

# Anne Briggs, The Snow It Melts the Soonest

Oh the snow it melts the soonest when the winds begin to sing  
And the corn it ripens fastest when the frosts are setting in  
And when a young man tells me that my face he'll soon forget  
Before we part, I'd better croon, he'd be fain to follow it yet  
Oh the snow it melts the soonest when the winds begin to sing  
And the swallow skims without a thought as long as it is Spring  
But when Spring blows and Winter goes my lad and you'd be fain  
With all your pride for to follow me, were it 'cross the stormy main  
Oh the snow it melts the soonest when the winds begin to sing  
And the bee that flew when Summer shone in Winter he won't sing  
And all the flowers in all the land so brightly there they be  
And the snow it melts the soonest when my true love's there for me  
So never say me farewell here, no farewell I'll receive  
You can meet me at the stile, you kiss and take your leave  
And I'll wait it till the woodcock crows or the martin takes its leave  
Since the snow it melts the soonest, when the winds begin to sing