

## Spring and Fall

In the spring of the year, in the spring of the year,  
I walked the road beside my dear.  
The trees were black where the bark was wet.  
I see them yet, in the spring of the year.  
He broke me a bough of the blossoming peach,  
Beside the way and up beyond my reach,  
Beyond my reach.

In the fall of the year, in the fall of the year,  
I walked the road beside my dear.  
The rooks went up with a raucous trill,  
I hear them still, in the fall of the year.  
He laughed at all the things I dared to praise,  
And kept on hurting me in little ways,  
In little ways.

Year be springing or year be falling,  
The bark will drip and the birds be calling.  
There's pretty things to see and hear  
In the spring of the year and in the fall of the year.  
And it's not love's going that darkens my days,  
But that it went from me in little ways,  
In little ways,  
In little ways.