

The Snows

The Pentangle

The snows they melt the soonest when the wind begins to sing
And the corn it ripens faster when the frosts are settlin' in
And when a woman tells me that my face she'll soon forget
Before we part I'll wage a corn she's fain to follow it yet
For the snows they melt the soonest when the winds begin to sing
And the swallow flies without a thought as long as it is spring
But when spring goes and winter blows my love she will be fain
For all her pride to follow me across the stormy main
For the snows they melt the soonest when the winds begin to sing
And the bee that flew when summer shone in winter cannot sting
And I've seen a woman's anger melt between the night and morn
So it's surely not a harder thing to melt a woman's scorn
So dont' you bid me farewell now no farewell I'll receive
But you must lie with my lass then kiss and take your leave
And I'll wait here till the woodcock calls and the martin takes
the wing
For the snows they melt the soonest when the winds begin to sing