

## **Bill Monroe**

# **"When The Bees Are In The Hive"**

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When The Bees Are In The Hive - Bill Monroe  
(Bryan/Mills)

By the mill stream sits the Miller's pretty daughter  
Her cheeks are like the first red rose of June  
Her sweet voice sounds just like the rippling water  
As so tenderly she hums an old love tune

But soon her song of joy has turned to sorrow  
Her sweetheart now has come to say goodbye  
She thinks of a sad and lonely morrow  
And he hugs her as she murmurs with a sigh

When the bees are in the hive and the honey in the  
comb  
And the golden sunlight bends to kiss the dew  
While the old mill wheel turns 'round I love you Mary  
And when the bees are in the hive I'll come to you

By the old mill sits the lonely maid repining  
And her face was like the spring rose far away  
While she looked down in the silver waters shining  
And she sees her golden locks are dimmed with grey

Long years she's waited there for his returning  
All in vain she's thinking he'll come back someday  
For the lamp of hope still in her heart is burning  
As the old mill wheel turns 'round it seems to say

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