

*The MAY MORNING DEW*

HOW PLEASANT IN WINTER TO SIT BY THE HOB  
HEARING THE BARKS AND THE HOWLS OF A DOG  
OR IN SUMMER TO WANDER THE WIDE VALLEYS THROUGH  
TO PLUCK THE WILD FLOWERS  
FROM THE MAY MORNING DEW

THE SUMMER IS COMING, THE SUMMER IS HERE  
WITH THE LEAVES ALL SO GREEN AND THE SKIES BLUE AND CLEAR  
THE WEE BIRDS ALL SINGING THEIR FOND MATES TO WOO  
AS THE WILD FLOWERS BLOSSOM  
IN THE MAY MORNING DEW

HERE'S TO THE OLD FOLKS WHO ARE NOW DEAD AND GONE  
AND LIKEWISE MY BROTHERS, BOLD DENIS AND JOHN  
AS WE WANDERED THE VALLEYS WILD HARE TO PURSUE  
OUR JOYS SWEETLY MINGLED  
IN THE MAY MORNING DEW

THE HOUSE I WAS REARED IN, NOT A STONE'S ON A STONE  
AND ALL ROUND THE GARDEN WITH GREEN'S OVERGROWN  
AND ALL THE KIND NEIGHBORS THAT EVER WE KNEW  
LIKE RED ROSES HAVE VANISHED  
FROM THE MAY MORNING DEW