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Irish Girl

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As I walked out one morning down by the river's side
And gazing all around me an Irish girl I spied
The tears ran down her rosy cheeks and she began to cry
My love's gone to America and quite forsaken me.

I went to Church last Sunday, my love he passed me by
I knew his mind was changing by the roving of his eye
I knew his mind was altered to a girl of high degree
Saying Willy, lovely Willy, your love has wounded me

Last night I lay on my bed so sick and bad was I
I called for a napkin around my head to tie
Was he as bad in love as me perhaps I'd mend again
O love it is a killing thing, did you ever feel the pain?

I wish I was a butterfly, I'd fly to my love's breast
I wish I was a linnet, I would sing my love to rest
I wish I was a nightingale, I'd sit and sing so clear
I'd sing a song for you false love for once I loved you

from Sedley, Seeds of Love
a common Nineteenth Century broadside
SOF