



## New Irish Girl.

Evans, Printer, Long-lane, London.

AS I walk'd forth one evening, along a river's side,  
I gazed all around me, and an Irish girl I spy'd,  
So red and rosy were her cheeks, and coal-black  
was her hair, [did wear.  
How costly were the robes that this Irish girl

Her shoes were of the Spanish black, bespangl'd  
round with dew,  
She wrung her hands and tore her hair, and said,  
What shall I do?

I am going home, I am going home, says she,  
Why would you a going for my true-love, said  
she.

The very last time I saw my love, Oh! he was  
very bed, [head:  
The only request he ask'd of me, it was to tie his  
There's many a man it's worse than him,  
perhaps he might mend again, [pain?  
O, love it is a killing thing, did you ever feel the

I wish my love was a red rose, and in a garden  
grew, [great care;  
And I to be the gardener, of her I would take  
There is not a month throughout the year, but  
her I would renew,  
With lillies I would garnish her, with sweet-  
william, thyme, and ru e

I wish I was a butterfly, I would fly to my love's  
breast; [to rest;  
I wish I was a linnet, I would sing my love  
I wish I was a nightingale, I would sing till the  
morning clear,  
I would sit and sing for my true-love, whom I  
once lov'd so dear.

I wish I was in Dublin town sitting on the grass,  
With a bottle of whiskey in my hand, and on  
my knee a lass,  
We'd call for liquors merrily, and pay before we  
go, [or low.  
I'd fold her in my arms, let the wind blow high