

# Grave Of Uncle True - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

Grave of Uncle True.

Beside the worn and moss-grown rock,  
The ivy vine doth cling;  
And the blue-bird from the shadowy oak  
Folds up his trembling wing.  
And there until the vesper hour,  
His song comes sweet and low;  
A requiem to the faithful heart  
That slumbereth below.

Chorus.

Poor Uncle True, poor Uncle True,  
And the lamps of heaven  
Shine brightly down  
On the grave of Uncle True.

His pilgrimage on earth is done,  
His life of toil is o'er;  
And Summer's gale, or Winter's wail,  
Shall meet his ear no more.  
Death's shadow hides his sleeping form,  
And veils him from our view;  
But the spirit of the past still dwells

'Round the grave of Uncle True.-Chorus.

The chaplet wreathed by Gerty's hand,  
Of roses white and red;  
Unheeded in their freshness lie  
Above his lowly head.  
And the evening cricket's chirp is heard,  
When falls the pearly dew;  
And the lamps of heaven shine brightly down  
On the grave of Uncle True.-Chorus.