

Now the winter is gone
And the summer is come
When the meadows and plantains are gay
I hear a fair maid so sweetly she sang
And her cheeks like the blossom in May

My dear Johny the place beyond
Cheeks like a rose
And so I sang her song to the place
And the Black Bird and Thrush and
Singing young lark and the
Song maid mistaking her own

As I walked through the field to the water
The fresh air when the meadows
And plantains are gay
I heard a young girl
So sweetly she sang and
Her cheeks like the blossom in May

Was my pretty fair maid I have
Gone here in the meadows
This morning so soon
She said she replied in
A rather some way for
The trees they are all in blossom

I am my pretty fair maid I shall
I go with you in the meadows
This morning so soon
She replied you must be denied
For you might have been at school

I hear the fair maid
By the little white hand and
Are the green mossy Banks set her down
I placed a kiss on her red cheeks like
And the small Birds are singing all around

And when we were from the green mossy banks
Through the meadows we wandered all day
I placed my hand on the green mossy Banks
And I placed my hand on the green mossy Banks

When we were the great and I smiled
And she thanked me for what I had done
I placed a kiss on her red cheeks like
And before me there were not a shadow

Now only the next morning I made her
That the world should have nothing to say
For the hills they shall sing and the Birds
Maid shall sing so I know how the
quies of May so I know how the quies of May