

Bill Monroe & His Bluegrass Boys, When The Bees

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