

Allan Taylor

"Searching For Lambs"

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As I walked out one May morning
One May morning betime
I met a maid from home had strayed
Just as the sun did shine

What makes you rise so soon, my dear
Your journey to pursue?
Your pretty little feet they tread so sweet
Strike off the morning dew

I'm going to feed my father's flock
His young and tender lambs
That over hills and over dales
Lie waiting for their dams

O stay, o stay, you handsome maid
And rest a moment here
For there is none but you alone
That I do love so dear

How gloriously the sun doth shine
How pleasant is the air
I'd rather rest on a true love's breast
Than any other where

For I am thine and thou art mine
No man shall uncomf'ort thee
We'll join our hands in wedded bands
And a-married we will be

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