

# One Morning in May

DAD Traditional

One morn- ing, one morn- ing, one morn - ing in May I

	2	3	0
	3	2	4
5	4 2 0 2 4 5	4 2	0 7

A7 D G D

met a fair cou - ple a mak - ing their way, And one was a maid - en so

6	7	0	0	6	7	
6+	7	5	5	6+	7	8
8	7 8	4	4	8	7 8	9 7

A7 D

bright and so fair, And the oth - er was a sol - dier and a brave vol - un - teer.

0	0	2	3	0	
5	5	3	2	4	0
4	5 4	4 2 0 0 2 4 5 5	4	2	0

Good morning, good morning, good morning to thee  
 O where are yo going my pretty lady?  
 O I am a-going to the banks of the sea,  
 To see the waters gliding, hear the nightingale sing

We hadn't been a-standing but a minute or two  
 When out from his knapsack a fiddle he drew  
 And the tune that the played made the valleys all ring,  
 O see the waters gliding, hear the nightingale sing

Pretty lady, pretty lady, it's time to give o'er,  
 O no, pretty soldier, please play one tune more,  
 I'd rather hear your fiddle or the touch of one string  
 Than to see the waters gliding, hear the nightingale sing.

Pretty soldier, pretty soldier, will you marry me?  
 O no, pretty lady, that never can be;  
 I've a wife in old London and children twice three;  
 Two wives in the army's too many for me.

I'll go back to London and stay there one year  
 And often I'll think of you my little dear,  
 If ever I return, 'twill be in the spring  
 To see the waters gliding, hear the nightingale sing.