



The

May Queen.

by

Alfred Tennyson.

Illuminated by

E. Summerbell.



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The

AN QUEEN

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Alfred Tennyson

In Illuminated Borders designed by

W. Summerbell.

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ou must wake and call me early, call me
early, mother dear;

To-morrow'll be the happiest day of
all the glad **N**ew-Year;

Of all the glad **N**ew-Year, mother, the
maddest, merriest day;

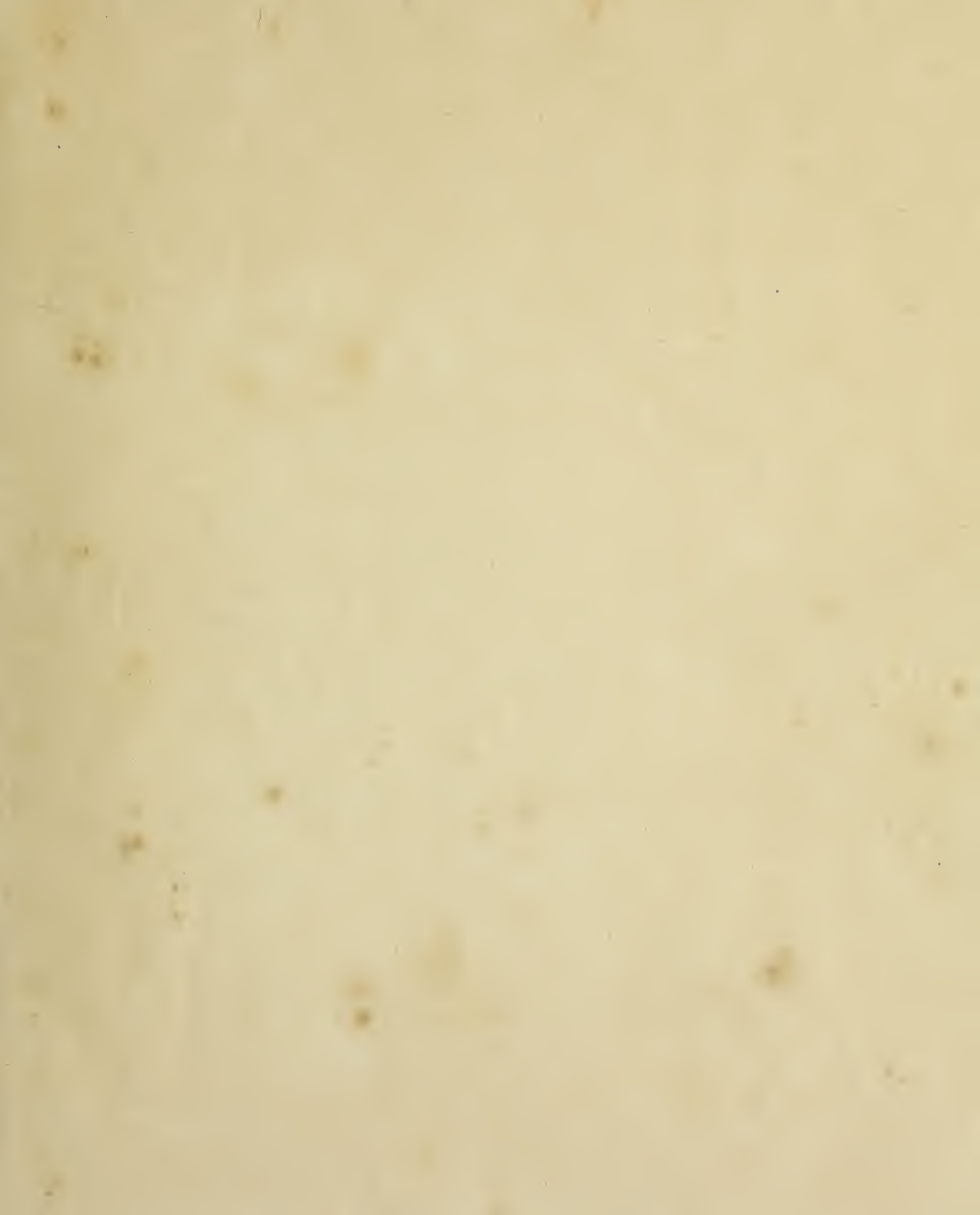
For I'm to be **Q**ueen o' the **M**ay, mother.
I'm to be **Q**ueen o' the **M**ay.

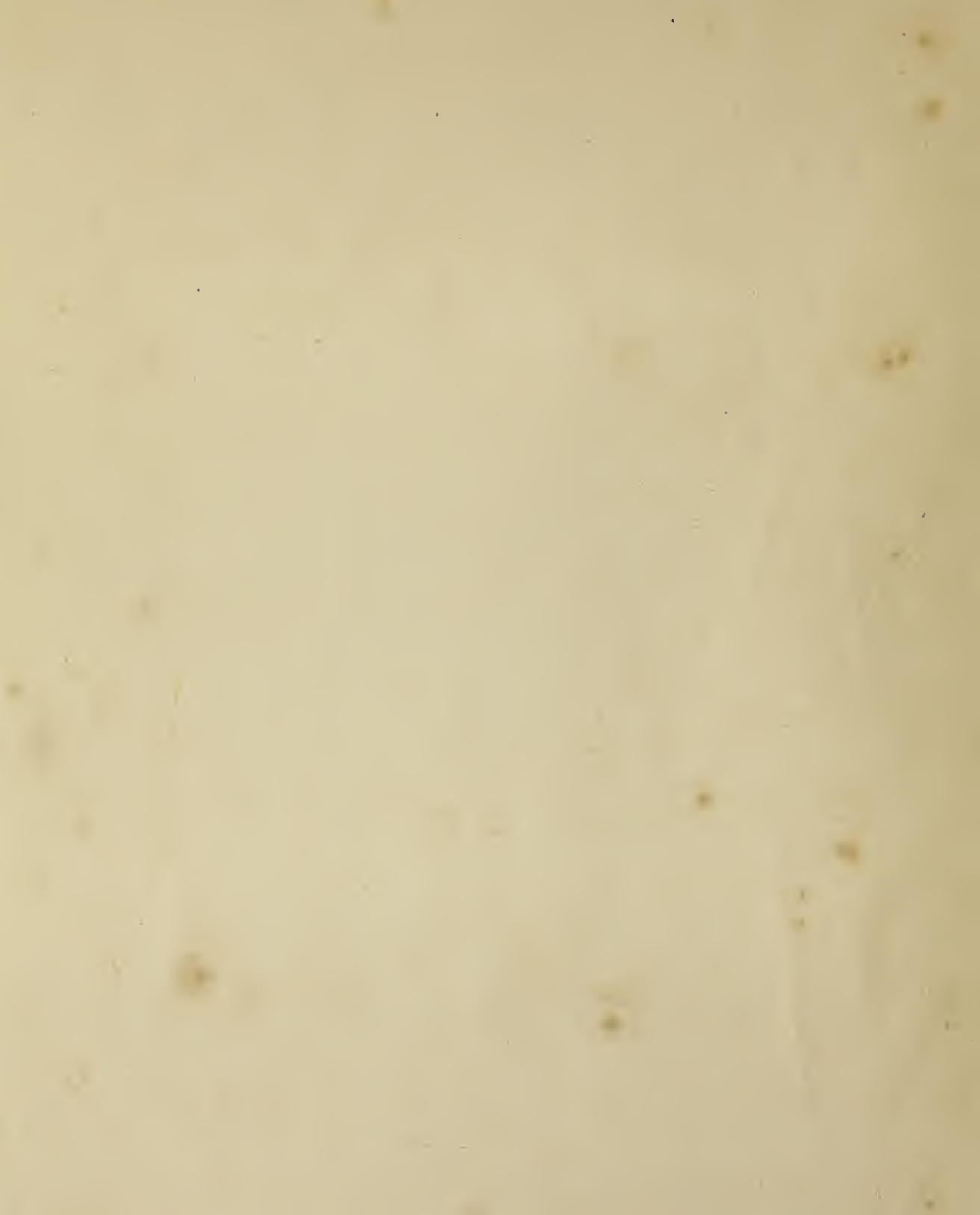
There's many a black black eye they
say, but none so bright as mine;


