

Anuna

"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
That stole the heart of mine
That 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 too 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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