

As I walked forth

Robert Johnson

As I walk'd forth one sum- mer's day,
 Then round the mea- dows did she walk,
 The flow- ers of the sweet- est scents
 When she had fill'd her ap- ron full

To view the mead- ows green and gay, A
 Catch- ing each flow- er by the stalk, Such
 She bound a- bout with knot- ty bents, And
 Of such green things as she could cull; The

plea- sant bow- er I es- pied,
 flow'rs as in the mea- dow grew,
 as she bound them up in bands,
 green leaves serv'd her for her bed,

Stand- ing fast by the ri- ver side,
The dead- man's thumb, and herb all blue,
She wept, she sigh'd, and wrung her hands:
The flow'rs were the pil- lows for her head;

And in't a maid- en I heard cry,
And as she pull'd them still cried she,
A- las! A- las! A- las! cried she,
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.