Begin
Begin, begin,
begin your day with joyful hearts.
The day ends well, that joyful starts.

The Country Life
O I like to rise when the sun she rises
Early in the morning.
I like to hear them small birds singing
Merrily upon their lay-land
And hurrah for the life of a country boy
And to ramble in the new mown hay.

In spring we sow, in the harvest mow
And that’s how the seasons round they go
But of all the times if choose I may
It’s to ramble in the new mown hay.

O I like to rise........

In winter when the sky is gray
We edge and ditch our life away
But in the summer when the sun shines gay
We go rambling in the new mown hay.

O I like to rise........

Early one morning just as the sun was rising
I heard a bluebird in a tree pipe and sing,
“Warm winds are blowing, flowers are growing
We-e have come back with the end of snow.”

Maypole Song
Here’s a branch of snowy May
A branch the fairies gave me.
Who would like to dance today
With the branch the fairies gave me?

Dance away, Dance away
Holding high the branch of May repeat 2x

Cuckoo
Cuckoo, as I me walked, in a May morning
I heard a bird sing.

Come follow follow follow follow ......

The Lark
The lark in the morn
doth arise from her nest
And flies through the air
with the dew upon her breast
And like a young plow boy
she’ll whistle and sing,
And at night she’ll return
to her own nest again.

Halantow

Halantow, jolly rumble-o
We were up, long before the day-o!
To welcome in the summer,
To welcome in the May-o,
For Summer is a comin in
and Winter’s gone away-o!

What became of all the Spaniards
That made so great a boast-o?
They shall eat the feathery goose,
And we shall eat the roast-o.

Halantow........

Robin Hood and Little John
Have both gone to the fair-o,
And we shall to the jolly green wood
To hunt the buck and hare-o!

Halantow........

Take no shame to wear the horn,
It was the crest ‘ere you were born,
Your father’s father wore it,
Your father wore it, too-o!

Halantow........

God bless ye little children,
And all ye might and power-o,
Peace be to New England
And peace by day and night-o!
When Spring comes in

When Spring comes in the birds do sing,
The lambs do skip and the bells do ring
While we enjoy their glorious charm....
so noble and so gay.

chorus (repeated after each verse):
The primrose blooms and the cowslip too,
The violets in their sweet retire,
the roses shining through the briar,
    And the daffadowndillies which we admire....
will die and fade away.

Young men and maidens will be seen
On mountains high and meadows green,
They will talk of love and sport and play
While these young lambs do skip away.
    At night they homeward wend their way....
When evening stars appear.

The dairymaid to milking goes,
her blooming cheeks as red as a rose,
She carries her pail all on her arm......
so cheerful and so gay,
    She milks, she sings, and the valleys ring.
The small birds on the branches there
sit listening to this lovely fair.
    She is her master's trust and care.......
    she is the ploughman's joy.

Dance for the Nations

Round and round we turn
We hold each others’ hands
And weave ourselves in a circle.
The time is gone,
the dance goes on.

Woods are Waking

Now all the woods are waking,
the sun is rising high.
Wake up now, get up now,
before the dew is dry.

Spring is coming

Spring is coming, Spring is coming
Birdies build your nest
Weave together straw and feather
Doing each your best, Doing each your best.

Spring is coming spring is coming
Flowers are waking too
Daisies lilies daffodillies
All are coming through, All are coming through.

Spring is coming, spring is coming
All around is fair  Shiver, quiver on the river
Joy is everywhere, Joy is everywhere.

Yonder Come Day

Yonder come day, day is a-breakin
Yonder come day, oh my soul
Yonder come day, day is breakin
Sun is arising in my soul.

Sun rise  Sun rise oh yonder
Sun rise  Sun is arising in my soul

White Coral Bells

White Coral bells
upon a slender stalk,
Lilies of the valley
at our garden walk.

Oh, don’t you wish
That you could hear them ring?
That will happen only
When the fairies sing.

My Roots Go Down, Down to the Earth

I am a pine tree on a mountainside....
I am a willow swaying in a storm....
I am a waterfall skipping home....
I am a wildflower pushing through the stones....

The Shepherd’s Hay

I can whistle, I can sing
I can do ‘most anything.
I can dance, I can play,
I can do the Shepherd’s Hay!