

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Golden Skein

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Oh it was in the month of May,
When rams and heifers sport and play
And tiny birds do sing a charm
I met a fair young man

The sun shone on his flaxen hair
His cheek was high and rosy fair
And when he spoke most courteously
'Twas like the sound of spring

"Oh would you mind," he said to me,
"If I do tag along with thee
Perchance to help thee bind thy hair
Or weave the golden skein"

"Oh no, kind sir, this cannot be
For you're a stranger unto me
My mistress bids I will not bide
Nor pass the idle day

"'Tis best you go and seek out those
With riches fine and frilly clothes
Where ladies fair do plait and bind
Or weave the golden skein"

But oh the day was sweet and warm
And there was pleasure in his form
To idle was my moment's ease
The rest, my heart's desire

So gently took me by the hand
To wander softly 'cross the land
To pluck a rose to bind my hair
To tread the flowered stream

Then on my breast he wound a chain
Around and fro and back again
And in a cloak of lace entwined
He wove the golden skein

recorded by Evelyn and Bob Beers
SOF

