

Searching For Lambs

June Tabor

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

"I'm off to feed my father's flocks,
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 that you alone
That I do love so dear."

"How gloriously the sun doth shine,
How pleasant is the air.
I'd rather rest on a true love's breast
Than any other where."

"For I am thine and thou art mine,
No man shall uncomfot me.
We'll join our hands in wedded bands
And married we shall be."