

# When The Swallows Come Again - song lyrics

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When the Swallows Come Again.

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Words by Arthur J. Lamb. Music by Geo. May wood.

When the swallows come again, in the spring, in the spring;  
When the robins in the glen gaily stag, gaily sing;  
Then their carols rise so sweet to the skies, to the skies,  
And the lovers tales repeat of a love that never dies;  
Life's surpassing fair, joy is in the air, golden run the hours along;  
Sweeter songs are sung, age again is young, nothing in the world is wrong.

Refrain.

When the swallows come again, in the spring, in the spring,  
Then we all hope to attain ever) thing, everything,  
And the chestnut, bells in vain are to ring, ting-a-ling,  
When the swallows come again, in the spring, in the spring.

From myself a friend one day borrowed cash, good hard cash;  
And to lend it you will say I was rash, very rash;  
But he was a friend of mine, that I vow, truly vow,  
But of him I get no sign, and he don't come near me now;  
Maybe he has fled, maybe he is dead-will I see his face again?  
Every blessed day, to myself I say, I am going to get that ten.-Refrain.

There's a withered maid I know, very old, O, so old;  
Ne'er has had a man in tow, so I'm told, so I'm told;  
Yet this maiden old and quaint, is to wed, soon to wed  
A young man who really ain't got a hair upon his head;  
Does he in his arms hold her patched-up charms; does he tell her of love's bliss?  
Will she, when they're wed, stroke his hairless head, and just let him have one kiss?

Refrain.

There are maidens young and neat, sweet and fair, O so fair!  
Who, when cycling on the street, bloomers wear, bloomers wear;  
For those girls by fashion led, much we feel, much we feel,  
When we think in each girl's head there is still a bigger wheel.  
In the coming years all those little dears, thanks to accident or chance,  
Will wear our cravats, also our stiff hats, and instead of bloomers-pants.-Ref.

There are maidens by the sea, charming girls, summer girls,  
In the wild waves dancing free, cutting whirls, giddy whirls;  
In their costumes small and cute they look sweet, very sweet,  
And each dainty bathing suit shows a figure trim and neat.  
In the future years, all these little dears, we are willing to believe.  
Will a costume wear only to compare with that worn by Mother Eve.-Refrain.