

# 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- er I es- pied,  
flow- er by the stalk, Such flow'rs as in the mea- dow grew,  
bout with knot- ty bents, And as she bound them up in bands,  
things as she could cull; The green leaves serv'd her for her bed,

Stand- ing fast by the ri- ver side, And in't a  
The dead- man's thumb, and herb all blue, And as she  
She wept, she sigh'd, and wrung her hands: A- las! A-  
The flow'rs were the pil- lows for her head; Then down she

maid- en I heard cry, A- las! A- las! There's none e'er lov'd as I.  
pull'd them still cried she, A- las! A- las! There's none e'er lov'd like me.  
las! A- las! cried she, A- las! A- las! There's none e'er lov'd like me.  
laid, ne'er more did speak, A- las! A- las! With love her heart did break.