There's **M**argaret and **M**ary, there's
Kate and **C**aroline;

But none so fair as little **A**lice in all
the land they say,

So I'm to be **Q**ueen o' the **M**ay, mother,
I'm to be **Q**ueen o' the **M**ay.








He thought **I** was a ghost, mother,
for **I** was all in white,
And **I** ran by him without speaking,
like a flash of light.

They call me cruel-hearted, but **I** care
not what they say ;
For **I**'m to be **Q**ueen o' the **M**ay, mother,
I'm to be **Q**ueen o' the **M**ay.

They say he's dying all for love,
but that can never be :
They say his heart is breaking, mother :
what is that to me !

There's many a bolder lad 'll woo me
any summer day ;
And **I**'m to be **Q**ueen o' the **M**ay, mother.
I'm to be **Q**ueen o' the **M**ay.

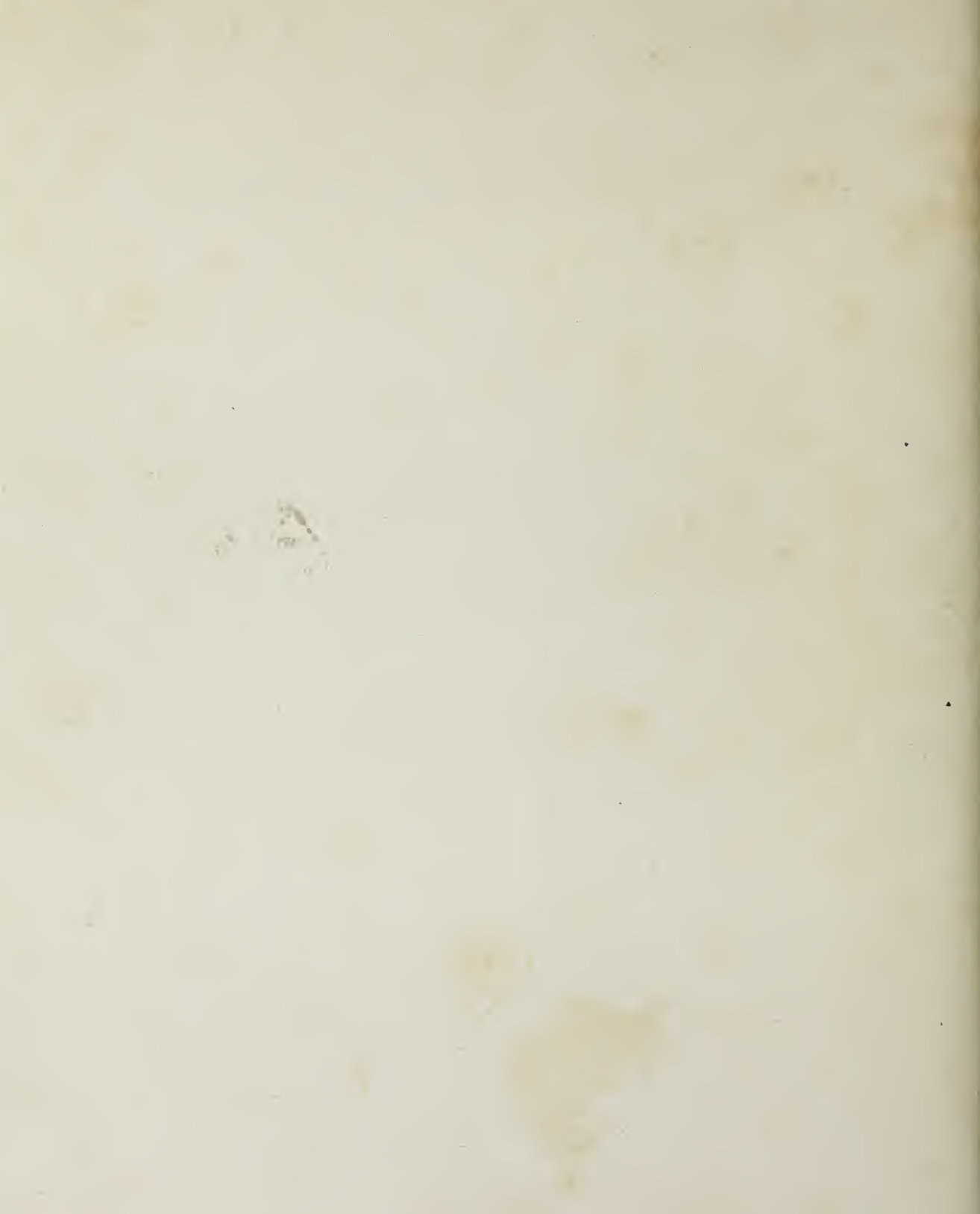



Little Effie shall go with me,
to-morrow to the green,
And you'll be there too, mother, to see
me made the queen;
For the shepherd lads on every side 'll
come from far away,
And I'm to be **Q**ueen o' the **M**ay, mother,
I'm to be **Q**ueen o' the **M**ay.

The honeysuckle round the porch has
woven its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow trenches blow the
faint sweet cuckoo-flowers;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like
fire in swamps and hollows gray,
And I'm to be **Q**ueen o' the **M**ay, mother,
I'm to be **Q**ueen o' the **M**ay.

I sleep so sound all night, mother,
that **I** shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day
begins to break :
But **I** must gather knots of flowers, and
buds and garlands gay,
For **I**'m to be **Q**ueen o' the **M**ay, mother,
I'm to be **Q**ueen o' the **M**ay.

As **I** came up the valley whom think
ye should **I** see,
But **R**obin, leaning on the bridge
beneath the hazel tree ?
He thought of that sharp look, mother,
I gave him yesterday,
But **I**'m to be **Q**ueen o' the **M**ay, mother,
I'm to be **Q**ueen o' the **M**ay.





The night winds come and go, mother
upon the meadow grass,

And the happy stars above them seem
to brighten as they pass ;

There will not be a drop of rain the
whole of the libelong day ;

And I'm to be **Q**ueen o' the **M**ay, mother.
I'm to be **Q**ueen o' the **M**ay.

