

# Chrysanthemum's Love Song - song lyrics

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

Chrysanthemum's Love Song.  
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By Henry Widmer.

Is it the zephyr whose musical voice  
Toys with my tresses and bids me rejoice?  
No, no, not Ah, not so! Ah, not so!  
'Tis but a word from the youth of my choice,  
'Tis but the name that be whispers to me  
Under the shade of the plum-blossom tree,  
That is the zephyr that makes me rejoice, that makes me rejoice.

Chorus.  
'Tis a glance from the eye  
Of the youth of my heart,  
Who is child of the gods,  
Who is king of my world;  
On whose bosom I rest,  
In whose arms I lie curled;  
It is bliss when we meet,  
It is death when we part, when we part.

Is it the swallow, the sweep of whose wing  
Troubles the tremulous face of the spring?  
No, no, not Ah, not so! Ah, not so!  
What dimples the depths of the stream where I sing?  
'Tis but the leaves of the lotus that fall,  
Lightly to float on the ripples and call.  
Cull on the name of my lover and king, my lover And king.- Chorus.