The Moon Shines Bright



The moon shines bright, the stars gave a light, A little before 'tis day, Our heavenly Father he call-ed to us And bid us wake and pray.

Awake, awake, oh pretty, pretty maid, Out of your drowsy dream, And step into your dairy below And fetch me a bowl of cream;

If not a bowl of your sweet cream A mug of your brown beer, For the Lord knows when we shall meet again To be maying another year.

So dear, so dear Christ lov-ed us And for our sins was slain, He bids us leave off our wicked, wicked ways And turn to the Lord again.

Turn to the Lord and our sweet God, O turn to him with praise, For when we are dead and in our graves We are nothing but dust and clay. I have been rambling all this night And the best part of this day, And now return-ed back again, And have brought you a branch of may.

A branch of may I have brought you And at your door it stands, It is but a sprout, but well budded out By the work of our Lord's hand.

My song is done and I must be gone, No longer can I stay, So it's God bless you all, both great and small And send you a joyful May.