

Golden Gorse

Come to the down, my maid, with me -
The wind be soft, the skies be fair,
And spring is in the very air,
All Nature seems a grownen' -
We'll roam together, fancy free,
Where golden gorse be blowen',
We'll roam together, fancy free,
Where golden gorse be blowen'.

There's nowt to keep we now at home;
The fallow has been cleaned and tilled,
And harrowed over smooth and drilled,
So- now us done with sowen' -
Come to the down and let us roam
Where golden gorse be blowen',
Come to the down and let us road
Where golden gorse be blowen'.

The sky be all forget-me-not,
And sea, that matches sky in blue,
Bounds every side the distant view,
Where ships be comen' - goen'.
You shall not find a sweeter spot
Where golden gorse be blowen',
You shall not find a sweeter spot
Where golden gorse be blowen'.

I think to this you will agree,
No matter season of the year,
Like kissen', gorse be with us, dear,
Be fallow time or grownen'.
Come rain, come shine, come frost you'll see,
Where golden gorse be blowen',
Come rain, come shine, come frost you'll see
Where golden gorse be blowen'.

And when it comes my time to die,
Don't lay me there among the rest
With two gurt stones across my chest
And dank grass round me grown'.
Yes here above I'd rather lie
Where golden gorse be blown',
Yes here above I'd rather lie
Where golden gorse be blown'.