The Miller's Flowers





Along the brook grow many flowers Below the mill in sun and showers; And past them flows the murm'ring stream Who's waters in the sunlight gleam; These are my own forget-me-nots, These are my own forget-me-nots.

Some seedlings from the water's edge I'll plant along the window ledge; And when the miller's daughter fair Leans out to breath the summer air, Surely she'll forget me not. Surely she'll forget me not.

And when night falls and she's asleep The flowers a-loving will keep; But while in gentle sleep she lies They'll never close their own blue eyes; For they are my forget-me-nots, For they are my forget-me-nots.