

August 2019

The Swiss Girl

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Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "The Swiss Girl" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 637.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/637

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The Swiss Girl.

Printed & sold by D. Batchelar, opposite the Refuge
for the Destitute, Hackney Road.

Oh, hear me, pretty Swiss !
Come roam the world with me,
Where grandeur shines and health can make
A paradise for thee.

No, no, I love the mountain rills,
These barren cliffs, and forests green,
More dear to me the flower-clad hills,
The valley where my cot is seen.

But come with me, and thou shalt share
A palace bright and fair.

No, no, no, the merry Swiss girl,
Contented here to stay,
Cares not for wealth and honours,
While she sings her mountain lay—
Tra la hi li hu la hi, la hi la hi ho, &c.

Oh, hear me pretty Swiss,
Tra la hi li hu la hi ho.

That simple wreath of flow'rs,
Oh, carelessly throw by;
And thou shalt wear a diamond crown,
More dazzling to the eye.

No, no, the crown is not so bright,
As yonder glorious sun I see;
That bathes in gold each tow'ring height,
And wakes each morn new joy in me.

But here thy charms will fade;
Oh, fly with me sweet maid.

No, no, no, the merry Swiss girl,
Contented here to stay,

Thinks not of youth or beauty,
As she sings her mountain lay.

Tra la, &c.

My palace shall be thine,
Its woods and bowers around;
And thou shall reign the queen o'er all,
With love and pleasure crown'd.
No, no, I'd rather reign and live
In those dear hearts from childhood known,
Than aught that thou canst give,
Or be a queen upon thy throne.

My heart and hand I'll give with pride,
Oh, say thou'lt be my bride.

No, no, no, the merry Swiss girl,
Contented here to stay,

Is ever free and happy,
As she sings her mountain lay.

Tra la, &c.