All the balley, mother, 'll be fresh
and green and still,

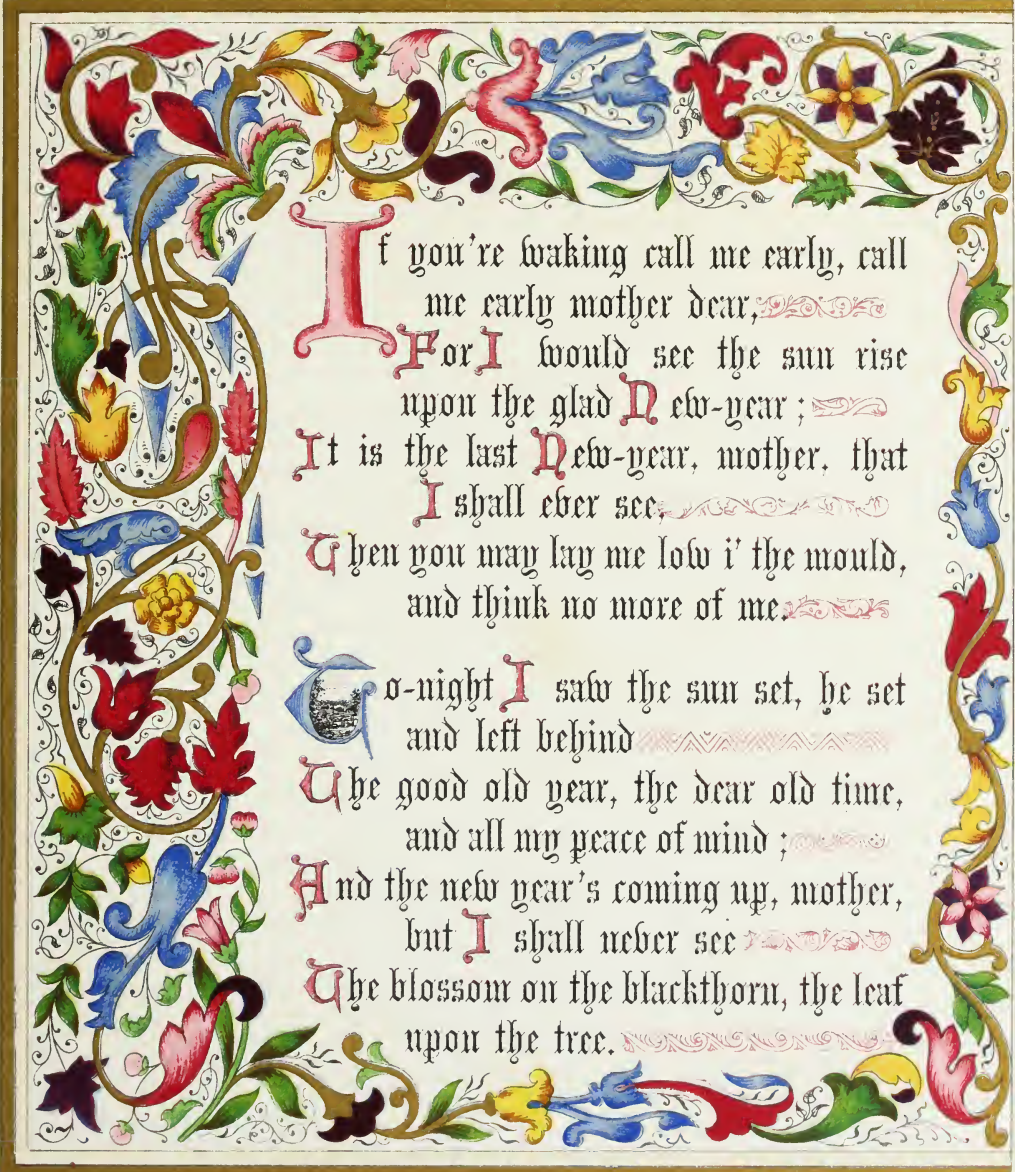
And the colwslip and the crowfoot are
ober all the hill,

And the ribulets in the flowery dale 'll
merrily dance and play ;

For I'm to be **Q**ueen o' the **M**ay, mother,
I'm to be **Q**ueen o' the **M**ay.

So you must wake and call me early,
call me early, mother dear,
Go-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all
the glad **N**ew-**Y**ear :
Go-morrow 'll be of all the year the
maddest, merriest day,
For I'm to be **Q**ueen o' the **M**ay, mother,
I'm to be **Q**ueen o' the **M**ay.





If you're waking call me early, call
me early mother dear,

For **I** would see the sun rise
upon the glad **N**ew-year ;
It is the last **N**ew-year, mother, that
I shall eber see,

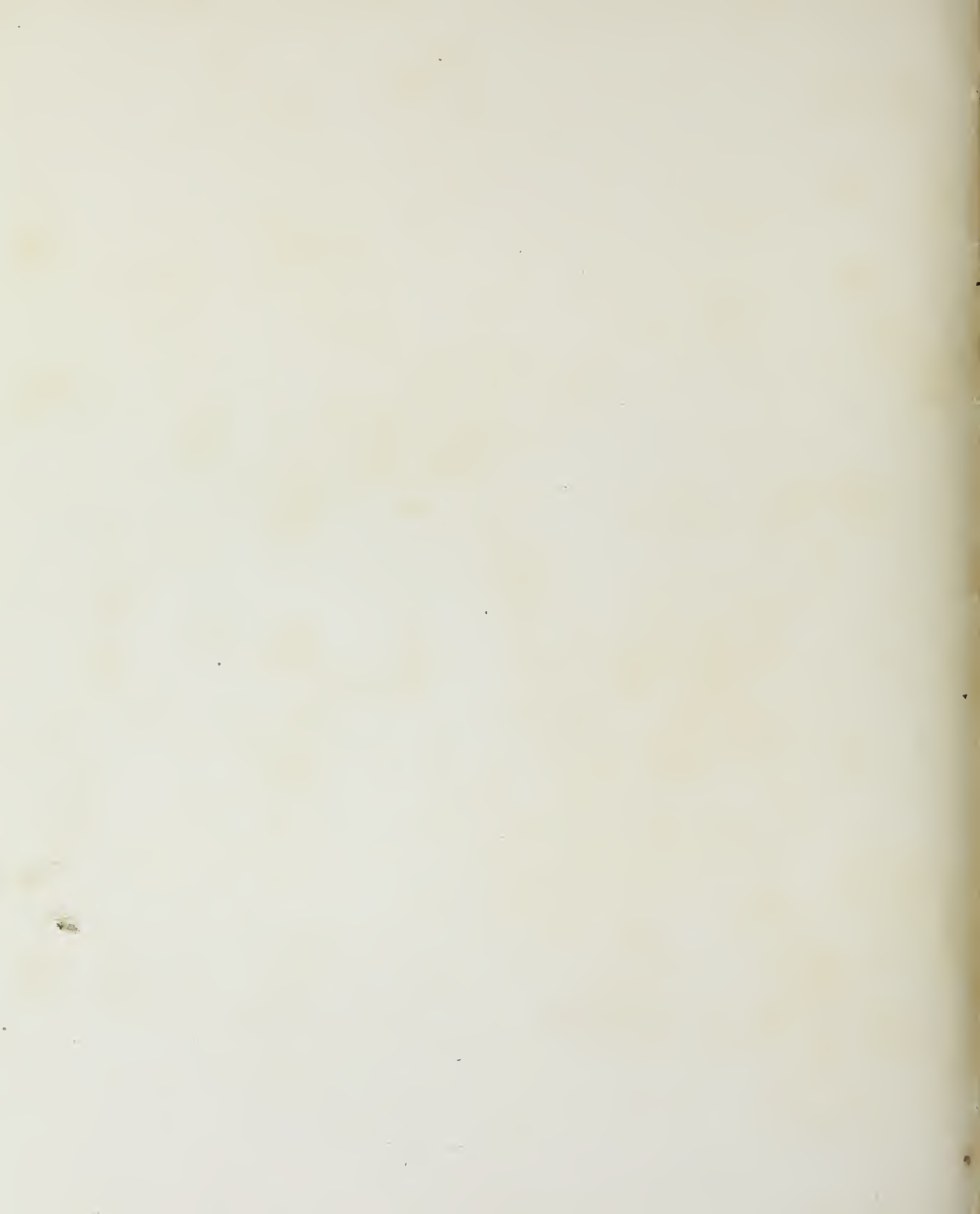
Then you may lay me low i' the mould,
and think no more of me.

