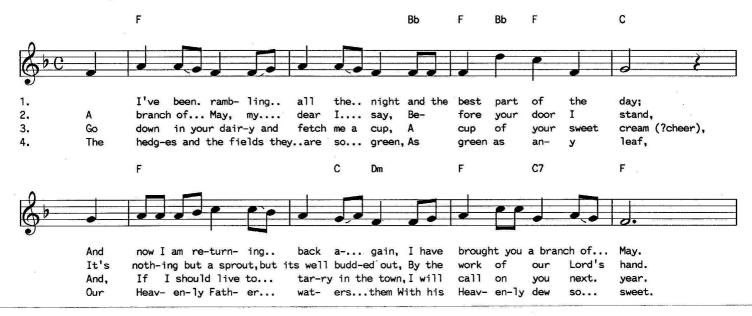
Brightly



When I am dead and in my grave,
And covered with cold clay,
The nightingale will sit and sing,
And pass the time away.

Take a Bible in your hand,
And read a chapter through,
And, when the day of Judgment comes,
The Lord will think on you.

I have a bag on my right arm,
Draws up with a silken string,
Nothing does it want but a little silver
To line it well within.

And now my song is almost done,
I can no longer stay,
God bless you all both great and small,
I wish you a joyful May.

1. Lucy Broadwood writes in her Preface to <u>English Traditional</u> <u>Songs and Carols</u>: "If traditional country verse has its weaknesses it also has its strength. ... There is something hauntingly beautiful in a verse such as this one."

