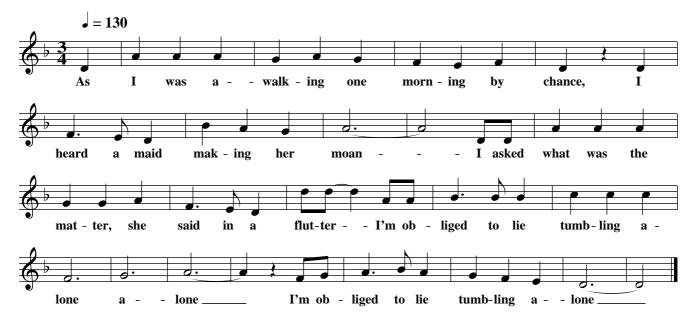
As I Was A-Walking



As I was a-walking one morning by chance I heard a maid making her moan I asked what was the matter, she said in a flutter I'm obliged to lie tumbling alone, alone, I'm obliged to lie tumbling alone.

I said: My fair maid, where did you come from Or are you some distance from home? My home, replies she, is a burden to me For I'm obliged to lie tumbling alone, alone, I'm obliged to lie tumbling alone.

When I was eleven, sweethearts I had seven But then I was fitting for none But now I am fit ne'er a one can I get For I'm obliged to lie tumbling alone, alone, I'm obliged to lie tumbling alone.

My sister a girl was wed at sixteen And she has fine babes of her own And here I am now in my sweet twenty-one I'm obliged to lie tumbling alone, alone, I'm obliged to lie tumbling alone.

I wish some brisk fellow would pity my case And make me a bride of his own For I vow and declare I shall die in despair If I lie one night longer alone, alone, If I lie one night longer alone.