The mid summer sun shines but dim the fields try in vain to loo \boldsymbol{k} $\mbox{\tt qay}$

But when I was happy with him December was pleasant as May There once was a time he and I picked flowers to braid in $\ensuremath{\mathsf{my}}$ ha ir

And the songbirds would sing sweet song of love that was tender and fair

No difference the seasons may quit our love was as warm as the

And it mattered not where did the snow

Or green grass kissed the fields where we'd run

Now the mid summer sun shines...

Sweet flowers sweet birds and sweet song have now lost their sw eetness to me

For ever my darling is gone and for ever my heartbroken I'll be Now the mid summer sun shines...

The mid summer sun shines but dim mmm