

# The Lonesome Scenes Of Winter

Cara Dillon

As the lonesome scenes of winter in stormy winds do blow  
Clouds around the centre inclined to frost and snow  
You're the boy that I have chosen to be my only dear  
Your scornful heart is frozen and drifted far I fear

One night I went to see my love, but he proved most scornfully  
I asked him if he'd marry me, but he would not marry me  
The night it is far spent, my love, it's near the break of day  
And I'm waiting for your answer, my dear, what do you say?

I can but plainly tell you, I'll lead a single life  
I never thought it fitting that you should be my wife  
So take a civil answer and for yourself provide  
I have another sweetheart and you I have laid aside

Now my mind is changing that old love for the new  
This wide and lonesome valley I mean to ramble through'  
In search of someone handsome that might my fancy fill  
That world is wide and lonesome, if he don't another will