

## Maytime is Come

*Words and Tune: Maddy Taylor  
Arr Graham Pratt*

Now Maytime is come and the summer draws on  
The warm air is filled with the blackbird's sweet song  
The hawthorn is heavy with billows of may  
Like clouds in the sky on a midsummers day

Now bluebells and primroses carpet the ground  
In joyous profusion their beauty abounds  
The morning is clear and the weather is kind  
And thoughts of my true love steal into my mind

My love he is proper, he's handsome and tall  
Of all the fine young men he's finest of all  
Of every companion I love him the best  
When I hear his name my heart leaps in my breast

If I were a bird and I could fly free  
I'd fly to the top of that sweet chestnut tree  
I'd pull down a branch of its white candle flower  
And I'd carry it to my sleeping loves bower

Garland of speedwell I'll weave for his head  
With sweet-scented violets his pillow I'll spread  
All the flowers of the field on his pathway I'll spill  
Just to let my love know that I love him still