Go-night **I** saw the sun set, he set
and left behind

The good old year, the dear old time,
and all my peace of mind ;

And the new year's coming up, mother,
but **I** shall never see

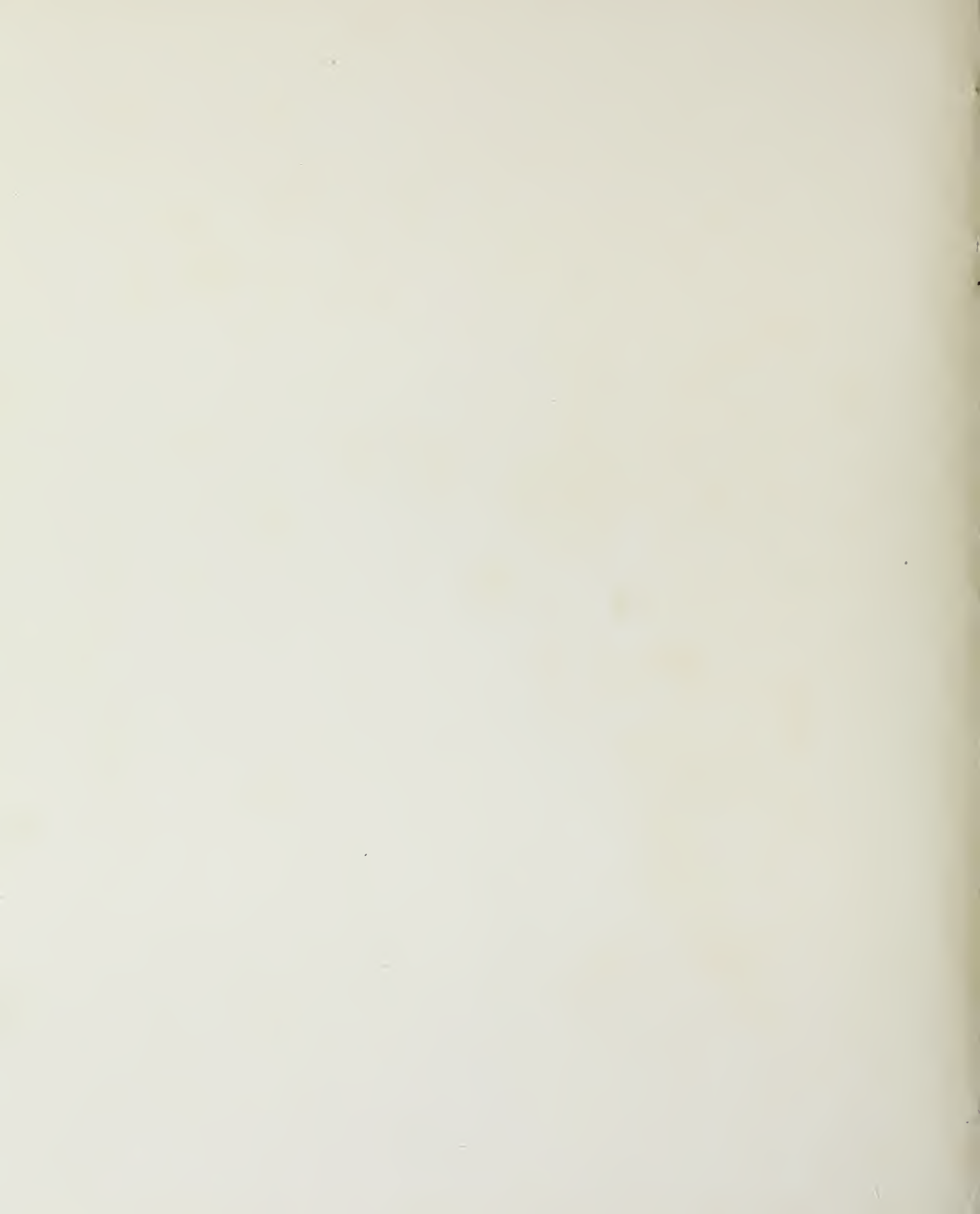
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf
upon the tree.





Last **M**ay we made a crown of flowers;
 we had a merry day;
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they
 made me **Q**ueen of **M**ay;
And we danced about the may-pole, and
 in the hazel copse,
Till **C**harles's **W**ain came out abobe
 the tall white chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills,
 the frost is on the pane;
I only wish to live till the snowdrops
 come again;
I wish the snow would melt away, and
 the sun come out on high,
I long to see a flower so, before the
 day **I** die.





The building rook 'll caw from the
windy tall elm tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the
fallow lea,
And the swallow 'll come back again
with summer o'er the wabe,
But I shall lie alone, mother, within
the mouldering grave.

Upon the chancel-casement, and
upon that grave of mine,
In the early, early morning the summer
sun 'll shine ;
Before the red cock crows from the farm
upon the hill,
When you are warm asleep, mother, and
all the world is still.



When the flowers come again, mother,
beneath the waning light,

You'll never see me more in the long
gray fields at night;

When from the dry dark wold the summer
airs blow cool

On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and
the bulrush in the pool.

You'll bury me, my mother, just
beneath the hawthorn shade.

And you'll come sometimes and see me
where **I** am lowly laid.

I shall not forget you, mother, **I** shall
hear you when you pass,

With your feet above my head in the
long and pleasant grass.



I have been wild and wayward, but
you'll forgibe me now; *WVWV*

You'll kiss me, my glou mother, and
forgibe me ere **I** go; *OXOXOX*

Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let
your grief be wild, *WVWVWV*

You should not fret for me, mother,
you have another child. *WVWV*

If I can, **I'll** come again, mother,
from out my resting-place, *WVW*

Tho' you'll not see me, mother, **I** shall
look upon your face; *WVWVWV*

Tho' **I** cannot speak a word, **I** shall
hearken what you say, *WVWVWV*

And be often, often with you, when you
think **I'** m far away. *WVWVWV*



Good-night, good-night, when **I** have
said good-night for ebermore,

And you see me carried out from the
threshold of the door ;

Don't let **E**ffie come to see me till my
grave be growing green :

She'll be a better child to you than
I have eber been.

