

GYLES AND JILLIE.



illies for Love!

Roses for Will!

Where do you hide?

Where do you bide?

Stars slant above

The windy old hill,

Do you love me still?

Listen: oh, shrill—

Hey! Ho!

Roses ripe-red!

Lillies pure-pale!

Where do you grow?

Where do you blow?

Stars overhead,

Over the vale,

Your light shall not fail

Down in the dale—

Hey! Ho!

Winding the way to you!

—Shout when you're near!

Oh, we shall meet again!

Oh, we shall greet again!

What shall I say to you?

—What I would hear!

Clear and more clear

The song to my ear—

Hey! Ho!

Gyles, oh, the lad for me!

Oh, and my Jillie!

Still you'll be there?

Still will you dare?

Be you still glad for me?

Up on the hill!

Still shall we thrill—

Thrill and be still—

Hey! Ho!