

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## A Bold Lover Gay

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Ho, ho, you pretty lassy, ho, ho, you sweet little dear,  
Come sit you on my lap and do not fear.

Why those rosy blushes, why those blushes, I say!  
All on account of a bold lover gag!

Leave your father and mother and come along with me,  
And I will carry you to my home across the sea.

Oh, oh, thou pretty lassy, oh, oh, thou sweet little May!  
All on account of a bold lover gay.

No hard work for you there, I say,  
But silk and satin dresses, May!  
and all the day we'll laugh and play.  
Oh, you false young lover gay!

Heigh-ho, thou pretty lassy, heigh-ho, thou sweet young May,  
Why do you look back at your old home so much  
As you go with him on the way?  
All on account of a bold lover gay.

Heigh-ho, thou pretty lassy, heigh-ho, thou sweet young maid,  
You'll wish you at home had stayed, stayed,  
Nor left your old father and mother that day  
To go away with your bold lover gay.

Heigh-ho, thou poor pale May, heigh-ho, thou poor young dear,  
'Tis well nigh a year since you left here!  
And where are your silks and satins, May ?  
And what is that under your cloak, I say?  
All on account of a bold lover gay!

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