

## SUMMER IS COME

The sun shines bright, the air is warm,  
The birds are singing sweet,  
O come my love, lets wander forth,  
This beauteous morn to greet;  
Dew-drops pearl on the hawthorn bush,  
The flowers are blooming fast,  
The golden cowslip crowns each vale,  
Summer is come at last.

The queen of May crowns all around,  
The thorny hedge is white,  
Sweet bluebells crown each flowery copse,  
And 'tis a charming sight,  
The lambs are frisking in the fields,  
The dams are bleating fast,  
And all these things tell us quite true,  
Summer is come at last.

The wild rose blooms on every hedge,  
Beside the silvery may,  
The lark is singing sweet on high,  
The mavis chaunts his lay;  
Sweet nature, that endears these things,  
None can thine art surpass,  
Thou seems to smile and say with joy  
Summer's my beauteous lass.