

Peggy Cone

"When I Was In My Prime"

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When I was in my prime I flourished like a vine
There came along a false young man come stole the
heart of mine
Come stole the heart of mine.

The gardener standing by, three offers he made to me
The pink, the violet and red rose, which I refused all
three
Which I refused all three.

The pink's no flower at all, for it fades away to soon
And the violet is too pale a hue, I think I'll wait 'til June
I think I'll wait 'til June.

In June the red rose blooms, that's not the flower for
me
For then I'll pluck the red rose off and plant a willow
tree
And plant a willow tree.

And the willow tree shall weep, and the willow tree shall
whine
I wish I was in the young man's arms that stole the
heart of mine
That stole the heart of mine.

If I'm spared for one year more, and God should grant
me grace
I'll weep a bowl of crystal tears to wash his deceitful
face
To wash his deceitful face.

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