

## A SHEPHERD BWOY'S MAY ZONG

Hail ta ee, merry month a May,  
Hail ta yer vlow'ry garlans gay;  
Hail ta sweet birds on every spray,  
Zingin droo out tha live long day.

Vor we yer birth I lave tha hills,  
An bring me vlock ta vlowin rills;  
Babblin droo tha grassy mead,  
Wur me gentle sheep shill veed.

An here ael day, be tha cwoold brook,  
I zit in some snug sheady nook,  
Watchin my young playvull lams,  
Vrolickin bezide ther dams.

An in tha evenin wie me love,  
I rove zweet in tha willer grove,  
An tell ta her me heart's von tale,  
While loudly trills tha nightingale.

Dearly I love tha open downs,  
When cowslips zweet its buzzom crowns,  
Bit mwore I like tha medders gay,  
In tha merry month a May.