

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