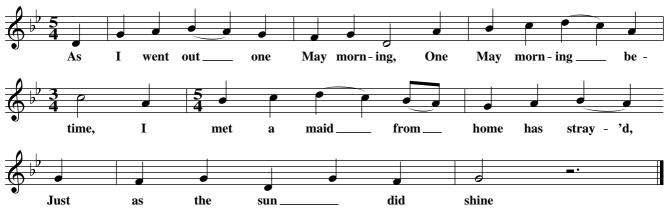
Searching for Lambs



As I went out one May morning, One May morning betime, I met a maid, from home had stray'd Just as the sun did shine.

What makes you rise so soon, my dear, Your journey to pursue? Your pretty little feet they tread so sweet, Strike off the morning dew.

I'm going to feed my father's flock, His young and tender lambs That over hill 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 thee; We'll join our hands in wedded bands And married we will be.