

QUEEN OF THE MAY

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The win - ter is o - ver, and sum - mer has come, And the
 'Ob - by 'Oss waits in his sta - ble for dawn Rise
 up my love ear - ly and deck your - self gay, And I'll
CHORUS:
 take you to Pad - stow to - day And put your arms
 'round me, I'll dance you a - way For you are my
 1. Queen of the May, And 2. May.

The winter is over and summer has come
 The 'Obby 'Oss waits in his stable for dawn,
 Rise up my love early and deck yourself gay
 And I'll take you to Padstow today.

CHORUS:

And put your arms 'round me,
 I'll dance you away
 For you are my Queen of the May (2X)

Skip out o'er the woods and the fields and the dells
 Pick primroses, daisies, cowslips and bluebells
 And from the green woods cut a sycamore spray
 And I'll take you to Padstow today.
 Chorus

We'll breakfast on ale and an old chorus song
 Musicians will come with accordions and drums
 We'll meet the old 'Oss and we'll welcome the May
 When I take you to Padstow today.

Chorus

When the years have rolled on love, and we are both old
 And the stories of May Day and Padstow are told
 Though I'm old and feeble, you'll still hear me say
 I'll take you to Padstow today.

Chorus

Many of us have become familiar with the Padstow May Day traditions, of the day song: "Unite and unite, and let us all unite/ For summer is coming today ..." or Dave Webber's "Hail the First of May-o". All of these celebrate Padstow's (and other towns') singing and dancing the entire May Day and following a strange animal known as the "'Obby 'Oss" through the streets with accordion and drum.

In the words of Sean McLaughlin, Larry's son, "Dad and I were playing in Padstow one night and, inevitably, we did Queen of the May. Afterwards, a woman of middle years and a rich Cornish accent came up to us and said to Dad, 'Ere boy, you got the words wrong.'

'Oh really,' Dad replied, 'But I wrote it.'

'So you're the bugger,' she replied.

"But her husband shouted across, 'E didn't write that, I remember my father singing it.' To which some else joined in with, 'You don't even know who your [bleep]ing father was.' And such was a typical evening in Padstow."

"And in many ways the song has been absorbed into the traditions of Padstow. But we should never forget that it is Mum's song; its original title is Maureen's Song. A treasured gift from Dad to celebrate their Silver Wedding Anniversary, as he says—without having to spend any money!"