

Pierre Denis.⁶

LONG have I, White Throat, a prayer many
 Breathed at our dear Lady's shrine;
 Oft to her feet borne a care many—
 Hey, truant rover of mine!—
C'est lui!—Pierre Denis, Pierre Denis, Pierre Denis.

Go with thy melting, sweet melody,
 Rossignol, messenger fleet!
 Pipe thy note, say 'tis not well with me,
 Bring him eftsoon to my feet!—
Ah, oui!—Elle m'a dit, Elle m'a dit, Elle m'a dit.

Breathe in the wood thy low prayer for me,
 Whistle thy lilt o'er the hill;—
 Lone am I, sad it doth fare with me,
 Hie thee, and fear thee no ill!—
Oui! Oui!—Pierre Denis, Pierre Denis, Pierre Denis!

Hither, ye swift one, reveal to me
 Wastes where my laggard doth hide!
 Loves he me, shall he yet kneel to me,
 Back shall he haste to my side?
Mais, oui!—Il m'a dit, Il m'a dit, Il m'a dit.

Lo, his love-token I bear to thee—
 Far tho' he strayed from thy love
 Found he none e'en to compare to thee—
 Flies he, as home-winged dove—
O!—Lui!—Pierre Denis, Pierre Denis, Pierre Denis!