

The Berry Picking

$\text{♩} = 120$

Fal - li - a ro - va ho! Ov - er hill and dale we clam - ber
Fal - - li - o - - ro - va ho! Pluck - ing ber - ries by the fold.
Rous'd from sleep in ear - ly morn By the song - birds' mus - ic mag - ic
Haste ye, haste ye we're a - - - way
Pluck - - ing ber - - ries by the fold.

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.