

Heather Alexander, Star Of May Morning

On a bright Beltain morning, I rise from my sleep,
And softly go walking where the dark is yet deep--
And the tall eastern mountain, with it's stretch to the sky,
Casts a luminous shadow where my true love doth lie--

I follow that shadow to where morning dew gleams,
I'll ne'er wake my love from his innocent dreams--
Rather stand there in silence and watch for a while,
For I'll ne'er break his slumber, nor trouble that smile--

But passion soon takes me, my will then turns weak,
And ever so gently, I kiss his fair cheek--
So soft it that touch, he knows not I suppose,
And upon his side pillow, I place one thornless rose--

The morning makes rainbows upon the white walls,
Far off in the forest, the summer lark calls--
Though the sun has now risen, one star I yet see,
'Tis the Star of May Morning, my true love to me--

He's the Star of May Morning, my true love to me--