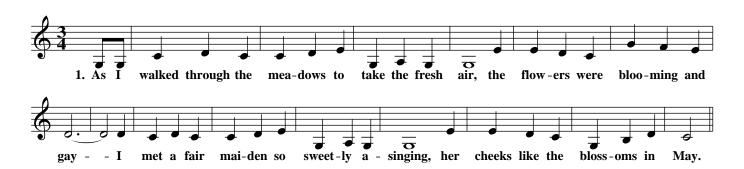
Queen of Sweet May (As I Walked through the Meadows)



- 2 I said 'pretty maiden, may I come with you To the meadows to gather some may?'
 The maiden replied 'In my path 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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