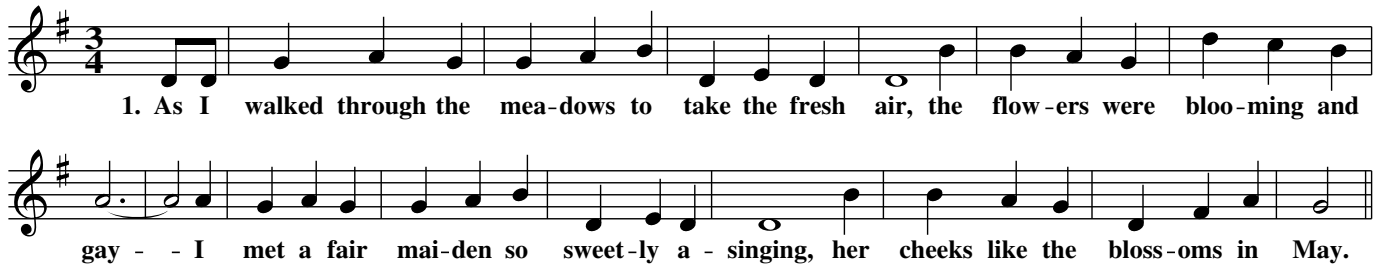


Queen of Sweet May
(As I Walked through the Meadows)



1. As I walked through the meadows to take the fresh air, the flowers were blooming and
gay - - I met a fair maiden so sweet-ly a - singing, her cheeks like the blossoms in May.

2 I said 'pretty maiden, may I come with you
To the meadows to gather some may?'
The maiden replied 'In my way it is here.
I pray you pursue your own way.'

3. She tripp-ed along on her dear little feet
On the green mossy bank she sat down
I gave her a kiss on her sweet rosy lips
And the trees spread their branches around

4. I took the fair maid by her lily-white hand,
And to the meadows we wandered away
I then sat her down on a green mossy bank
And I picked her a handful of may.

5 The very next morning I made her my bride
Just after the breaking of day
The bells they did ring and the birds they did sing
As they crowned her the queen of sweet May.

Source: Sung by Keith Glover, Cheltenham, collected by Gwilym Davies 2006

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