Oh, Miss Springtime

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Venus by Folger McKinsey

Munic by Theodor Hemberger

High Voice 6 Low Voice

The John Church Company London

Oh, Miss Springtime, flirting with me In the catkin bud on the willow tree; Winking, blinking, blithe and epry, With a breath full of bloom and a check full of sky!

Oh, Miss Springtime, are nt you sweet, With a song on your lips where the rosebuds meet, A buttercup in the gold of your hair, And a heart that's a regular devil-may-care!

Oh, Miss Springtime, give me your nand For a romp in the dell and a race o'er the land, A breath of the bloom and a cup of the blue, And a kiss from the lips that are burning for you!

-Folger McKinny.





Oh, Miss Springtime

Words* by FOLGER MC KINSEY

THEODOR HEMBERGER, Op. 85, № 2



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