

Where Apple Blossoms Blow - song lyrics

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Where Apple Blossoms Blow.

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By William F. Peters.

When the days of Spring are long, And the robin is in song,
And when breezes o'er the meadow come and go,
Then I love to sit And think by the laughing streamlet's brink,
In the orchard where the apple blossoms blow.

Refrain.

For their perfume's just as sweet, and the flitting birds that meet
'Mong the blossoms flecked with crimson blush and snow,
Cause my fading eye to light at each dear familiar sight,
In the orchard where the apple blossoms blow.

There to watch the swallows' flight, in the mellow Summer light,
And listen to the soothing waters' flow,
As they babble on their way, all the live-long, happy day,
In the orchard where the apple blossoms grow.-Refrain.

But the days of youth are flown, and I'm standing here alone,
In the glinting of the fading sunset's glow,
'Mong the budding flowers of Spring, 'mong the flitting birds that sing
In the orchard where the apple blossoms blow.-Refrain.