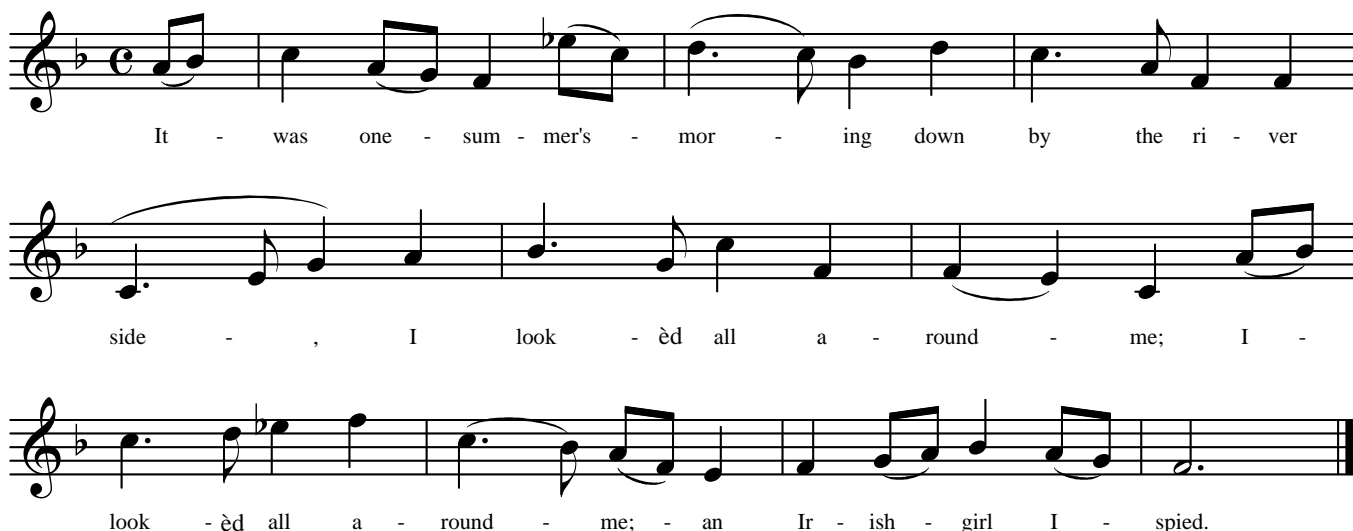


## 34 Irish Girl - Mr Cooper



It - was one - sum - mer's - mor - ing down by the ri - ver  
side - , I look - èd all a - round - me; I -  
look - èd all a - round - me; - an Ir - ish - girl I - spied.

1

It was one summer's morning  
down by the riverside,  
I lookèd all around me;  
*I lookèd all around me;*  
an Irish girl I spied.

2

So red and rosy were her cheeks  
and coal-black was her hair,  
and costly were the robes of gold;  
*and costly were the robes of gold*  
this Irish girl did wear.

3

The tears ran down her rosy cheeks,  
in sorrow she did cry,  
saying, 'My own true love has gone from me;  
*my own true love has gone from me,*  
and quite forsaken I.'

4

The last time that I saw my love  
oh, he was very bad.  
The only thing he asked of me;  
*the only thing he asked of me,*  
was just to tie his head.

5

I wish my love was a red, red rose  
that in the garden grew,  
and that I was the gardener;  
*and that I was the gardener;*  
then him I would renew.

6

Yes every month throughout the year  
him I would renew;  
with lillies I would garnish him;  
*with lillies I would garnish him,*  
Sweet William, Thyme and Rue,

7

I wish I was a butterfly,  
I'd fly to my love's breast;  
I wish I were a linnet;  
*I wish I were a linnet,*  
I'd sing my love to rest.

8

I wish I was a nightingale,  
I'd sing to the morning clear;  
I'd sit and sing to my true love;  
*I'd sit and sing to my true love*  
who I do love so dear.

9

I wish I was in Dublin Town  
a-sporting on the grass,  
with a glass of whiskey in each hand;  
*a glass of whiskey in each hand,*  
and on each knee a lass.

10

We'd call for liquors merrily  
and pay before we go,  
we would roll a lass upon the grass;  
*we would roll a lass upon the grass,*  
let the wind blow high or low.