

May Song

O come a-maying, a-maying with me
And gather the lily-of-the-valley
Where the meadowlarks are singing, the turtledoves are winging
Come down to the meadow, away with me.

O come a-maying, a-maying with me
And dance round the maypole with ribbonry
And lie amid the flowers and wile away the hours
Come down to the meadow, away with me.

O come a-maying, a-maying with me
And close in thy arms enfold me
Give me all thy love so fair, twine the daisies in my hair
Come down to the meadow away, away with me.