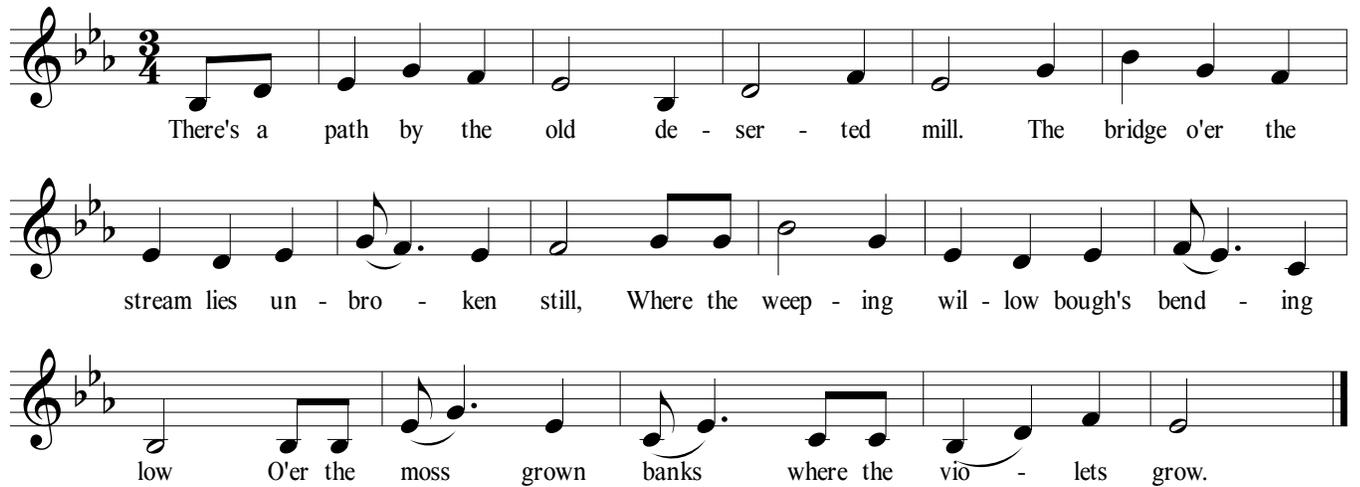


The Old Elm Tree



There's a path by the old de - ser - ted mill. The bridge o'er the
stream lies un - bro - ken still, Where the weep - ing wil - low bough's bend - ing
low O'er the moss grown banks where the vio - lets grow.

'Twas there with the bright spring sky above
I told her the tale of my heart's true love,
And ere the bright blossoms had faded and died,
She promised that she would be my bride.

Next came the grief of the parting hour.
How little I dreamed we would meet no more,
But ere I returned from the deep blue sea
They had made her a grave 'neath the old elm tree.

Cruel and false were the tales they told
Of my own love false and my true love cold,
That my false heart held another more dear,
Forgetting the vows that we whispered here.

She sank beneath the awful pain;
He lips were ne'er seen to smile again,
And she bitterly wept where none might see.
She wept for the past 'neath the old elm tree.

She died, and they parted her sunny hair
On the pale cold brow death had left so fair,
And they laid her to rest where the bright spring flowers
Would shine on her grave through the long summer hours.

The Old Elm Tree

Oh, Laura, sweet Laura, my heart's true love,
We'll meet in the angels' home above,
Where they hold no tie half as dear to me
As the one who sleeps 'neath the old elm tree.

Note: This was a favorite song of my Uncle Jim's wife, whom we lovingly called Aunt Maggie. It is a song she learned in her girlhood at home. The words were supplied by her daughter Bessie.