

*A SONG out of the GUARDIAN.*

Oh the Char - ming Month of May, When the Bree - zes  
fan the Trees, is Full of Blossoms fresh and gay,  
Full of Blossoms fresh and gay: Oh the Char - ming  
Month of May, Char - ming, Char - ming Month of May.

Oh what Joys our Prospect yields,  
In a new Livery when we see every,  
Bush and Meadow, Tree and Field, &c.  
Oh what Joys, &c. Charming Joys, &c.

Oh how fresh the Morning Air,  
When the Zephirs and the Hephirs,  
Their Odoriferous Breaths compare,  
Oh how fresh, &c. Charming fresh, &c.

Oh how fine our Evenings walk,  
When the Nightingale delighting,  
With her Songs suspends our Talk,  
Oh how fine, &c. Charming fine, &c.

Oh how sweet at Night to Dream,  
On mossy Pillows by the trillows,  
Of a gentle Purling Stream,  
Oh how sweet, &c. Charming sweet, &c.

Oh how kind the Country Lass,  
Who her Cows bilking, leaves her Milking,  
For a green Gown upon the Grass,  
Oh how kind, &c. Charming kind, &c.

Oh how sweet it is to spy,  
At the Conclusion, her deep confusion,  
Blushing Cheeks and down cast Eye,  
Oh how sweet, &c. Charming sweet, &c.

Oh the Charming Curds and Cream,  
When all is over she gives her Lover,  
Who on her Skimming-dish carves her Name,  
Oh the Charming Curds and Cream,  
Charming, Charming Curds and Cream.