

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Sweet Lemeney

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As I was a walking one fine summer's morning  
And the fields and the meadows they looked so green and gay,  
And the birds they were singing, so pleasantly adorning,  
So early in the morning at the break of day.

Oh hark, hark, how the nightingale is singing  
The lark she is taking her flight all in the air.  
On yonder green bower the turtle-doves are building  
The sun is just a-glimmering. Arise my dear!.

Arise, oh, arise! and get your humble posies,  
For they are the finest flowers that grow in yonder grove.  
And I will pluck them all sweet lily, pink and roses,  
All for Sweet Lemeney, the girl that I love.

Oh Lemeney, oh Lemeney, you are the fairest creature,  
You are the fairest creature that ever my eyes did see.  
And then she played it over all on the pipes of ivory,  
So early in the morning, at the break of day.

Oh, how could my true love, how could she vanish from me?  
Oh, how could she go and I never shall see her more.  
But it was her cruel parents that looked so slightly on me,  
All for the white robe that I once used to wear.

AF  
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