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The Stormy Scenes of Winter

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The stormy scenes of winter incline to frost and snow.
And dark shades over the centres where the stormy winds do blow
You are the girl I've chosen for to be my only dear;
Your scornful heart is frozen or else locked up, I fear.

One night I went to see my love; she proved most scornfully,
I asked her for to marry, but she would not heed to me.
The night is almost spent, my love, it's near the break of day,
So now I want an answer; my dear, what do you say?

If I must tell you plainly, I'll lead a single life;
I never thought it suitable for me to be your wife;
So take this for an answer and for yourself provide,
For I've another more suitable, and you I'll lay aside.

Oh, you have stores of riches, and more you hope to gain,
And you have my fond wishes, but these you do disdain.
Your riches will not last you, they'll melt away like snow;
When poverty does cross you, you'll think of me, I know.

I'll steer my course for Flanders, I'll lead a single life,
And with my bold commander, my gun shall be my wife.
And when I do get money, to a tavern I will go,
And drink a health to Flora, although she answered no.

The small birds they are singing so sweetly and so fine:
My joys they would be springing if Flora was but mine:
But still this life is pleasant, and love must have its fill
This world is wide and handsome, if you don't, some other will.

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