

C G<sup>7</sup> C G<sup>7</sup> C

1. I would not die in Spring-time When all is bright a - round, And  
 2. I would not die in Sum - mer when mu - sic's on the breeze, And

F G<sup>7</sup> C F<sup>add9</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>

fair young flow'rs are peep-ing from out the si - lent ground, When life is on the  
 soft, de - li - cious mur-murs float ev - er through the trees, And fair - y birds are

C F D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C F D<sup>7</sup>

wa - ter and joy up - on the shore; For \_\_\_ Win - ter, gloom - y Win - \_\_\_ ter Then  
 sing - ing from morn till close of day No \_\_\_ with its trans - ient glo - \_\_\_ ries I

C G<sup>7</sup> C D A<sup>7</sup> D

reigns o'er us no more. 3. When breez - es leave the mountain, Its  
 would not pass a - way. 4. But let me die in Win - ter when

A<sup>7</sup> D G A<sup>7</sup> D G<sup>add9</sup> E<sup>7</sup>

balm - y sweets all o'er, To breathe a - round the foun - tain And fan our bow'rs no  
 night hangs dark a - bove, And cold the snow is ly - ing on bos - oms that we

A<sup>7</sup> D G E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>

more. When sum - mer flow'rs are dy - ing with - in the lone - ly glen, And \_\_\_  
 love. Ah! may the wind at mid - night, that blow - eth from the sea, Chant \_\_\_

D G E<sup>7</sup> D A<sup>7</sup> D

Au - tumn winds are sigh - ing I would not per - ish for then.  
 mild - ly, soft - ly, sweet - ly, a re - qui - em for me.