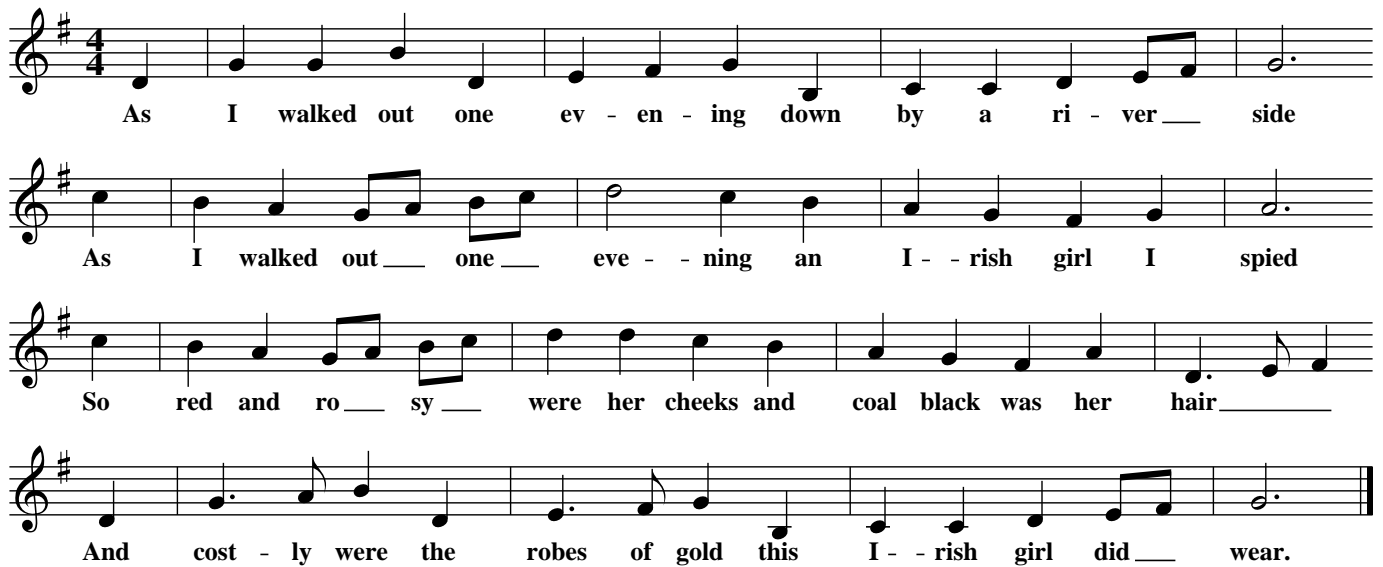


The Irish Girl



As I walked out one ev - en - ing down by a ri - ver side

As I walked out one eve - - ning an I - - rish girl I spied

So red and ro - sy were her cheeks and coal black was her hair

And cost - ly were the robes of gold this I - - rish girl did wear.

2. Her shoes were of the Spanish black all mingled o'er with dew,
Wringing her hands and crying, 'Alas! What shall I do?
I'm going home, I'm going home, I'm going home,' said she,
'Oh will you go a-roving and leave your dear Polly?'

3. I wish my love was a red rose bud that in the garden grew
And I would be the gardener and prove my love was true
I wish I was a nightingale, I'd sing the morning clear
I'd sit and sit for my Polly, the girl I do adore.

4. I wish I was in Manchester a-sitting on the grass
With a bottle of whisky in my hand and on my knee a lass.
I'd call for liquor merrily and pay before I'd go
I'd roll her in my arms once more, let the wind blow high or low.

Source: George 'Daddy' Lane, Winchcombe, 5th April 1908, collected by Percy Grainger