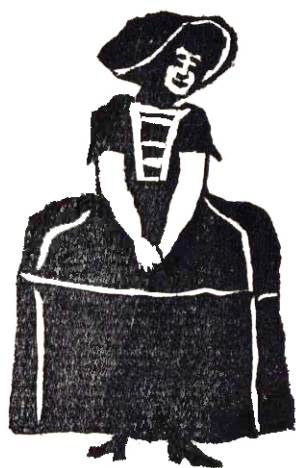


LILLY-WHITE



LILLY-WHITE



lilly-white here hands are,
Lilly-white her thighs
Little starry strands are
The locks above her eyes.

Violets here eyes are,
Her hands are valley-lillies,
Her eyes are like the skies are,
Her breasts are daffodillies.

Violet and lilly-gold,
Petalled daffodills,
She's joyous as the hilly gold
Upon the Gorsy Hills.

I'll pluck her valley-lillies,
 And steal her violets,
I'll turn her daffodillies
 To gold-lipped triolets.

I'll cross the hills beyond ; oh !
 I'll seek her in the sun ;
I'll sing to her my rondeau
 Until her heart is won.

And oh ! her hands are lillies,
 And lilly-white her thighs,
But still her softest thrill is
 Beneath her violet eyes.