

## Rose in June

Trad. arr. Sarah Morgan

'Twas down in the valley, the valley so deep,  
I picked some roses to keep my love sweet.  
Let it come early, late or soon,  
I will enjoy my rose in June.

The roses are red, the roses are white,  
There's none to compare with my own heart's delight  
Let it come early, late or soon,  
I will enjoy my rose in June.

O love, I will carry thy sweet milking pail,  
O love, I will kiss you on every stile,  
Let it come early, late or soon,  
I will enjoy my rose in June.

Then I'll go and cut down the old myrtle tree,  
And build up a bower for my love and me.  
Let it come early, come late, or come soon,  
I will enjoy my rose in June.

Collected by Bob Copper in about 1954 from George Fosbury of Axford, Hampshire: with additional words from Alfred Williams: Folk songs of the upper Thames, 1923 'Obtained of Charles Hope, road mender, Filkins. Heard also at Purton, Wiltshire.'