

The First of May

The Wolfe Tones

When we were small
And Christmas trees were tall
We used to love while others used to play.
Don't ask me why. The time has passed me by.
Nothing seems to be the same old way.
Now we are tall and Christmas trees are small,
And you don't ask the time of day;
But you and I, our love will never ever die;
And guess who cried(?) come first of May.
The apple trees that grew for you and me--
I watched the apples falling one by one.
And I recall the moment of them all:
The day I kissed your cheeks and you were gone.
Now we are tall, and Christmas trees are small,
And you don't ask the time of day.
But you and I, our love will never ever die;
And guess who cries the first of May.
And guess who cries come first of May.