

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Queen of the May

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Now the winter is gone and the summer is come
And the meadows and plantains (plantings) so gay
I heard a fair maid so sweetly she sung
And her cheeks like the blossoms in May

Young Johnny the plowboy his cheeks like a rose
So cheery he sings to the plow
And the blackbird and thrush on every green bush
And the pretty girl a-milking her cow

As I walked through the fields to take the fresh air
And the meadows and plantains so gay
I heard a young damsel so sweetly she sung
And her cheeks like the blossoms in May
Y

I says, "Pretty fair maid, oh how come you here
In this meadow this morning so gay?"
This maid she replied, "Sir to gather me some may
For the trees they are all now in bloom."

I says, "My pretty fair maid shall I tarry with you
In this meadow this morning so gay?"
This maid she replied, "Are you so innocent
For fear you might lead me astray?"

I took this fair maid by the lily white hand
And on the green mossy bank set her down
And I planted a kiss on her red ruby lips
And the small birds a-singing all around

And when we arose from the green mossy bank
Through the meadow we wandered away
I had plowed by (my) true love on the green mossy bank
And I plucked her a handful of may

And when we arose she gave me a smile
And thanked me for what I had done
For I planted a kiss on her red ruby lips
For believe me those ne'er would I shun

'Twas early next morning I made her my bride
That the world would have nothing to say
And the bells they shall ring and the bridesmaids shall sing
And I'll crown her the queen of the May.

From Songs the Whalemen Sang, Huntington
Collected from the journal of Bengal, 1832