

**As I Walked Out**

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As I walked out on an evening so clear,  
A young man lamented for the loss of his dear;  
And as he lamented, full sore did he cry,  
Saying, "Alas, I'm tormented, for love I must die."

"My dear and my jewel, my honey," said he,  
"Will you let me gang wi' you a sweetheart to be?  
And my dear and my jewel, my honey," said he,  
"Will you let me gang wi' you a sweetheart to be?"

"Were I to say yea, I would say 'gainst my mind,  
And for to say no, you would think I was unkind  
For to sit and say nothing, you would say I was dumb,  
So take that for your answer and go as you come."

"Oh, pox take you, Sally, for you are unkind.  
You pulled the lily, left the red rose behind,  
But the lily will yellow, and the time will come soon,  
When the red rose will flourish in the sweet month of June."

"Oh, some court for beauty, but beauty soon fades,  
Others marry for riches, get bold saucy jades,  
But if I ever marry, as plain as you may see,  
The wee lass that's loyal is the darling for me."

From Songs of the People, Henry  
Collected from William Carton, Garryduff, Ballymoney