

I Have a Song to Sing, O!

Peter, Paul & Mary

I have a song to sing, O
(Sing me your song, O)
It is sung to the moon by a love-lorn loon
Who fled from the mocking throng-oIt's the song of a merry man moping mum
Whose soul was sad and his glance was glum
Who sipped no sup and who craved no crumb
As he sighed for the love of a ladyHey-di, hey-di, misery me, lack-a-day-de
He sipped no sup and he craved no crumb
As he sighed for the love of a ladyI have a song to sing, O
(What is your song, O?)
It is sung with the ring of the songs maids sing
Who loved with a love life-long-o
It's a song of a merry maid pearly proud
Who loved a Lord and who laughed aloudAt the moan of the merry man moping mum
Whose soul was sad and his glance was glum
Who sipped no sup and who craved no crumb
As he sighed for the love of a ladyHey-di, hey-di, misery me, lack-a-day-de
He sipped no sup and he craved no crumb
As he sighed for the love of a ladyI have a song to sing, O
(Sing me your song, O)
It is sung to the knell of a church-yard bell
And a doleful dirge ding-dong OIt's a song of a popinjay bravely born
Who turned up his noble nose with scorn
At the humble merry maid pearly proud
Who loved a Lord and who laughed aloudAt the moan of a merry man moping mum
Whose soul was sad and whose glance was glum
Who sipped no sup and who craved no crumb
As he sighed for the love of a ladyHey-di, hey-di, misery me, lack-a-day-de
He sipped no sup and he craved no crumb
As he sighed for the love of a ladyI have a song to sing, O
(I have a song to sing)
I have a song to sing, OIt is sung with a sigh and a tear in the eye
For it tells of a righted wrong-o
It's a song of the merry maid once so gay
Who turned on her heel and tripped awayFrom the peacock popinjay bravely born
who turned up his noble nose with scorn
At the humble heart that he did not prize
So she begged on her knees with downcast eyesFor the love of the merry man moping mum
Whose soul was sad and his glance was glum

Who sipped no sup and who craved no crumb
As he sighed for the love of a ladyHey-di, hey-di, misery me, lack-a-day-de
His pains were o'er and he sighed no more
For he lived in the love of a ladyHey-di, hey-di
His pains were o'er and he sighed no more
For he lived in the love of a lady

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