

# Musing

As I walked out one morn - ing fair, All in the month of June The  
birds were sweet - ly — sing - ing — And the flow - ers — were in bloom, As my  
love lay mus - ing on the grass All in her beau - ty fair, You would  
real - ly have thought for to see this lass That the queen of — love lay there.

“There are twelve long months all in a year,”  
I have heard my old mother say,  
“And the two of them I would choose to wed  
Are the months of June and May.  
The one of them I would choose to wed  
When the small birds sweetly sing;  
The other of them I would choose to wed  
When the flowers begin to spring.

“I love my love and I have no doubt  
That he loves me as well.  
If ever he frowns at my request  
I will laugh at him as well,  
But if he proves constant, I will prove kind,  
Just so we will agree,  
And if ever he halts for to change his mind,  
I will change as well as he.

“A young man’s love is hard to win,  
They may all say what they will,  
For when you think that you have them won  
They are further from you still.  
Riches and honor are all they want  
And all they do require.  
If a young maid carries the keys of love,  
Young men will her admire.”