

Heather Alexander, Laydies Bryng Your Flowers

Laydies bryng your flowers faire
Fresh as the morning dew
Virgin white and through the night
I will make sweet love to you

The petals soon grow soft and fall
Upon which we may rest
With gentle sigh, I'll softly lie
My head upon your breast

And dreams like many wondrous flowers
Will blossom from our sleep
With steady arm from any harm
My lady I will keep

Through soft spring days and summer's haze
I will be with thee 'til when
The fall draws near, I disappear
'til spring has come again

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Virgin white and through the night
I will make sweet love to you