

## **Traditional Singing Workshop - Luxembourg 2008**

### **The May Morning Dew**

How pleasant in winter to sit by the hob  
Listening to the barks and the howls of a dog  
Or in summer to wander with my darling too  
And to pluck the wild flowers in the May morning dew

Oh, Summer is coming, Oh, Summer is near  
With the leaves all so green and the skies bright and clear  
The birds are singing their loved ones to woo  
And the flowers they are springing in the May morning dew

God be with the old folk, they are both dead and gone  
And likewise my brothers, young Denis and John  
As we tripped through the heather, the wild hare to pursue  
Our joys they were mingled in the May morning dew

The house that I was reared in is but a stone on a stone  
And all round the garden wild thistles have grown  
And all the kind neighbours that I once ever knew  
Like the wild rose they have vanished in the May morning dew.

This is a song of emigration. The emigrant returns after many years, probably in America, to find that all the people he knew are dead and the house, in which he was born, is in ruins.

Tony Monaghan