

The Maple On The Hill - song lyrics

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THE MAPLE ON THE HILL

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Near a quiet country village grows a maple on the hill,
There I sat with my Jennetta long ago;
When the stars are shining brightly, and we heard the whip-poor-will.
Then we vowed to love each other evermore.
We would sing love songs together when the birds had gone to rest.
And would listen to the murmur of the rill;
Then I'd fold my arms around her, lay my head upon her breast.
When we sat beneath the maple on the hill.

Chorus.

We are getting old and feeble, yet the stars are shining bright.
And we listen to the murmur of the rill:
Will you always love me, darling, as you did those starry nights
When we sat beneath the maple on the hill?

Don't forget me, little darling, when they've laid me down to rest.
Tis a little wish, oh, darling, grant. I crave;
When you linger there in sadness, thinking, darling, of the past.
Let your tears kiss the flowers on my grave.
I will soon be with the angels on the bright and peaceful shore.
Even now I hear them coming o'er the rill;
So good-bye, my little darling, for my time has come to go,
I must leave you and the maple on the hill.-Chorus.