One Morning In May

One morning, one morning in May

One spied a young couple, they were making their way

One was a maiden, so bright and so fair

And the other was a soldier and a brave volunteer

"Good Morning, Good Morning, Good Morning," said he

"And where are you going, My pretty lady?"

"I'm going out a-walking on the banks of the sea

Just to see the waters rise and hear the Nightingale sing."

Now they had not been standing but a minute or two

When out of his knapsack a fiddle he drew

And the tune that he played made the valleys all ring

"O hark," cried the maiden, "hear the Nightingale sing."

"O maiden, fair maiden, it's time to give o'er."

"O no, kind soldier, please play one tune more

Than to see the waters rise and hear the Nightingale sing."

"O soldier, kind soldier, will you marry me?"

"O no, pretty maiden, that never shall be;

I've a wife now in London and children twice three

Two wives and the army's too many for me."

"Well, I'll go back to London and I'll stay there for a year

It's often that I'll think of you, my little dear

And if ever I return, it will be in the spring

Just to see the waters rise and hear the Nightingale sing"

One morning, one morning, one morning in May

There was a young couple, they were making their way

One was a maiden, so bright and so fair

And I was a soldier and a brave volunteer