THE LITTLE DAMOZEL.

Words by
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Music by
IVOR NOVELLO

Vivo

A dainty little Damozel looked out across the

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She saw the Lord High Admiral come swaggering down the quay;
"Good morrow, little Damozel, I'll marry you," quoth he,
"When I have sent those foreign ships to where they ought to be?"
Saucily

"Fa, la, la, la!" she tossed her little head,"Lord "Ad-mi-ral you may be,
But

as for mar-ry-ing me," she said,"Well, that de-pends on me!"
This wayward little Damozel went wandering by the lea,
And there she met a shepherd boy as pretty as could be.
"I love you, dainty Damozel, with tender heart and true,
If you will love me half as well, I'll
pipe all day for you, for you!

"Fa, la, la, la!" she shook her little head, "Nay, nay, that cannot be; If you should pipe all day," she said "Whold keep my sheep for me?"
But as she turned her home again, Across the twilight land, Her blue-eyed page came timidly, A rose-bud in his hand. "God greet thee, dainty Damozel," He sighed and bent his knee, "I am no Lord High
Admiral, Nor can I pipe, you see!

"Fa-la-la-la-la!" she bent her little head, "what matters that," said she, "I only know I love you so, And that's enough for me!" Fa-la-la-
I only know I love you so, and that's enough for me, Ah! ah! ah! ah!
THE LITTLE DAMOZEL

A dainty little Damozel
Looked out across the sea,
She saw the Lord High Admiral
Come swaggering down the quay:
"Good-morrow, little Damozel,
I'll marry you," quoth he,
"When I have sent those foreign ships
To where they ought to be."

"Fa, la, la, la!" she tossed her little head,
"Lord Admiral you may be,
But as for marrying me," she said,
"Well, that depends on me!"

This wayward little Damozel
Went wand'ring by the lea,
And there she met a shepherd boy
As pretty as could be.
"I love you, dainty Damozel,
With tender heart and true,
If you will love me half as well
I'll pipe all day for you!"

"Fa, la, la, la!" she shook her little head,
"Nay, nay, that cannot be;
If you should pipe all day," she said,
"Who'd keep my sheep for me?"

But as she turned her home again,
Across the twilight land,
Her blue eyed page came timidly,
A rosebud in his hand.
"God greet you, dainty Damozel,"
He sighed and bent his knee,
"I am no Lord High Admiral,
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"Fa, la, la, la!" she bent her little head,
"What matters that!" said she,
"I only know I love you so,
And that's enough for me!"

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