

Peach Blossom Time - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

PEACH BLOSSOM TIME.

Copyright, 1892, G. W. Voters.

Words by Belle Hunt. Music by Bexie.

Down in the meadows the wild birds are singing,
Peach blossom time, peach blossom time;
Tiny white daisies are nodding And smiling",
Peach blossom time, peach blossom time.
South winds are blowing and beat on their pinions
Fragrance enchanting, odors sublime,
Stolen from groves of magnolia and orange
In far sunny clime, in far sunny clime;
Then open your shell-tinted delicate petals,
Soft as the light, fair and so bright.
Yield the aroma wrapt up in your bosoms
Of rose, tint and white, rose, tint And white.
Hearts are o'erflowing, all nature rejoicing,
'Tis peach blossom time, 'tis peach blossom time;
Love birds are mating and building and cooing-
Peach blossom time, peach blossom time.

Strange It now seems that these orchards of blossom
A few weeks ago, a few weeks ago
Stood facing the northers, their bare arms extended,
Laden with snow, laden with snow;
But warm rains and sunshine, and God's wondrous power
And loving design, and loving design
Hath clothed them in garments surpassing all textures
Of hands not divine, of hands not divine.
Then open your dainty hearts, pour out. your treasures
Of fragrance sublime, fragrance sublime,
That mortals may breathe of the sweetness and freshness
Of peach blossom time, peach blossom time.
Starts are o'erflowing, all nature rejoicing,
'Tis peach blossom time, 'tis peach blossom time;
Love birds are mating and building and cooing,
'Tis peach blossom time, peach blossom time.