

Hawthorn

Why are you weeping, May Tree, May Tree,
why are you weeping, May?
Springtime's fresh and the sun is high,
there is no blue like the morning sky
and winter's far away.
The season's glad so why be sad?
Why are you weeping, May?



Why are you weeping, May Tree, May Tree,
why are you weeping, May —
shedding tears of perfect white,
pure as sorrow and white as light,
in garlanded decay?

Is it care for seasons yet to be?
Let's look away and refuse to see:
the year's young and so are we
and winter's far away.
Thoughts so cold never trouble me,
so cease your weeping, May.

Please cease your weeping, May.