

The Lonesome Scenes Of Winter

Cara Dillon

As the lonesome scenes of winter in stormy winds do blow
Clouds around the centre inclined to frost and snow
You're the boy that I have chosen to be my only dear
Your scornful heart is frozen and drifted far I fear

One night I went to see my love, but he proved most scornfully
I asked him if he'd marry me, but he would not marry me
The night it is far spent, my love, it's near the break of day
And I'm waiting for your answer, my dear, what do you say?

I can but plainly tell you, I'll lead a single life
I never thought it fitting that you should be my wife
So take a civil answer and for yourself provide
I have another sweetheart and you I have laid aside

Now my mind is changing that old love for the new
This wide and lonesome valley I mean to ramble through'
In search of someone handsome that might my fancy fill
That world is wide and lonesome, if he don't another will