SHILLO, SHILLO

Shillo, Shillo, one day one day,
She dressed herself in man’s array
With a sword and pistol hung by her side,
To meet her true love, to meet her true love away she ride.

As she was riding over the plain,
She met her true love and bid him stand,
Stand and deliver, kind sir, said she,
Or else you shall,
Or else you shall this moment die.

Oh, when she’d robbed him of his store,
She said, kind sir there is one thing more,
A diamond ring which I know you have,
Deliver it,
Deliver it your life to save.

My diamond ring a token is,
My life I’ll lose, the ring I’ll save,
Being tender-hearted, just like a dove,
She rode away,
She rode away from her true love.

Next morning in the garden green,
Just like two lovers they were seen,
He saw his watch hanging by her clothes,
Which made him blush,
Which made him blush like any rose.

What makes you blush at so silly a thing ?
I fain would have your diamond ring,
But now I have a contented mind,
My heart and all,
My heart and all, my dear, is thine.

Oh, then this couple married were,
And they did live a happy pair,
The bells did ring and the music play,
And they’ve got pleasure,
And they’ve got pleasure both night and day.