

The Irish Girl
or The New Irish Girl

No. 23.

Moderately fast



1. A- broad as I was walk-.... ing, down by the riv- er side,
2. Her shoes were of the Span- ish black, all span- gled round with dew,
3. The ver- y last time I saw my love she seemed to lie in pain,
4. I wish my love was a red rose, and in the gar- den grew,

G D D7 G D D7 D



I gaz- èd all a- round.... me. an Ir- ish girl..I spied;
She wrung her hands she tore her hair cry- ing "Love what shall.I do?
With sorr- ow grief and ang-.... uish her heart was broke.in twain:
And I to be the gar- den- er; to her I would.be true.

C G C D



So... red and rub- y were her cheeks and... yell- ow was...her hair,
I'm.. go- ing home! I'm go- ing home! I'm... go- ing home.." said she,
"Oh there's man- y a man that's worse than he, then.. why should I....com- plain?
There's not a month through- out the year, but... love I would.re- new;

G D Em G D



And cost- ly were the robes:of gold my Ir-...ish girl did wear.
"Why will you go a rov-.... ing, and slight your dear Pol- lie?"
Oh! love is such a kill.. ing thing! Did you ev-...er feel the pain?"
With lill- ies I would gar-..nish her, sweet Wil-li-am, 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. I wish I was at Exeter, all seated 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 go;
I'd hold her in my arms once more, let the wind blow high or low.¹

1. Note (1908) on verse 6: may be omitted when singing.