

Searching For Lambs

Loreena Mckennitt

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, my dear, your journey to pursue?'
'Your pretty little feet that tread so neat, strike off the morning dew.'

'I'm going to feed my father's flock, his young and tender lambs'

'That over hill and over dale lie waiting for their dams'

'O stay, o stay, my 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 thou art mine and I am thine, no man shall uncomf'ort thee'

'With wedded bands we'll join our hands and married we shall be
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