

The Snow It Melts the Soonest

Sting

Oh, the snow it melts the soonest when the winds begin to sing,
And the corn it ripens fastest when the frost is settling in,
And when a woman tells me my face she'll soon forget,
Before we'll part, I'll wage a croon, she's fain to follow't 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 goes, and winter blows, my lassie you'll be fain,
For all your pride, to follow me across 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 cannot sting;
I've seen a woman's anger melt betwixt the night and morn,
Oh it's surely not a harder thing to tame a woman's scorn. Oh, never say me farewell here, no farewell I'll
receive,
And you shall set me to the stile and kiss and take your leave;
I'll stay until the curlew calls and the martlet takes his wing,
Oh, the snow it melts the soonest when the winds begin to sing.

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