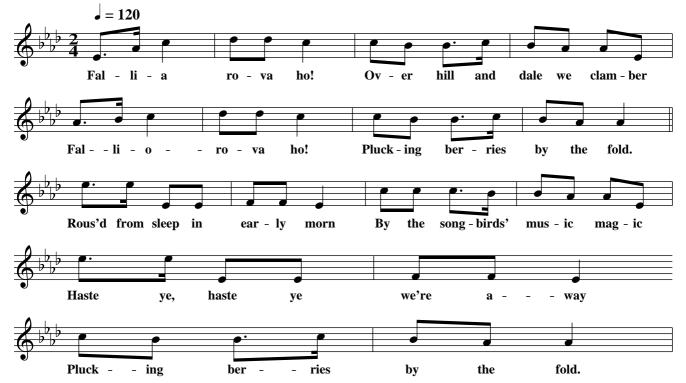
The Berry Picking



Fal-li-a ro-va ho! Over hill and dale we clamber Fal-li-o-ro-va ho! Plucking berries by the fold.

Rous'd from sleep in early morn By the song-birds' music magic Haste ye, haste ye we're away Plucking berries by the fold.

Azure blue the sky above us, Smoky blue the rising hill-tops Purple blue among the heather Rip'ning berries by the fold

Over hill and through the glens, Striding blithely through the heather Breezes fraught with perfume sweet Tempt us to the berry fold.