

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?

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.

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.

©Gloucestershire Traditions

Source: Henry Corbett (61) Snowhill, Collected Cecil Sharp 9 April 1909