Searching for Lambs

Searching for Lambs

As I walked 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 your journey to pursue.
Your pretty little feet they tread so neat 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.
O stay o 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 my true love's breast than any other where.
For I am thine and thou art mine. No man shall uncomfort me.
We'll join our hands in wedded banns and married we shall be

From Sharp
DT #474
Laws O9