

## 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 don't 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