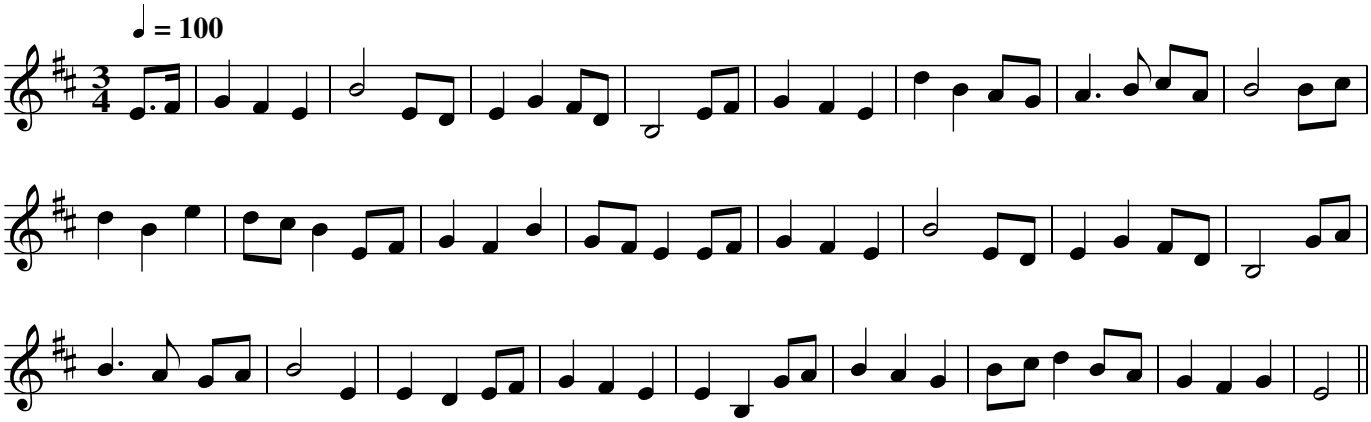
Rosebud In June

england

It’s a rosebud in June, and the violets in full bloom
The small birds are singing love songs from each spray.

Chorus:
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 all to plow
Where the fat oxen graze low;
And the lads and the lasses do sheepshearing go.

Oh their flesh it is good, it’s the best of all foods
And their wool it will clothe 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 withers too they will make a fine show.