

As I walked forth

Robert Johnson

As I walk'd forth one sum- mer's day, To view the
Then round the mea- dows did she walk, Catch- ing each
The flow- ers of the sweet- est scents She bound a-
When she had fill'd her ap- ron full Of such green

5

mead- ows green and gay, A plea- sant bow-
flow- er by the stalk, Such flow'rs as in
bout with knot- ty bents, And as she bound
things as she could cull; The green leaves serv'd

10

er I es- pied, Stand- ing fast by the
the mea- dow grew, The dead- man's thumb, and
them up in bands, She wept, she sigh'd, and
her for her bed, The flow'rs were the pil- lows

15

ri- ver side, And in't a maid- en I heard cry,
herb all blue, And as she pull'd them still cried she,
wrung her hands: A- las! A- las! A- las! cried she,
for her head; Then down she laid, ne'er more did speak,

A- las! A- las! There's none e'er lov'd as I.
A- las! A- las! There's none e'er lov'd like me.
A- las! A- las! There's none e'er lov'd like me.
A- las! A- las! With love her heart did break.