



THE JOLLY MONTH OF JUNE

IN the jolly month of June,
When the birds, with lively tune,
Make the echoes loud go ringing
Through the woods, where branches, swinging,
Bear their weight in gold of blossoms—
Oh! this is June—sweet June!

In the jolly month of June,
Where, in gardens, rose-trees soon
Will give their wealth in gorgeous flowers,
Making bright the fairies' bowers,
Rich in faint, delicious perfume;
This is June—yes, fragrant June!

Then let the children gaily sing;
Their voices through the fields will ring.
Come, join with us in graceful dance,
While lambs do leap, and colts do prance—
Come, let's be jolly altogether,
In this warm, delightful weather;—
For it's June—it's lovely, lovely June!