

My Sweet Little Blossom - song lyrics

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MY SWEET LITTLE BLOSSOM.

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I've roam'd many hours o'er meadow and dell
To pluck the bright blossoms of Spring;
I love the wild roses that bloom in the vale,
And oft of their charms do I sing.
But I have a flower, the sweetest or all,
Oh, sadly I'd pine should we part,
A bright little maiden, the blossom of love.
That buds like a charm in my heart.

Chorus.

My sweet little blossom,
My dear little blossom,
My heart it clings fondly to thee;
My sweet little blossom.
My own little blossom,
That blooms fresh and tender for me.

She's fairer than flowers that bloom but in praise,
And dearer by far unto me;
Her heart it is light as a soft Summer breeze.
Her smile overflowing with glee.
'Mid brightest of hopes do I linger each day,
And pine like a bud left alone,
In waiting the hour that slowly draws nigh,
To call this sweet maiden my own.-Chorus.