

“LOVE’S SEASON”

BY

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When the bees are humming in the honeysuckle vine
And the summer days are in their bloom,
Then my love is deepest, oh, dearest heart of mine,
When the bees are humming in the honeysuckle vine.

When the winds are moaning o’er the meadows chill and gray,
And the land is dim with winter gloom,
Then for thee, my darling, love will have its way,
When the winds are moaning o’er the meadows chill and gray.

In the vernal dawning with the starting of the leaf,
In the merry–chanting time of spring,
Love steals all my senses, oh, the happy–hearted thief!
In the vernal morning with the starting of the leaf.

Always, ever always, even in the autumn drear,
 When the days are sighing out their grief,
 Thou art still my darling, dearest of the dear,
Always, ever always, even in the autumn drear.