

The Bonny Hawthorn

One midsummer's morn, when all nature looked gay
I met my dearest Jemmy a-tedding the hay.
One midsummer's morn, when all nature looked gay
I met my dearest Jemmy a-tedding the hay.
He said, 'My lovely dear, come tell me where you dwell?'
Beside the bonny hawthorn that blooms in the vale,
That blooms in the vale, That blooms in the vale,
Beside the bonny hawthorn that blooms in the vale.

He kissed me and said that his love was sincere,
That none on the green was so charming and fair.
So I listened with great pleasure to his kind and tender tale
Beside the bonny hawthorn that blooms in the vale.

'Hark, hark, bonny Bess, to the birds in yon grove,
How sweetly they sing, how inviting to love.
The briar decked with roses, perfumed the pleasant gale
Beside the bonny hawthorn that blooms in the vale.

Come all you true lovers, how could I refuse?
How sweet were his words and how constant his vows?
So then to church we went and contented now we dwell
Beside the bonny hawthorn that blooms in the vale.