She'll find my garden tools upon
the granary floor :

Let her take 'em, they are hers : **I** shall
neber garden more :

But tell her, when **I**'m gone, to train the
rose-bushy that **I** set

About the parlour-window and the box
of mignonette.



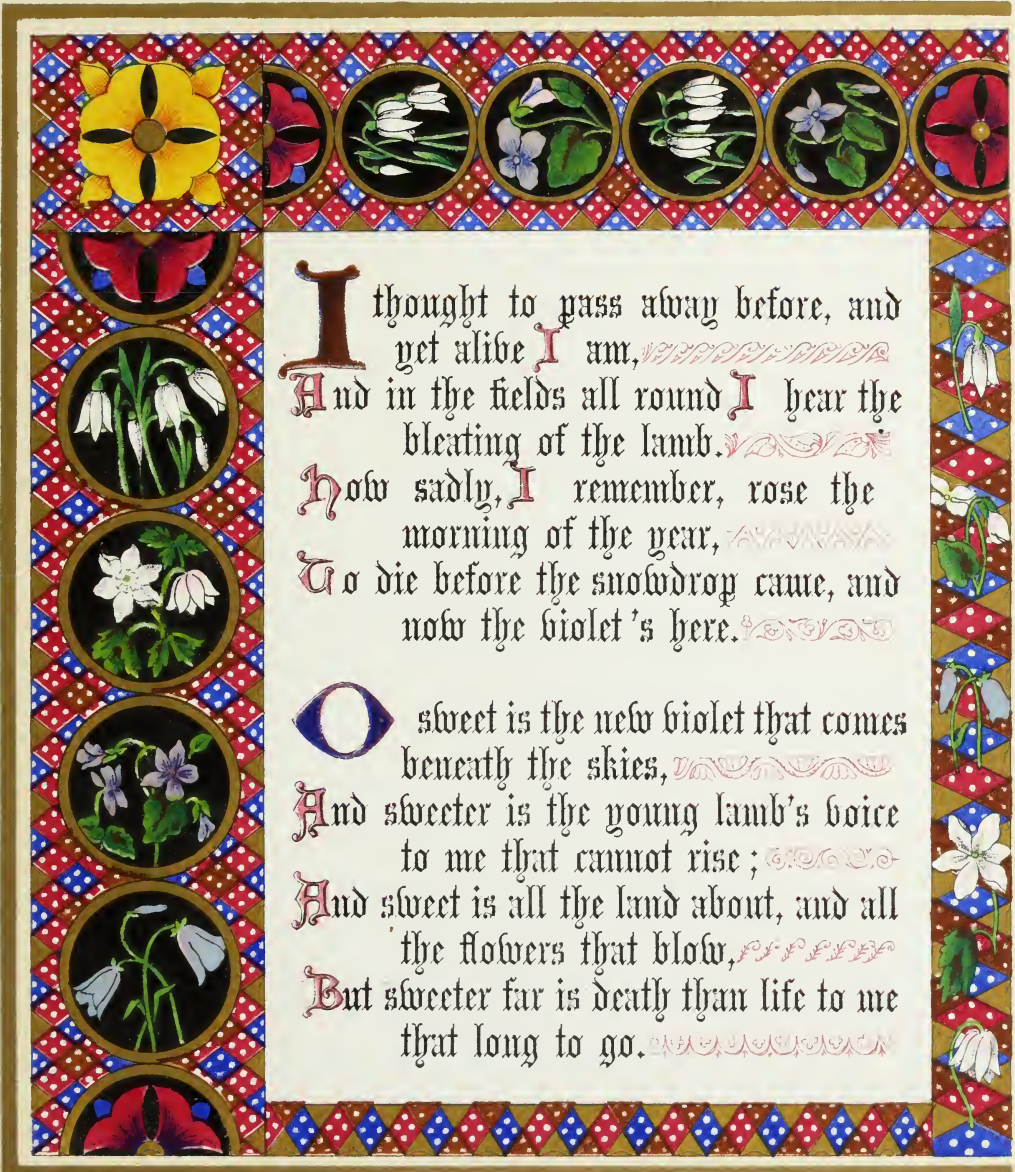
Good-night, sweet mother: call me
before the day is born.

All night **I** lay awake, but **I** fall asleep
at morn;

But **I** would see the sun rise upon the
glad **N**ew-**Y**ear,


So, if you're waking, call me, call me
early, mother dear.





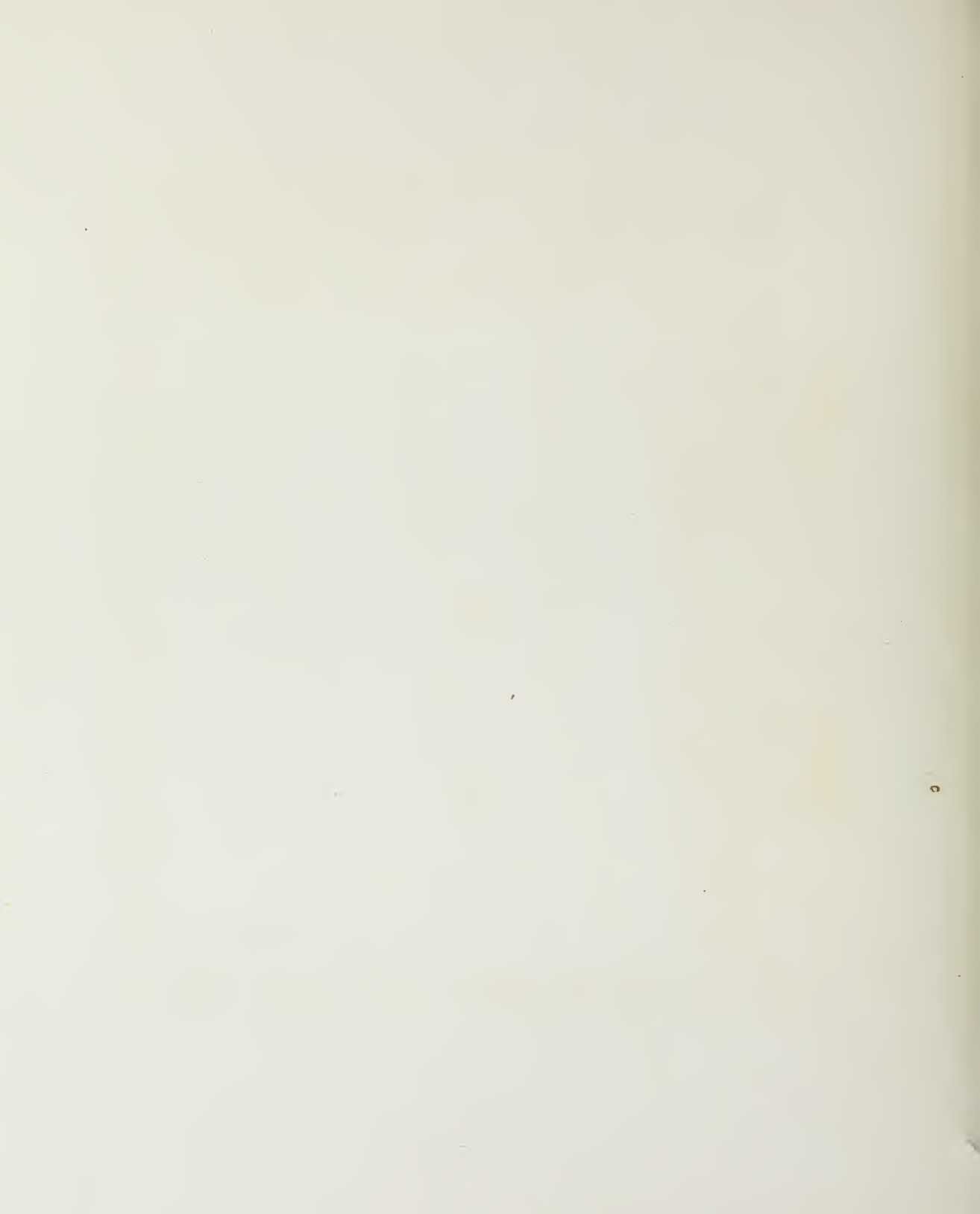
I thought to pass away before, and
yet alive **I** am,
And in the fields all round **I** hear the
bleating of the lamb.
How sadly, **I** remember, rose the
morning of the year,
To die before the snowdrop came, and
now the violet's here.

