

La?s, May Morning Dew

How pleasant in winter to sit by the hob
Listening to the barks and the howls of a dog
Or in summer to wander the wide valleys through
And to pluck the wild flowers in the May morning dew

Summer is coming, oh summer is near
With the leaves on the trees and the skies blue and clear
And the birds they are singing their fond notes so true
And the flowers they are springin' in the May morning dew

The house I was reared in is but a stone on a stone
And all around the garden the weeds they have grown
And all the kind neighbours that ever I knew
Like the red rose they've withered in the May morning dew

God be with the old folks, who are now dead and gone
And likewise my brothers: young Dennis and John
As they tripped through the heather the wild hare to pursue
As their joys they were mingled in the May morning dew