

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Staines Morris

Staines Morris

Come ye young men, come along
With your music, dance and song
Bring your lasses in your hands
For tis that which love commands

Then to the Maypole haste away
For 'tis now our holiday

It is the choice time of the year
For the violets now appear
Now the rose receives its birth
And the pretty primrose decks the earth

Here each bachelor may choose
One that will not faith abuse
Nor repay, with coy disdain
Love that should be loved again

And when you well reckoned have
What kisses you your sweetheart gave
Take them all again, and more
It will never make them poor

When you thus have spent your time
And the day be past its prime
To your beds repair at night
And dream there of your day's delight

recorded by John and Tony
SOF