

ONE MORNING IN MAY - A

One morning, one morning, one morning in May
I spied a young couple, they were making their way
One was a maiden, so bright and so fair
And the other was a soldier, and a brave volunteer

Good mornin, good mornin, good mornin said he
And where are you going, my pretty lady
I'm goin out a-walkin, on the banks of the sea
Just to see the waters glide, and hear the nightingale sing

Now they had not been standing, but a minute or two
When out of his knapsack, a fiddle he drew
And the tune that he played, made the valleys all ring
Oh hark, cried the maiden, hear the nightingale sing

Oh maiden, fair maiden, tis` time to give o`er
Oh no, kind soldier please play one tune more
For I'd rather hear your fiddle, at the touch of one string
Than to see the waters glide, and hear the nightingale sing

Oh soldier, kind soldier, will you marry me
Oh no, pretty maiden, that never shall be
I've a wife in olde London, and children, twice three
Two wives and the army's too many for me

Well I'll go back to London, and I'll stay there for a year
It's often that I'll think of you, my little dear
And if ever I return, it will be in the spring
Just to see the waters glide, and hear the nightingale sing
To see the waters glide, and hear the nightingale sing