Oh, Miss Springtime

Vocal by
Folger McKinsey

Music by
Theodor Hemberger

High Voice 6 Low Voice

The John Church Company
Chicago New York Chicago Leipzig London
Oh, Miss Springtime, flirting with me
In the catkin bud on the willow tree;
Winking, blinking, blithe and spry,
With a breath full of bloom and a cheek full of sky!

Oh, Miss Springtime, are’st 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 hand
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!

—Felice McKeeve.
Oh, Miss Springtime

Words by FOLGER MCKINSEY

THEODOR HEMBERGER, Op. 85, No. 2

Con spirito (Legato)

Oh, Miss Springtime, flirting with me, In the

catkin bud on the willow tree, Winking, blinking,

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blithe and spry. With a breast full of bloom, and a cheek full of sky! Oh, Miss

Spring-time, aren't you sweet. With a song on your lips where the

rose-buds meet. A bun in cups in the gold of your hair, And a
Oh, Miss Spring-time,

heart that's a reg-u-lar devil-may-care! Give me your hand,

For a romp in the dell, 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
holding back

burning for you...

And a kiss, a

slowly, dreamingly

kiss from the lips that are burning for

you!

with great passion very broadly

a tongue

pp with intense feeling