

Flowers Of Winter - song lyrics

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FLOWERS OF WINTER.

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Words by Emilie Poulsson. Music by Lucile Tunison.

In summer days, when passing by a garden hedge of roses,
I said, "Ah me! the winter drear no bloom like this discloses."
But winter came, and when the wind all frosty keen was blowing
I met each morn a little maid, with cheeks so reddy glowing;
I said, "Why, here again I And the roses I lamented: "
I said, "Why, here again I find the roses I lamented."
And summer flow'rs no more regret with winter's bloom contented,
And summer flow'rs no more regret with winter's bloom contented:
Now summer flow'rs no more regret with winter's bloom fomented,
Now summer flow'rs no more regret with winter's bloom contented.

The Little Maid Milking Her Cow.

By J. L. Molloy.

Barney, I haven't a moment, so don't you hinder me now.
For I'm in haste to the meadow, I'm going to milk the cow.
Why are you wandering here, sir, and just at the break of day?
You knew I was coming a-milking, for I bid you keep out of the way.
It's just your bold way of actin'-see how you follow me now-
Coming here And distractin' a little maid milking her cow.

How can I milk when you're near me, if you bewilder me so,
Discoorsin' nonsense and blarney, and stay when I bid you to go?
And see! now you're standing beside me; be careful, I beg and pray;
The cow, sure, is close to you list'ning, and minds ev'ry word that you say;
And 'tis herself is remarkin' the way you're going on now.
She wonders you'll keep on distractin' a little maid milking her cow.

You sigh it's darkness about ye, that I'm the light of your day;
You vow you can't live without me-sure, that's what the other boys say.
Well, take up the pail And we'll go now, and homeward we'll wend our way.
Who knows if you're not too consaited, the mother may hear you to-day?
And may be I'll whisper you've told me, with solemn promise and vow,
That you'll be kind to her Colleen, the little maid milking her cow.