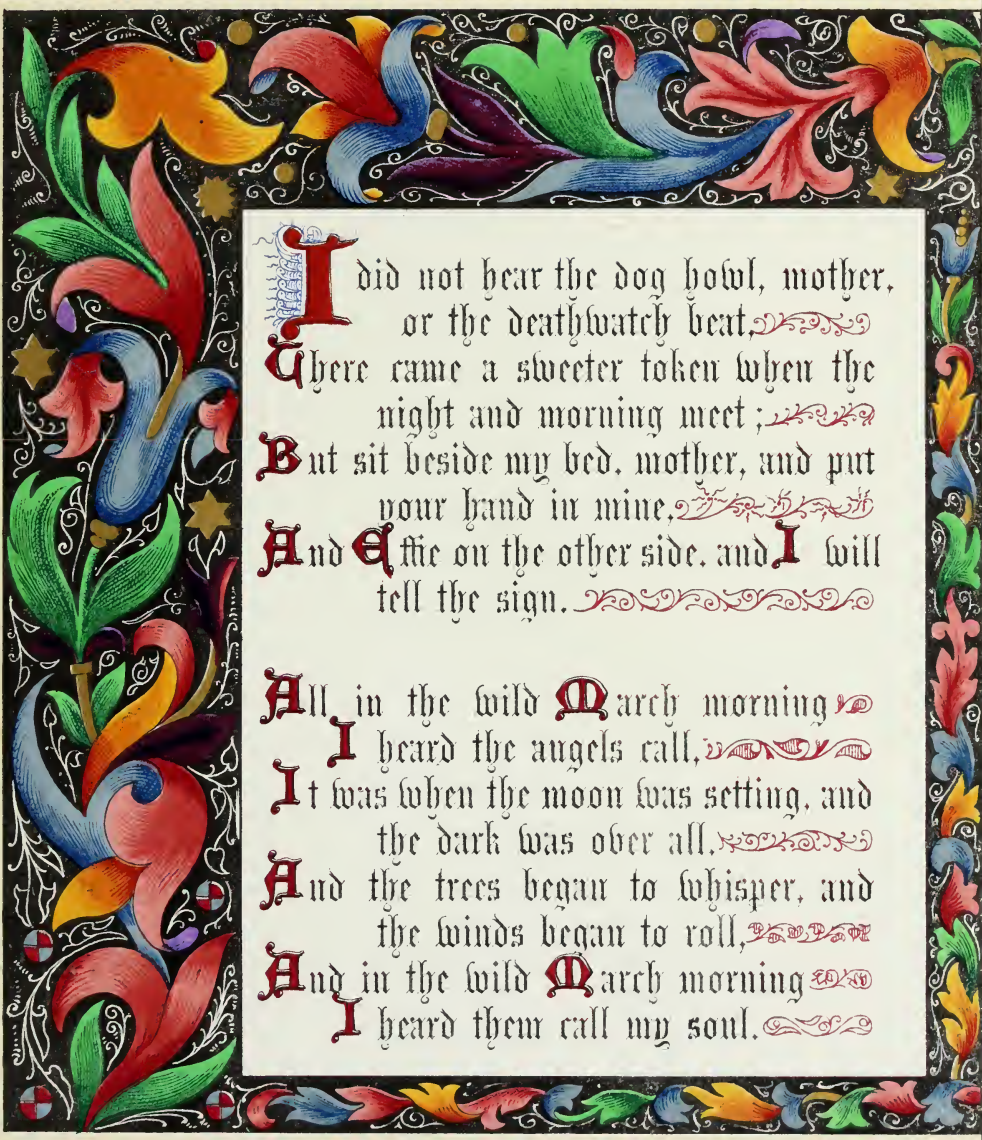
O sweet is the new violet that comes
beneath the skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice
to me that cannot rise;
And sweet is all the land about, and all
the flowers that blow,
But sweeter far is death than life to me
that long to go.



It seem'd so hard at first, mother, to
leabe the blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay, and
yet **H**is will be done!
But still **I** think it can't be long before
I find release;
And that good man, the clergyman, has
told me words of peace.

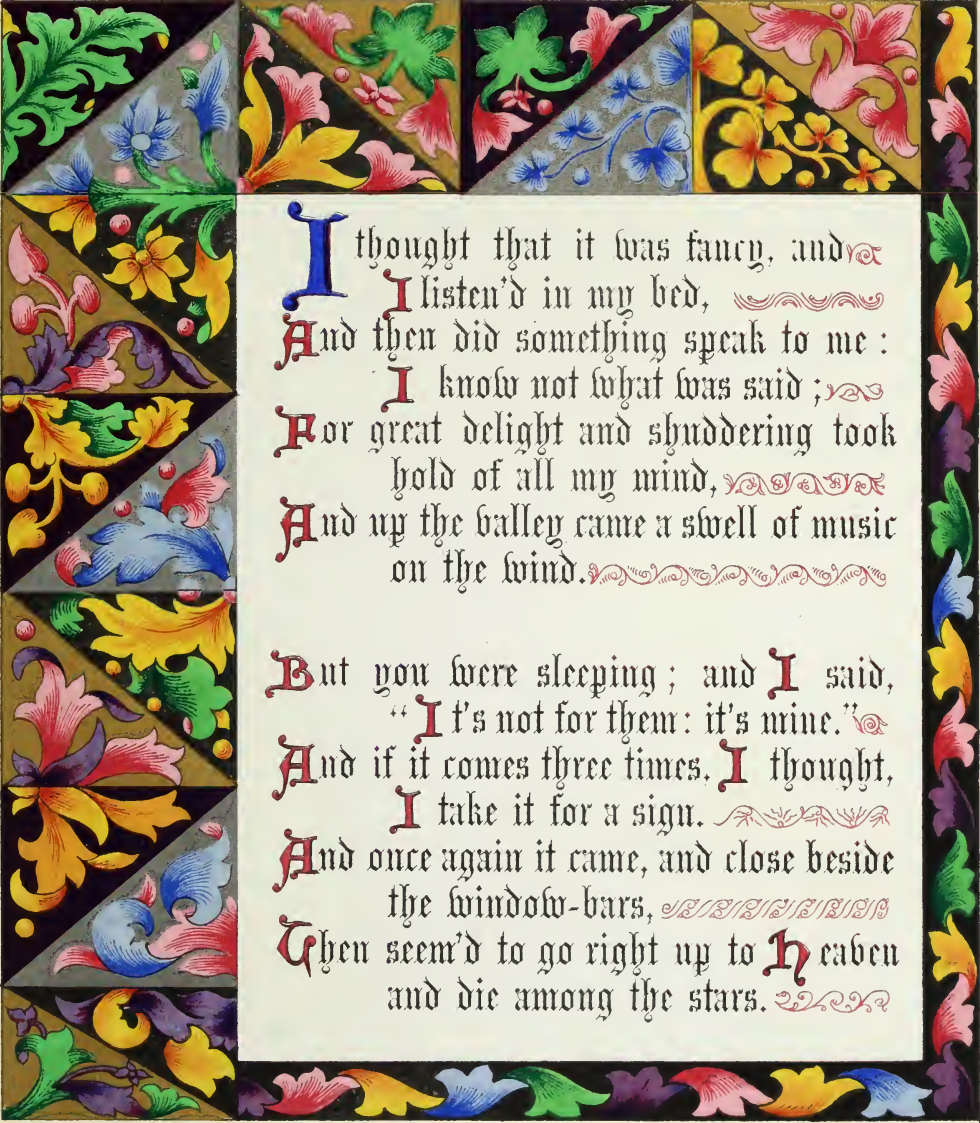
O blessings on his kindly voice,
and on his silber hair!
And blessings on his whole life long,
until he meet me there!
O blessings on his kindly heart and on
his silber head!
A thousand times **I** blessed him as he
kneelt beside my bed.





