

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 frosts are setting in,
And when a woman tells me that my face she'll soon forget,
Before we part I want to croon, she's fain to follow yet. Oh the snow it melts the soonest when the wind begins
to sing,
And the swallow skims without a thought as long as it is Spring,
But when Spring goes and Winter grows, my loss and you'll be fain,
For all your pride you'll follow my across the stormy main. Oh the snow it melts the soonest when the winds
begin to sing,
The bee that flew when Summer shone, in Winter cannot sting,
I've seen a woman's anger melt between the night and morn
And it's surely not a harder thing to tame a woman's scorn. Oh never say me farewell here, no farewell I'll
receive,
For you shall take me to the stile, I'll kiss and take your leave,
But I'll stay here 'til the woodcock comes and the matler takes his wing
Since the snow it melts the soonest when the winds begin to sing.

Songwriters

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