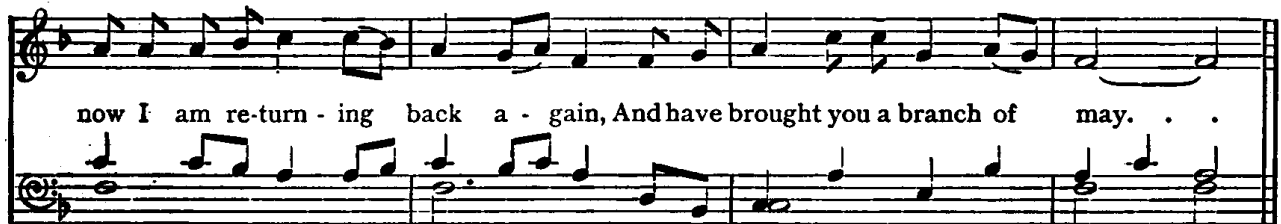
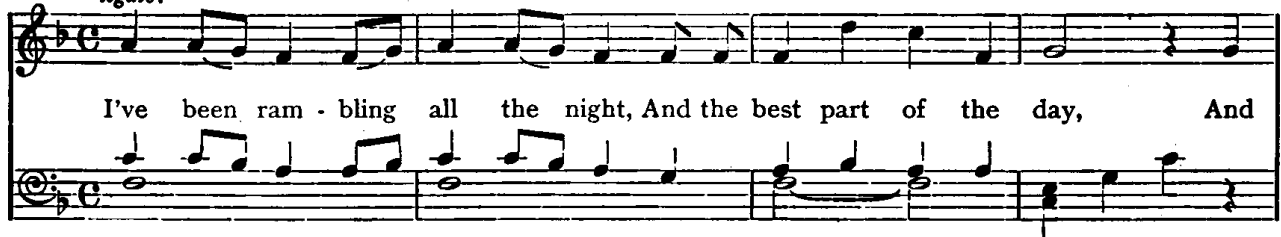




I've been Rambling all the Night

*Moderately quick, but tenderly.  
legato.*

BEDFORDSHIRE MAY DAY CAROL.



2.

A branch of may, my dear, I say,  
Before your door I stand ;  
It's nothing but a sprout, but it's well budded out  
By the work of our Lord's hand.

3.

Go down in your dairy, and fetch me a cup,  
A cup of your good cheer,  
And, if I should live to tarry in the town,  
I will call on you next year.

4.

The hedges and the fields they are so green,  
As green as any leaf,  
Our Heavenly Father waters them  
With His Heavenly dew so sweet.

5.

When I am dead and in my grave,  
And covered with cold clay,  
The nightingale will sit and sing  
And pass the time away.

6.

Take a Bible in your hand  
And read a chapter through  
And when the day of Judgment comes  
The Lord will think of you.

7.

I have a bag on my right arm  
Draws up with a silken string,  
Nothing does it want but a silver piece  
To line it well within.

8.

And now my song is almost done,  
I can no longer stay,  
God bless you all, both great and small,  
I wish you a joyful May.

