

LILLA GALE

Over the little hill,  
    Down in the vale,  
There lives a pretty lass,  
    Her name is Lilla Gale,  
She has sweet blue eyes,  
    And auburn is her hair,  
And never shall I cease to love  
    This beauteous maid so fair.

O Lilla, listen, listen unto me,  
And a sweet tale I'll tell unto thee;  
A tale of love, so sweet it shall be,  
If thou wilt come and rove along with me.

The moon shines bright love,  
    The stars twinkle high,  
I'm waiting here for thee love  
    With many a loving sigh;  
The birds are gone to rest,  
    Save the sweet nightingale,  
Who's voice is like thy voice  
    Sweet charming Lilla Gale.

O Lilla, listen, listen unto me,  
And a sweet tale I'll tell unto thee;  
A tale of love it ever shall be,  
If thou wilt come and rove along with me.