

# On The Isle Of May

Connie Boswell

We strolled along through the heaven  
And it was June, June on the Isle of May  
Your lips were sweet as the heaven  
Love was in bloom there on the Isle of May 'Cause in your arms heaven opened its door  
Then like a fool I sailed away  
But our love will bring us together  
When it iss June, June on the Isle of May

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