I did not hear the dog howl, mother,
or the deathwatch beat,
There came a sweeter token when the
night and morning meet;
But sit beside my bed, mother, and put
your hand in mine,
And **M**arie on the other side, and **I** will
tell the sign.

All in the wild **M**arch morning
I heard the angels call,
It was when the moon was setting, and
the dark was ober all,
And the trees began to whisper, and
the winds began to roll,
And in the wild **M**arch morning
I heard them call my soul.



I thought that it was fancy, and
I listen'd in my bed,
And then did something speak to me :
I know not what was said ;
For great delight and shuddering took
hold of all my mind,
And up the valley came a swell of music
on the wind.

But you were sleeping ; and **I** said,
" **I**t's not for them : it's mine."
And if it comes three times, **I** thought,
I take it for a sign.
And once again it came, and close beside
the window-bars,
Then seem'd to go right up to **H**eaven
and die among the stars.



sweet and strange it seems to me
that ere this day is done

The voice that now is speaking may be
beyond the sun ;

For eber and for eber, withy those just
souls and true

And what is life that we should moan,
why make we such ado ?

For eber and for eber, all in a blessed
home,

And there to wait a little while till you
and **E**tie come ;

Go lie within the light of **G**od, as
I lie upon your breast,

And the wicked cease from troubling,
and the weary are at rest.



