

Rose Bud In June

Steeleye Span

It's a rosebud in June and the violets in full bloom,
And the small birds are singing love songs on each spray.

We'll pipe and we'll sing love,
We'll dance in a ring love,
When each lad takes his lass
All on the green grass,
And it's oh to plough where the fat oxen graze low
And the lads and the lasses do sheep shearing go.

When we have all sheared our jolly, jolly sheep,
What joy can be greater than to talk of their increase.

Their flesh it is good, it's the best of all food,
And their wool it will cloth us and keep our backs from the cold.

Here's the ewes and the lambs, here's the hogs and the rams,
And the fat weathers too they will make a fine show.