

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Dawning of the Day (2)

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As I roved out one morning fair to the hills I made my way
Where hills and valleys was deep with green and meadows fine and gay
I was just returning from my work when carelessly I strayed
When a maiden fair she passed me by at the dawning of the day.

Where are you going my dear I said, where are you going so soon
I am going a-milking sir, said she, all in the month of June
And the pasture where my cattle feeds, it is so far away
And I must be there each morning fair at the dawning of the day.

You will be time enough my dear I said, if the distance is a mile
For upon those little primrose banks we will both discourse a while
Then lay off your freedom sir, said she, for I must be on my way
For the time is come and I must run, it's the dawning of the day

We both shook hands and parted and I skipped o'er the plain
It was in the space of seven long months we both met there again
She seemed to be in trouble as I passed on my way
And carelessly I passed her by, at the dawning of the day

Oh the tears rolled down her rosy cheeks and this to me did say
Young man, I think it's time you should, you shall make me your bride
And don't forget the promises and the vows to me you made
And don't forget last time we met at the dawning of the day

Oh I said my handsome fair maid, it's me you must excuse
For to join in wedlock bands with you my dear I must refuse
For I being lately married to a girl from Moultry Bay
And with her I have five thousand pounds at the dawning of the day

Oh the tears rolled down her rosy cheeks and this to me did say
Young man you will no character gain be chance deluding me
So folks here is a warning to all young maidens gay
Don't never leave your friends at home at the dawning of the day

Traditional

From the singing of the Kenny Family from Kitchuses, NFLD

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