

O'er flow'rets rich and fair.
Come. Come, Come, Come, Come, Come,
Oh ! meet me in the soft, still night,
And we'll dance on the green in the clear moonlight ;
We'll hold our joyous revelry
'Neath the spreading branch of an old oak tree ;
And we'll make our home in the forest free,
And a happy home shall it be for thee.
Come where the cowslip bloweth,
Come where the primrose lies ;
Where the gentle violet groweth,
And the green turf never dies.
Come, Come, Come, Come, Come, Come.