

The Lambs On The Green Hill

Traditional

The lambs on the green hills, they sport and they play
 And many strawberries grow round the salt sea
 And many strawberries grow round the salt sea
 And many's the ship sails the ocean

The bride and bride's party, to church they did go
 The bride she rode foremost, she bears the best show
 But I followed after with my heart full of woe
 To see my love wed to another

The first place I saw her, 'twas in the church stand
 Gold ring's on her finger, and her love by the hand
 Says I my wee lassie, I will be the man
 Although you are wed to another

The next place I saw her, 'twas on the way home
 I ran on before her not knowing where to roam
 Says I my wee lassie, I'll be by your side
 Although you are wed to another

Stop, stop, says the groomsman, till I speak a word
 Will venture your life on the point of my sword
 For courting so slowly you've lost this fair maid
 So, begone for you'll never enjoy her

Oh make now my grave, both large, wide and deep
 And sprinkle that over with flowers so sweet
 And lay me down in it to take my last sleep
 For that's the best way to forget her

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