

Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

When the bees are in the hive

By the millstreams sits the Miller's lovely daughter
Her cheeks are like the first red rose of June
Her weet voice sounds like the rippling water
As so tenderly she hums an old love tune
But soon her song of love has turned to sorrow
For her weetheart has come to say goodbye
He is thinking sadly of the morrow
As he kisses her and murmurs with a sigh

When the bees are in the hive and the honey's in the comb
And the golden sun beams bend to kiss the dew
As the old mill wheel truns round I love you Mary
When the bees are in the hive I'll come to you

By the mill stream slts a lonely maid pining
And her fancy like the stream, rolls far away
As she looks into the silvery water shining
She sdds her golden locks now tinged with grey
Long years she's waited there for his returning
But the years pass by and her waiting's all in vain
As she looks down the river for his coming
So tenderly she sings this old refrain

* Refarain