Words by A.H. Adams

"THE FLOWERS LIFT THEIR LIPS TO THE BEE."

Music by Arthur Williamson.

Allegretto.

He kisses their bosoms of bloom.

Their fragrance and
Favours are free, they are not to be bought or sold:

Brides and the bee is the groom,

Be it as it may: who steals love from her nest, must

Agitate, but not
fear for the wrath of her mate. There's a

vengeance that waits for his heart. 

hearts a poignard of hate at his

hearts a poignard of hate.
bloom. Their fragrance and

favours are free. They are

brides and the bee is the groom. The

flowers lift their lips to the bee... to the bee...