

## ONE MORNING IN MAY

One morning, one morning, one morning in May  
I spied a young couple, they were making their way  
One was a maiden, so bright and so fair  
And the other was a soldier, and a brave volunteer

Good mornin, good mornin, good mornin said he  
And where are you going, my pretty lady  
I'm goin out a-walkin, on the banks of the sea  
Just to see the waters glide, and hear the nightingale sing

Now they had not been standing, but a minute or two  
When out of his knapsack, a fiddle he drew  
And the tune that he played, made the valleys all ring  
Oh hark, cried the maiden, hear the nightingale sing

Oh maiden, fair maiden, tis` time to give o`er  
Oh no, kind soldier please play one tune more  
For I'd rather hear your fiddle, at the touch of one string  
Than to see the waters glide, and hear the nightingale sing

Oh soldier, kind soldier, will you marry me  
Oh no, pretty maiden, that never shall be  
I've a wife in olde London, and children, twice three  
Two wives and the army's too many for me

Well I'll go back to London, and I'll stay there for a year  
It's often that I'll think of you, my little dear  
And if ever I return, it will be in the spring  
Just to see the waters glide, and hear the nightingale sing  
To see the waters glide, and hear the nightingale sing