

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.