SEARCHING FOR LAMBS

As I went 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.

Oh stay oh 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 uncomfort thee,
We’ll join our hands in wedded bands,
And married we will be.