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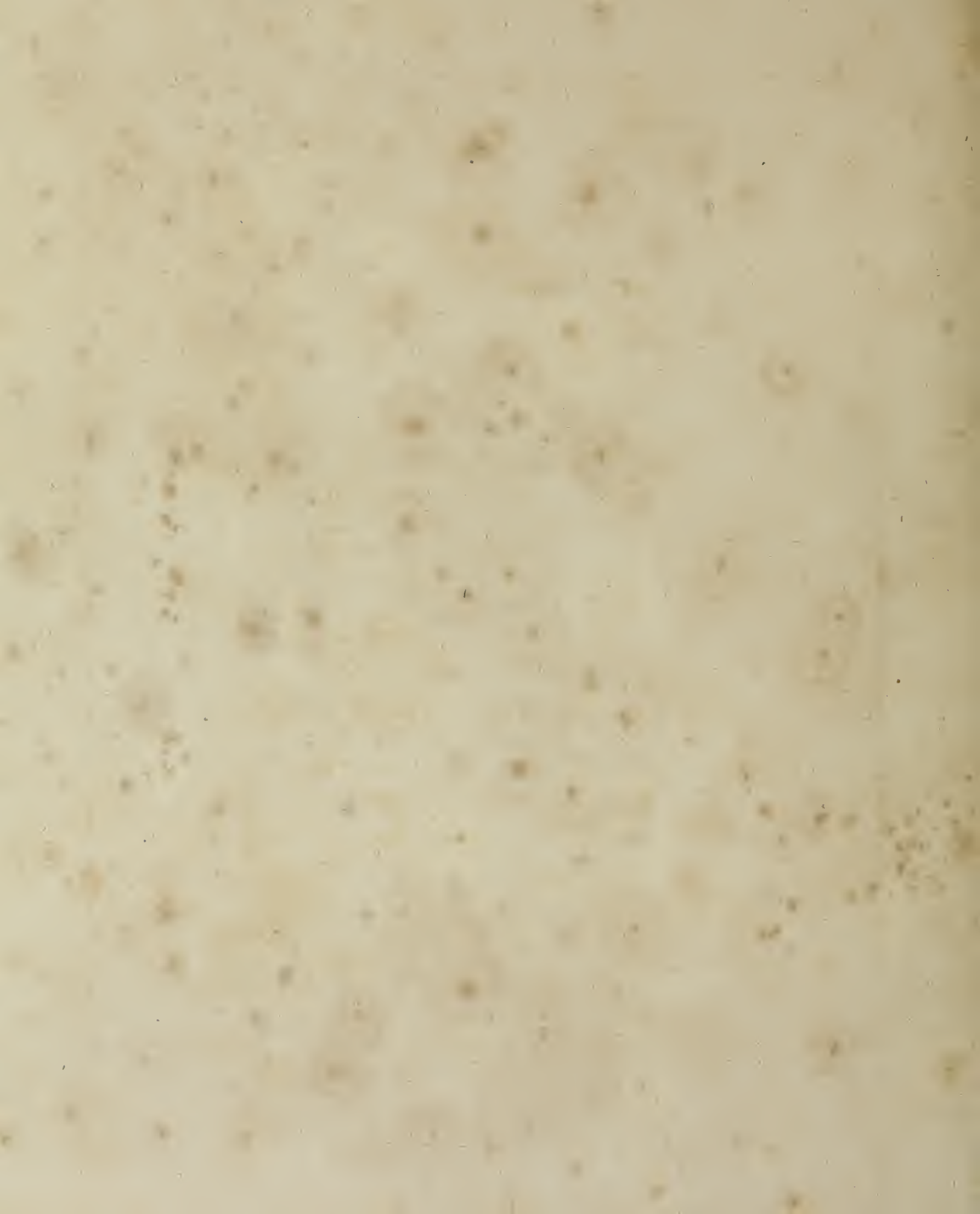
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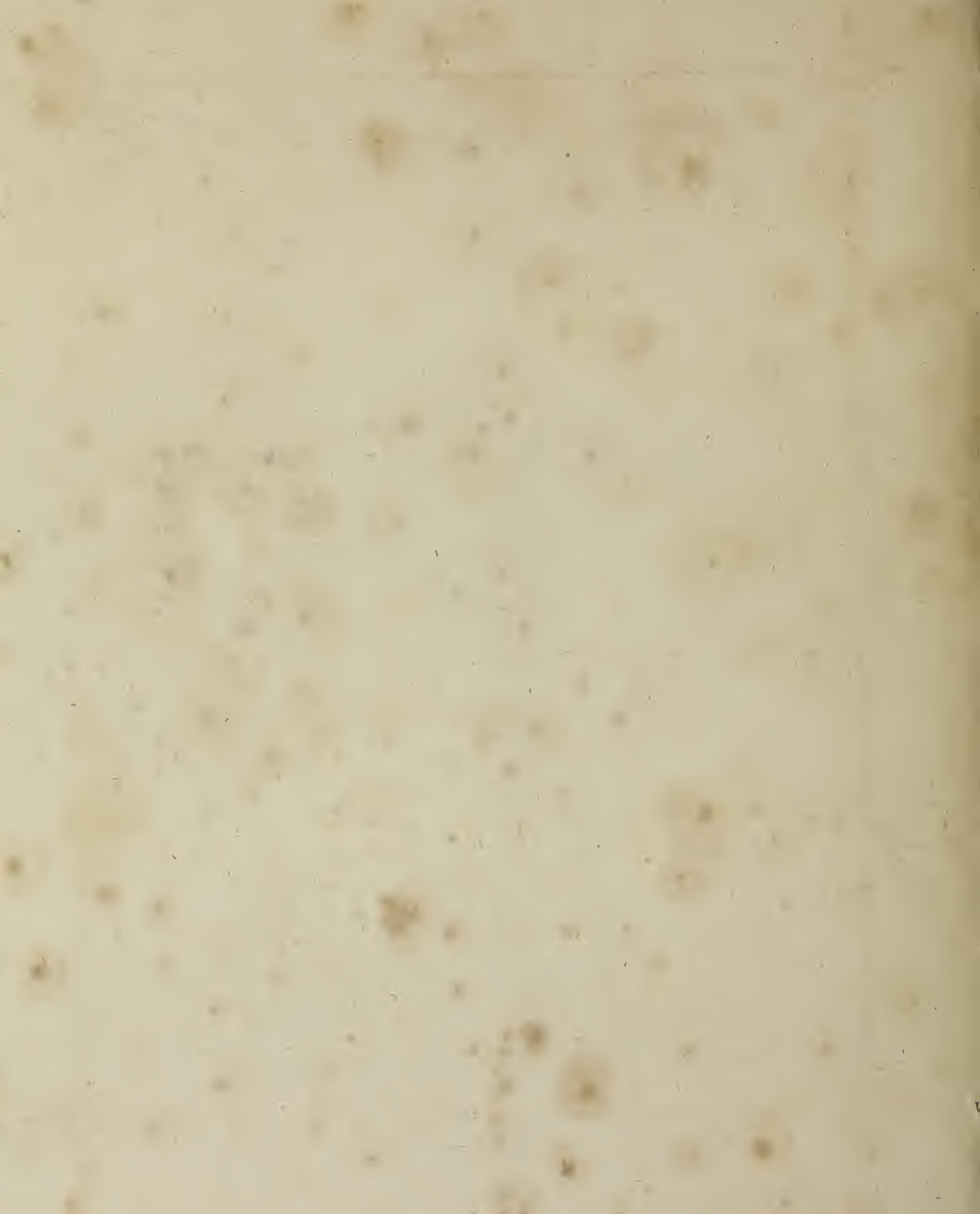
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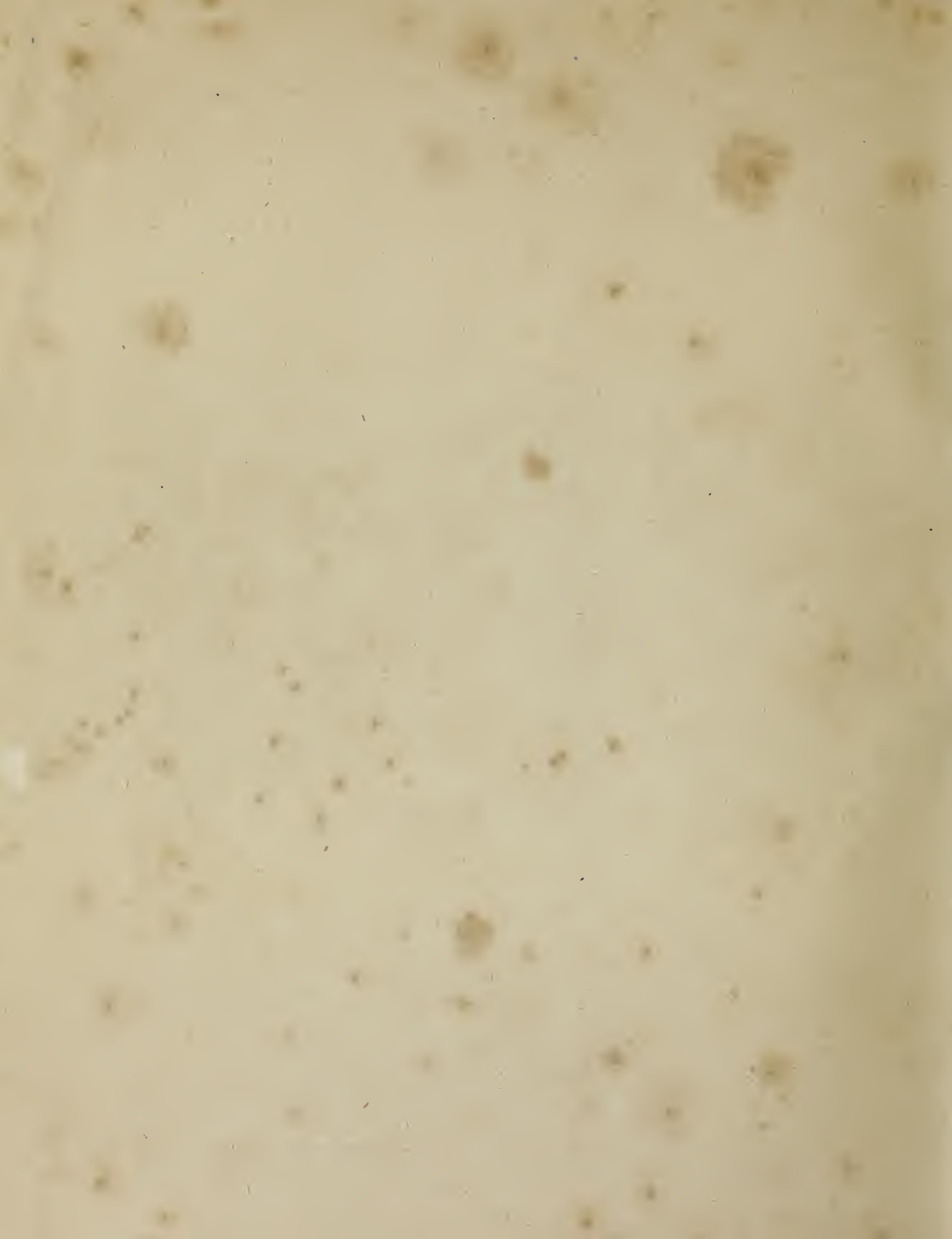
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