

August 2019

The Rose and the Lily

Author Unknown

Follow this and additional works at: https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk



Part of the [Folklore Commons](#), and the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "The Rose and the Lily" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 1249.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/1249

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Kenneth S. Goldstein Collection: Broadside Ballads at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Broadside Ballads: England by an authorized administrator of eGrove. For more information, please contact egrove@olemiss.edu.

The Rose & the Lily

J. Catnach, Printer, 2, Monmouth-court.

IN the gay month of June, a fair blushing rose,
Deck'd himself out most gaudy and silly;
The scent of his clothes came most sweet to
He saw and he lov'd a fair lily. (the nose
She lov'd in return, but her passion was pure
Tho his flaunting was foppish and silly,
To others his pride made him hard to en-
But he still was beloved by the Lily. (dure

CHORUS.

Then youths ere too late, be warned by his
Let foppishness ne'er make you silly; (fate
And ne'er like the rose, by the grandeur of
Beinduced to think ill of the Lily. (clothes,
His cheeks were as red as the bright mor-
ning sun, (nectar,
And his breath smelt more sweet far than
While the Lily was fair & as pale as a nun,
And modest the few clothes that deck'd
her. (one
She knew no deceit, & she thought not that
So god-like, could ever deceive her;
But, ah! soon she found when her heart he
had won
For another he quickly would leave her.

Then youths, &c.

Day after day his love weaker grew,
She saw that he mark'd her but coolly;
And insult and harshness at her daily threw
Though stil she lov'd holy and truly.
She now saw his love was completely e-
stranged,
And the breath of despair blew most chilly
He wander'd away, his passion was chang'd
She sorrow'd and died the fair Lily.

Then youths, &c.

He saw her decay still nothing unmov'd,
And sink to the earth broken-hearted;
To a flower more fair, soon after he rov'd,
Yet frailer than that from he'd parted.
A fair tulip he sought one more to his taste
Array'd in the fashion most splendid;
But the Tulip soon left for one far more
chaste,
A hare-bell—and so his suit ended.

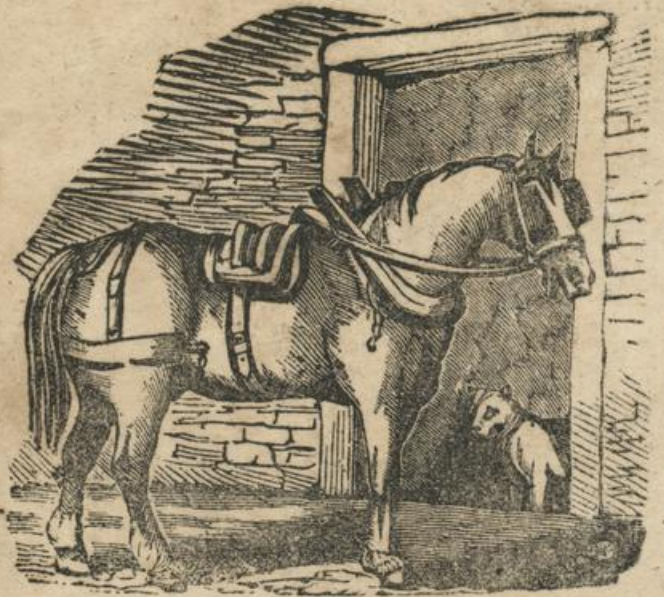
Then youths, &c.

He sought every flower, but none could he
move,

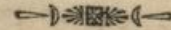
While his dress was decaying now daily;
Some laugh'd at his dress some his pride did
reprove

And said that his love burnt but frailly.
Deserted by all he sigh'd at his fate,
And rail'd at his conduct most silly,
Repentance and sorrow came to him too late
He wish'd he'd been true to his Lily.

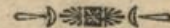
Then youths, &c.



THE DROVER BOY.



J. Catnach, Printer, 2, Mon-
mouth-court, 7 Dials.



I'M a merry hearted mountain drover boy
And a Switzer brave and free:
My days are pass'd in a round of joy,
And none so blithe as me.
At morn from the hill with right good will,
My scrip I fill so gaily, O!
My horn I blow with a merry hey ho,
And away goes the drover boy.

Hey ho, &c.

I'm a captain bold of a troop so fine
As you'd see on a summer's day,
An ill word 'gainst that brave herd of mine,
I should like to hear who'd say.
At eve to the spring my kine I bring,
My sweet little flock so gaily, O!
When my horn I blow you should hear how
At the call of the drover boy. (they low,
Hey ho, &c.

I've a pretty little love like the snow-drop fair
Whose smile is the soul of glee;
An ill word of her, if any dare,
Must answer it well unto me.
At eve with the drove, as homeward I rove,
To my sweet little dove so gaily, O!
When my horn I blow, how well does she
The call of her drover boy. (know
Hey ho, &c.