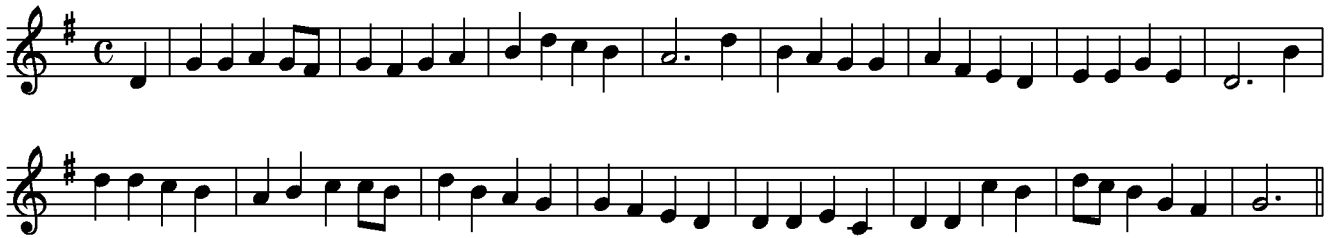


## Abroad as I was walking

*Llewellyn Mallion Fen Ditton, RVW 1906*



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

Her shoes of Spanish leather all spangled round with dew  
She wrung her hands and tore her hair crying O what shall I do  
My true love's mind is altered to a girl of high degree  
Why will you go aroving and slight your dear Polly

The first time that that I saw my love was in the market square  
The look that passed between us he did my heart ensnare  
But fortune played its cruel hand & we were forced to part  
O love it is a killing thing, can surely break your heart.

I wish my love was a red red rose & in the garden grew  
& I to be the gardener to him I would prove true  
There's not a month throughout the year but my love I would renew  
With lilies I would garnish him, Sweet William, Thyme and rue.

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 sing till morning clear  
I's sit and sing for you my love I once did love so dear.

I wish i was in Manchester all seated on the grass  
In my hand a glass of wine, my head on my love's breast  
We'd call for liquor of the best and pay before we go  
I'd hold my true love in my arms let the wind blow high or low.