

# Cambridge May Song



Oh I've been a wandering all this night  
And the first part of the day  
And now I am returning home  
I have brought you a branch of may.  
A branch of may my dear, I say  
Before your door it stands  
'Tis nothing but a sprout but it's well budded out  
By the work of our Lord's hands.

Go take your Bible in your hand  
And read a chapter through  
And when the Day of Judgement comes  
The Lord will think on you.  
And when I'm dead and in my grave  
And covered with cold clay  
The nightingale will come and sing  
And pass the time away.

Go down to your kitchen, get me a cup  
A cup of your good cheer  
And if I live to tarry in the town  
I'll call on you next year.  
The hedges and fields they are so green  
So green as any leaf.  
Our heavenly Father waters them  
With his heavenly dew so sweet.

I have a bag on my right arm  
Tied with a silver string  
All it wants is a little silver silver  
To line it well within.  
And now my song is almost done  
No longer can I stay.  
God bless you all both great and small  
And bring you a joyful May!