

# The merry merry Milke Maids

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Upon the first of May, with garlands fresh and gay  
 With mirth and  
 music sweet, for such a season meet  
 They pass their time  
 away  
 They dance away sorrow, and all the day thorow  
 Their legs do  
 never fail  
 They nimbly their feet to ply  
 And bravely try the  
 ictory  
 In honour o' th' milking pail, in honour ...  
 --Chappell