

The Irish Girl.

or

The New Irish Girl.

[MIXOLYDIAN.]

[SURREY.]

Allegro moderato.

1. A - broad as I was
ve-rylast time I

p legato

walk - ing, down by the riv - er side, I ga - zed all a -
saw my love she seem'd to lie in pain, With sor - row, grief and

- round.... me, an I - rish girl... I spied; So.....
an - guish her heart was broke in twain: "Oh there's

red and ro - sy were her cheeks and yel - low was her hair, And
many a man that's worse than he, then why should I.... com - plain? Oh!

cresc.

cost - ly were the robes of gold my I - rish girl did
love is such a kill - ing thing! did you ev - er feel the

dim.

wear. pain?" 2. Her shoes were of the Span - ish black, all
4. I wish my love was a red rose, and

span - gled the
in the gar - den grew, She wrung her hands, she
And I to be the

tore her hair cry - ing "Love! what shall... I do? I'm...
gar - den - er; To her I would be true. There's

mf agitato
agitato

go - ing home! I'm go - ing home! I'm... go - ing home! said
not a month through - out the year, but... love I would re -

mf *cresc.*

she, "Why will you go a - ro - - ving, and
- new; With li - lies I would gar - nish her, sweet

slight your dear Pol - lie?" 2. The wish I was a
Wil - li - am, thyme and rue. 5. I

but - ter - fly, I'd fly to my love's breast; I

wish I was a lin - net, I'd sing my love... to

rest; I..... wish I was a night - in - gale, I'd.....

cresc.

sing till morn..ing clear; I'd sit and sing to

mf

rit. *Fine.*

you... Pol - lie, the girl... I love so dear. 6. I

rit. *rit.*

seated

wish I was at Ex - e - ter all seated on the

grass, With a bot - tle of whis - key in my hand, and

on my knee a lass. I'd... call for li - quor

mer - ri - ly, and... pay be - fore I go; I'd

hold her in my arms once more, let the wind blow high or low.

1

Abroad as I was walking down by the river side,
I gazed all around me, an Irish girl I spied;
So red and rosy were her cheeks, and yellow was her hair,
And costly were the robes of gold my Irish girl did wear.

2

Her shpes were of the Spanish black, all spangled round with dew,
She wrung her hands, and tore her hair, crying "Love! 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 slight your dear Polliè?"

3

The very last time I saw my love she seemed to lie in pain,
With sorrow, grief and anguish her heart was broke in twain:
"Oh! there's many a man that's worse than he, then why should I complain?
Oh! love is such a killing thing! did you ever feel the pain?"

4

I wish my love was a red rose, and in the garden grew,
And I to be the gardener; to her I would be true.
There's not a month throughout the year, but love I would renew:
With lilies I would garnish her, sweet William, thyme, and rue.

5

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

6

*may be omitted
when singing.*

[I wish I was at Exeter, all seated on the grass,
With a bottle of whiskey in my hand, and on my knee a lass.
I'd call for liquor merrily, and pay before I go;
I'd hold her in my arms once more, let the wind blow high or low.

[Sung by Mr James Bromham, 1896]