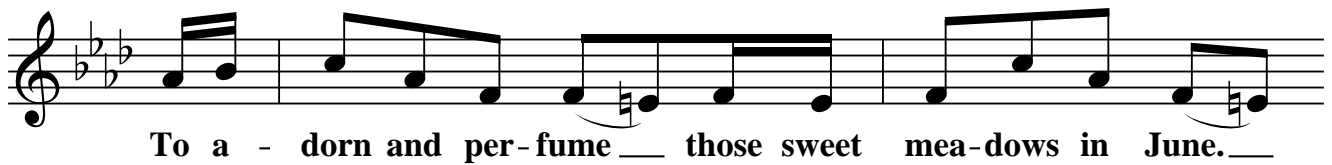
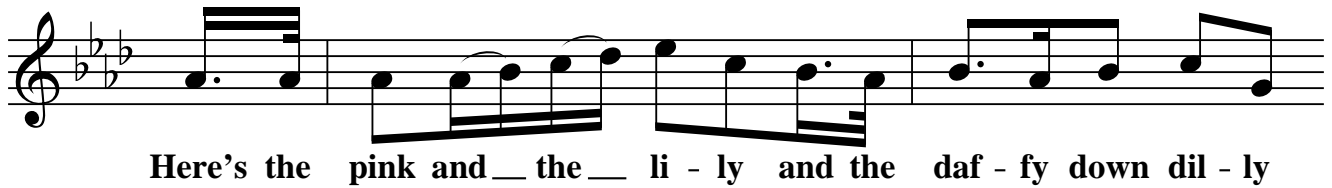


Rosebud in June

♩ = 90



Here the rosebuds in June, and the violets are blowing
The small birds they warble on ev'ry green bough,
Here's the pink and the lily, and the daffy down dilly
To adorn and perfume those sweet meadows in June.

Chorus:

If it weren't for the plough the fat ox would go slow
And the lads and the bonny lasses to the sheep shearing go.

Our shepherds rejoice in their fine heavy fleeces,
And the frisky young lambs which their flocks do increase.
Each lad takes his lass all on the green grass,
To adorn and perfume those meadows in June.

Our clean milking pails, they are fouled with good ale,
At the table there is plenty of cheer to be found.
We'll whistle and sing, and dance in a ring,
To adorn and perfume those sweet meadows in June.

Now the sheep shearing's over and the harvest draws nigh;
We'll prepare for the fields our strength for to try:
We'll reap and we'll mow, we'll plough and we'll sow,
To adorn and perfume those sweet meadows in June.