

## One Morning in May

James Taylor

One morning, one morning, one morning in May  
I spied a young couple, they were making their way  
One was a maiden so bright and so fair  
And the other was a soldier and a brave volunteer

Good morning, good morning, good morning said he  
And where are you going my pretty lady  
I'm going out a walking on the banks of the sea  
Just to see the waters gliding hear the nightingale sing

Now they had not been standing but a minute or two  
And out of his knapsack a fiddle he drew  
And the tune that he played made the valleys all ring  
Oh hark cried the maiden hear the nightingale sing

Oh maiden fair maiden its time to give over  
Oh no, kind soldier please play one tune more  
For I'd rather hear your fiddle at the touch of one string  
Than to see the waters gliding hear the nightingale sing

Oh soldier kind soldier will you marry me?  
Oh no, pretty maiden that never shall be  
I've a wife in London and children twice three  
Two wives and the armies too many for me

Well I'll go back to London and I'll stay there for a year  
Its often that I'll think of you my little dear  
And if ever I return it will be in the spring  
Just to see the waters gliding hear the nightingale sing  
To see the waters gliding hear the nightingale sing