

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## May Morning Dew

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

Summer is coming, Oh, Summer is near  
With the leaves on the trees and the sky blue and clear  
And the small birds are singing their fond notes so true  
And the wild flowers are springing in the May morning dew

The house I was born in is but a stone on a stone  
And all round the garden the weeds they have grown  
And all the fine neighbours that ever I knew  
Like the red rose have perished in the May morning dew.

God be with the old folk, they are all dead and gone  
And likewise my brothers, young Denis and John  
As we tripped through the heather, wild hares to pursue  
Our joys they did mingle in the May morning dew

MR  
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