

This version published by Lucy Broadwood in 1908

Mode: None (Hexatonic, only 6 notes in the melody)



Traditional English folk song

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- I've been rambling all the night,
  And the best part of the day;
  And now I am returning back again,
  I have brought you a branch of May.
- 2. A branch of May, my dear, I say,Before your door I stand,It's nothing but a sprout, but it's well budded out,By the work of our Lord's hand.
- 3. Go down in your dairy and fetch me a cup,A cup of your sweet cream,And, if I should live to tarry in the town,I will call on you next year.
- 4. The hedges and the fields they are so green, As green as any leaf,Our Heavenly Father waters them With His Heavenly dew so sweet.
- When I am dead and in my grave,
  And covered with cold clay,
  The nightingale will sit and sing,
  And pass the time away.
- 6. Take a Bible in your hand,And read a chapter through,And, when the day of Judgment comes,The Lord will think on you.
- 7. I have a bag on my right arm,Draws up with a silken string,Nothing does it want but a little silverTo line it well within.
- 8. And now my song is almost done,I can no longer stay,God bless you all both great and small,I wish you a joyful May.