

## Lais

### "May morning dew"

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How pleasant in winter to sit by the hob  
Listening to the barks and the howls of a dog  
Or in summer to wander the wide valleys through  
And to pluck the wild flowers in the May morning dew

Summer is coming, oh summer is near  
With the leaves on the trees and the skies blue and  
clear  
And the birds they are singing their fond notes so true  
And the flowers they are springin' in the May morning  
dew

The house I was reared in is but a stone on a stone  
And all around the garden the weeds they have grown  
And all the kind neighbours that ever I knew  
Like the red rose they've withered in the May morning  
dew

God be with the old folks, who are now dead and gone  
And likewise my brothers: young Dennis and John  
As they tripped through the heather the wild hare to  
pursue  
As their joys they were mingled in the May morning  
dew

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