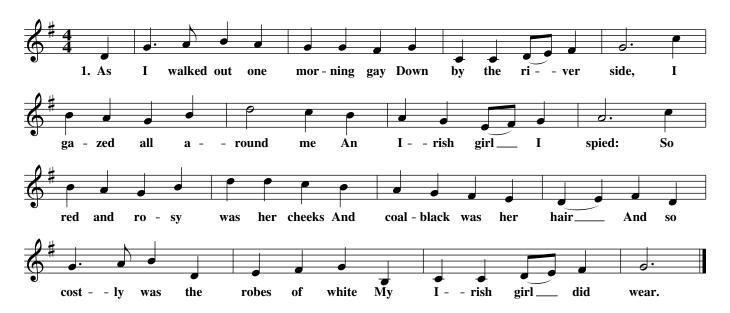
## The Irish Girl



- 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.

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