

Neath The Maple By The Mill - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Neath the Maple by the Mill.

Where the moon is softly beaming
O'er the cabin and the wildwood.
And the birds have gone to rest among the trees;
Where the sturdy woodman's stroke
Has ceased to echo through the forest,
And the milkmaid's songs come floating on the breeze.

When the old church bell is chiming
The soft hour of evening prayer,
I shall look for your light footsteps down the hill;
I shall be impatient, Nellie,
Till I hear your steps beside me,
And we're sitting 'neath the maple by the mill.

I'm sitting by a little mound,
Beneath the maple shadow,
Where it's leafy branches o'er me gently wave;
There beside me sleeps the treasure,
While the sweetest Autumn flowers
Are all blooming in sweet fragrance o'er her grave.

When the Wintry winds are sighing
Among the leafless forest trees,
And the flowers lying withered cold and still,
I shall bid farewell to earth,
Could I sleep beside my darling.
In the grave 'neath the maple by the mill.