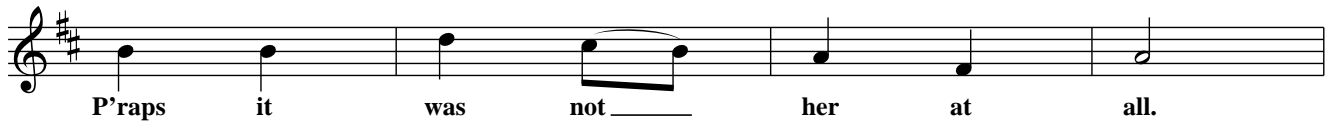
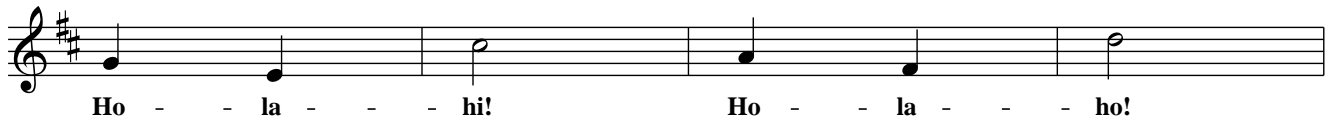
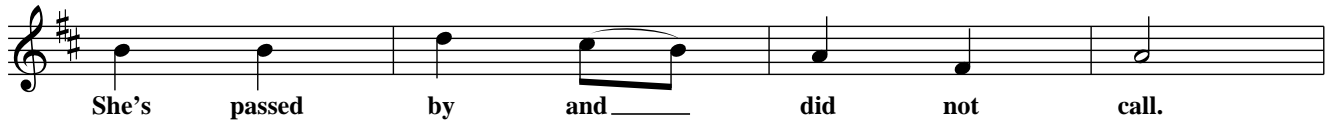
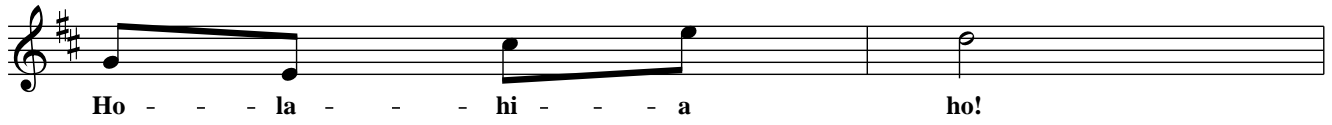
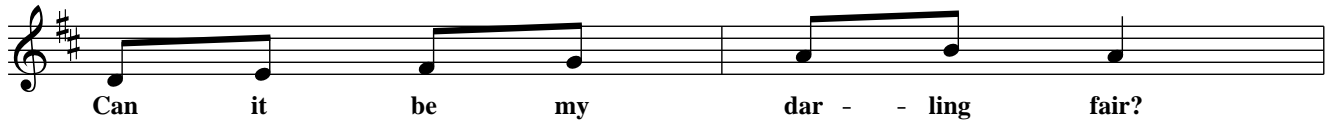
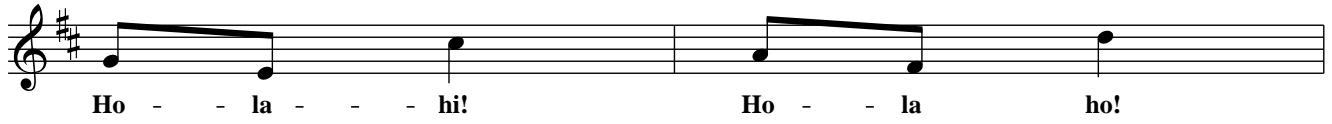
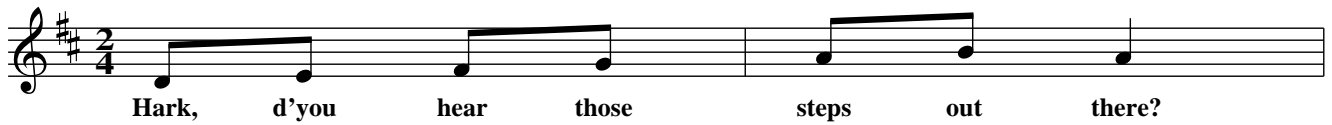


Holahi



Hark, d'you hear those steps out there?
 (Holahi! Holaho!)
 Can it be my darling fair?
 (Holahia ho!)
 She's passed by and did not call
 (Holahi! Holaho!)
 P'raps it was not her at all
 (Holahia ho!)

People in the village say
 (Holahi! Holaho!)
 That I love a maiden gay
 (Holahia ho!)
 Let them gossip all the same;
 (Holahi! Holaho!)
 I'll not tell my true love's name
 (Holahia ho!)

When Spring comes perhap I'll dare
 (Holahi! Holaho!)
 My love's name to all declare
 (Holahia ho!)
 I'll not mind then what they say,
 (Holahi! Holaho!)
 For 'twill be our wedding-day
 (Holahia ho!)