

I Would Not Die In Spring Time - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

I Would Not Die in Spring Time.

I would not die in Spring time.
When all is bright around.
And fair young flow'rs are peeping
From out the silent ground;
When life is on the water,
And joy upon the shore;
For Winter, gloomy Winter,
Then reigns o'er us no more.

I would not die in Summer,
When music's on the breeze,
And soft delicious murmurs
Float ever through the trees;
And fairy birds are singing
From morn till close of day;
No! with its transient glories
I would not pass away.

When breezes leave the mountain
Its balmy sweets all o'er,
To breathe around the fountain
And fan our bow'rs no more;
When Summer flowers are dying
Within the lonely glen,
And Autumn winds are sighing,
I would not perish then.

But let me die in Winter,
When night hangs dark above,
And cold the snow is lying
On bosoms that we love.
Ah! may the wind at midnight,
That bloweth from the sea,
Chaunt mildly, softly, sweetly,
A requiem for me.