

Come a-maying

COME a-maying, come a-maying,
Mays will soon Novembers be,
O'er the earth the sky is graying,
As men's creeds are disarraying
Fancy and her witchery:
Come a-maying!

Come a-maying, come a-maying,
Where the Hamadryads dwell,
Where the nymphs a-holidaying
Ring with dance Sylvanus, laying
On his knees white asphodel:
Come a-maying!

Come a-maying, come a-maying,
Gather posies rich and bright,—
Mid the woodland blue-bells straying,