One Morning In May

James Taylor

One morning, one morning, one morning in May
I spied a young couple, they were making their way
One was a maiden so bright and so fair
And the other was a soldier and a brave volunteer
Good morning, good morning, good morning said he
And where are you going my pretty lady
I'm going out a walking on the banks of the sea
Just to see the waters gliding hear the nightingale sing
Now they had not been standing but a minute or two
And out of his knapsack a fiddle he drew
And the tune that he played made the valleys all ring
Oh hark cried the maiden hear the nightingale sing
Oh maiden fair maiden its time to give over
Oh no, kind soldier please play one tune more
For I'd rather hear your fiddle at the touch of one string
Than to see the waters gliding hear the nightingale sing
Oh soldier kind soldier will you marry me?
Oh no, pretty maiden that never shall be
I've a wife in London and children twice three
Two wives and the armies too many for me
Well I'll go back to London and I'll stay there for a year
Its often that I'll think of you my little dear
And if ever I return it will be in the spring
Just to see the waters gliding hear the nightingale sing
To see the waters gliding hear the nightingale sing

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