

# Tit For Tat - song lyrics

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TIT FOR TAT.

Words by Nemo. Music by Henry Pontet.

If you cross the bill, by my father's mill,  
And walk along the fields about a mile,  
By the willow copse, where the pathway stops,  
You'll find a very high and awkward stile;  
It has four high steps, so widely set,  
To cross it by myself I am afraid;  
I never dare that way repair.  
Unless at hand I've strong and friendly aid.  
'Twas there, one day in the month of May,  
I met a loving lad, and in my sweetest tones,  
I asked him would he mind, would he be so very kind,  
As to help me o'er those four most awkward stones?  
He helped me- " one, " - he helped me- " two, " -  
And then to my surprise, he paused and said:  
' Rose, I love you! " I only laughed;  
"Rose, do you love me? " I said, "not I."  
"Then stay where you are, sweetheart, " said he,  
And turned away without another word!  
I could not get up or down in my fright,  
What was I to do in such a sad and sorry plight?

"Come back! come back! " I wildly cried,  
"Come back! come back! I want to go to town.  
If you help me o'er the stile, you'll gain my sweetest smile,  
And p'raps I'll tell you more when I am down."  
He helped me- " three, " -he helped me "four,"  
Then, with a laugh, I bounded lightly o'er.  
"Rose, what say you? "I only laughed: "Rose, you promised!"  
I said, "not I. " I told him to stay where he was just then,  
And tripped away without another word;  
He did not get up, he did not go down,  
But sat upon the stile looking at me with a frown,  
And if you cross the hill, and walk about a mile,  
I think you'll find him sitting on that selfsame stile!