Month of May

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`Twas in the pleasant month of May,
In the springtime of the year,
And down in yonder meadow
There runs a river clear.
See how the little fishes,
How they do sport and play;
Causes many a lad and many a lass
To go there a-making hay.

Then in comes that scythesman,
That meadow to now down,
With his old leathered bottle
And the ale that runs so brown.
There's many a stout and a labouring man
Goes there his skill to try;
He works, he mows, he sweats, he blows,
And the grass cuts very dry.

Then in comes both Tom and Dick
With their pitchforks and their rakes,
And likewise black-eyed Susan
The hay all for to make.
There's a sweet, sweet, sweet and a jug, jug, jug;
How the harmless birds do sing
From the morning to the evening
As were a-haymaking.

It was just at one evening
As the sun was a-going down,
We saw the jolly piper
Come a-strolling through the town.
There he pulled out his tapering pipes
And he made the valleys ring;
So we all put down our rakes and forks
And we left off haymaking.

We called for a dance
And we tripped it along;
We danced all round the haycocks
Till the rising of the sun.
When the sun did shine such a glorious light,
How the harmless birds did sing;

Each lad he took his lass in hand
And went back to his haymaking.

Sung by the Copper Family
JY

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