

Under The Snow - song lyrics

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

UNDER THE SNOW.

Under the snow are the roses of June;
Cold in our bosom the hopes of our youth;
Gone are the wild birds that warble their tune;
Mute are the lips that have pledged us their troth.
Wind of the winter's night bush and reply-
Is there-oh, is there a sweet bye and bye?
Roses will bloom again, sweet love will come again;
It will be summer time bye and bye.

Patience and toil are the need of to-day;
Toil without recompense, patience in vain;
Darkness and terror lie thick In our way;
Our footsteps keep time with the angels of day.
Wind of the winter's night bush and reply-
Is there-oh! is there a sweet bye and byef
Roses will bloom again, sweet love will come again;
It will he summer time bye And bye.

Cruel and cold is the judgment of man.
Cruel as winter and cold as the snow;
But bye and bye will the deeds and the place
Be judged by the motive that lieth below.
Wind of the winter's night, bush and reply.
Is there, oh! is there a sweet bye and bye?
Dark will grow bright again, burdens grow light again,
Right will be glorified bye and bye.