Spring Glee

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When Spring comes on, the birds do sing,
The lambs do skip and the bells do ring,
While we enjoy their glorious charm,
So noble and so gay.

The primrose blooms and the cowslip, too.
The violets in their sweet retire,
The roses shining through the briar,
And the daffa-down dillys which we admire
Will die and fade away.

Young men end maidens will be seen
On mountains high and meadows green;
They will talk of love and sport and play
While these young lambs do skip away.
At night, they'll homeward wand their way
When evening stars appear.

The dairymaid to milking goes,
Her blooming cheeks as red as a rose.
She carries her pail all on her arm,
So cheerful and so gay.
She milks, she sings,
And the valleys ring.

The small birds on the branches there
Sit listening to this lovely fair;
She is her master's trust and care,
She is the ploughman's joy.

recorded by the Copper Family
JY