

Midsummer Carol.

'Twas ear - - ly I walked on a
mid - - sum - mer morn - ing, The fields and the mea - dows were
decked and gay, The
small birds were sing - ing, the wood - - lands a - ring - ing, 'Twas
ear - - ly in the morn - - ing, at the
break - ing of day, I will play on my pipes, I will
sing thee my lay! It is
ear - ly in the morn - ing. at break - ing of day.

'Twas early I walked on a midsummer morning,
The fields and the meadows were decked and gay,
The small birds were singing, the woodlands a-ringing,
'Twas early in the morning, at breaking of day,
I will play on my pipes, I will sing thee my lay!
It is early in the morning, at breaking of day.

O hark! and O hark! to the nightingales wooing,
The lark is aloft piping shrill in the air.
In every green bower the turtle-doves cooing,
The sun is just gleaming, arise up my fair!
Arise, love, arise! none fairer I spie
Arise, love, arise! O why should I die?

Arise, love, arise! go and get your love posies,
The fairest of flowers in garden that grows,
Go gather me lilies, carnations and roses,
I'll wear them with thoughts of the maiden I chose
I stand at the door, pretty love, full of care,
O why should I languish so long in despair?

O why my love, O why, should I banished be from thee?
O why should I see my own chosen no more?
O why look your parents so slightly on me?
It is all for the rough ragged garments I wore,
But dress me with flowers, I'm as gay as a king,
I'm glad as a bird when my carol I sing.

Arise, love, arise! in song and in story,
To rival thy beauty was never a may,
I will play thee a tune on my pipes of ivory,
It is early in the morning, at breaking of day,
I will play on my pipes, I will sing thee my lay!
It is early in the morning, at breaking of day.