

Lemonday

As I was a-walk - ing one mid - sum-mer morn - ing,
The fields and the flow - ers were green and were gay;
The birds and the blos - soms the sum - mer a - dorn - - ing,
So ear - ly in the morn - ing at break - ing of day;
The world was a - wak - ing, all drow - si - ness scorn - - ing,
I thought and I war - bled of sweet Le - mon - day.

As I was a-walking one midsummer morning,
The fields and the flowers were green and were gay;
The birds and the blossoms the summer adorning,
So early in the morning, at breaking of day;
The world was a-waking, all drowsiness scorning,
I thought and I warbled of sweet Lemonday.

O hark and O hark to the nightingale's singing,
The lark she is taking her flight in the air,
The turtle-doves now through the green wood are winging,
The sun is glimm'ring - arise up, my fair!
O Lemonday! Lemonday! through my heart ringing,
The name is as bells, between hope and despair.

O Lemonday! Lemonday! thou art the flower,
The sweetest of flowers adorning the May;
I'll play on my pipes in the green summer bower,
So early in the morning at breaking of day.
I'll stand at thy window and watch by the hour,
As the daffodil waiteth the sun's early ray.

Arise, love, arise, I have pluck'd thee fair posies,
The choicest of flowers that grow in the grove;
I've gathered them all for thee, lilies and roses
And pinks, for my Lemonday; maiden, approve!
The sun's on the roof where my fair love reposes,
Then Lemonday waken! my own pretty love!