

Richard Thompson **"Staines Morris"**

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Come ye young men, come along,
With your music and your song.
Bring your lasses in your hands
For 'tis that which love commands.

Chorus (after each verse):

|: Then to the maypole haste away
For 'tis now our holiday :|
'Tis the choice time of the year
For the violets now appear.
Now the rose receives its birth
And the pretty primrose decks the earth.

And when you well reckoned have
What kisses you your sweethearts gave,
Take them all again and more,
It will never make them poor.

When you thus have spent your time
Till the day be past its prime
To your beds repair at night
And dream there of your day's delight.

(repeat first verse)

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