

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

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

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

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.