grass
With a quart of wine all in my hand
And on my knee a lass.
I'd call for liquor merrily
And pay before I go,
And roll her in my arms once more
Let the wind blow high or low.

3. I wish I was a butterfly,
I'd fly to my love's breast;
I wish I was a linnet,
I'd sing to the Lord to rest;
I wish I was a nightingale,
I'd sing to the morning clear;
I'd sit and sing to my Polly,
The girl I love so dear.

Source: Sung by William Sparrow (79), Kemble, on 7th April 1913. Collected by Cecil Sharp (tune only).
Words from 682 The Irish Girl, sung by Henry Corbet, Snowhill.