

# Won't You Buy My Pretty Flowers - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

Won't You Buy My Pretty Flowers?  
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Words by Jennie Calef. Music by H. P. Danks.

Underneath the gas light's glitter,  
Stands a fragile little girl;  
Heedless of the night winds bitter,  
As they round about her whirl.  
While the thousands pass unheeding  
In the evening's waning hours;  
Still she cries with tearful pleading,  
Won't you buy my pretty flowers?

Refrain.  
There are many sad and weary  
In this pleasant world of ours,  
Crying in the night winds bitter.  
Won't you buy my pretty flowers?

Ever coming, ever going,  
Men and women hurry by.  
Heedless of the tear drops gleaming.  
In her sad and wistful eyes.  
While she stands there sadly sighing,  
In the cold and dreary hours,  
Listen to her sweet voice crying,  
Won't you buy my pretty flowers?-Refrain.

Not a loving word to cheer her.  
From the passers by is heard;  
Not a friend to linger near her,  
With a heart by pity stirred.  
On they rush the selfish thousands,  
Seeking pleasure's pleasant bowers;  
None to hear with sad compassion,  
Won't you buy my pretty flowers.-Refrain.