

Waltz of the Flowers

Boston Pops Orchestra & Arthur Fiedler

After the dolls had danced, the LITTLE GIRL stood entranced,
For all of the flowers in LEMON-DROP LAND,
Came waltzing down from Marmalade Mountain.....

Waltz of the Flowers

All of the blooms were there, dancing the waltz of the flowers,
Every little yellow columbine, met her fellow honeysuckle vine,
Every posy loves to ring-a-round the rosy till the morning hours,
Each handsome dandelion, waltzed with his own brown-eyed Susan,
Every little daisy in the dell, knew a secret none of them would tell,

If you'd ask them they would only say,

She loves you, loves you not,

She loves you, loves you not,

She WHAT!

And then they'd go a soaring, soaring, soaring,

All the world adoring.....

Gliding, gliding, gliding...

Every heart entwined, in three-quarter-time.

Pink azaleas, and camellias, met their fav'rite bougainvilleas,
Rhododendrons, point their tendrils, as they curtsy and bow to all...

We could mention, some dissension, when a dahlia paid attention
To a dew-eyed, blue-eyed gentian, who just sat by the garden wall..

Ah...poor wall-flower, your petal heart is breaking,

What does it gain you, crying your heart out,

Why does it pain you, why don't you start out...to find a little love..

Poor wall-flower, know that altho' that heart is breaking,

Sadness is fleeting, joy you'll be meeting,

Open your heart and hark to love's greeting.....

(Flowers continue dancing, chattering gayly.)

Then as time wore on the pretty little flowers,

Wilted down to meet the morning hours,

Tulips and roses assumed graceful poses,

And then the great clock in the tower struck twelve.....

And the WALTZ OF THE FLOWERS was ended.....

Lyrics provided by

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