

Tripping- O'er The Hills - song lyrics

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TRIPPING- O'ER THE HILLS.

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Tripping o'er the hills among the buttercups and daisies,
Strolling thro' the fields among the new-mown hay
When the merry, merry Springtime's clad in fairest flowers,
Life seems like a dream on a bright May day.
Life's sweet merry Springtime soon is over,
Happiest of moments glide it way.
Youth's around of pleasure-let us treasure
Ev'ry happy moment while we may.

Chorus.

Tripping o'er the hills among the buttercups and daisies,
Strolling thro' the fields among the new-mown hay
When the merry, merry Springtime's clad in fairest flowers,
Life seems like a dream on a bright May day.

Tripping thro' the merry hours, with feet as light as fairies,
Eyes that sparkle, hearts as yet unknown to care.
Time comes round too soon, alas! to tell us all what care is;
Let us for the time believe the world more fair.
Pity 'tis that time rolls on so swiftly,
Pity 'tis old time will yu'r stand still,
That our youth is not one glorious Springtime,
Passing on to leave us youthful still.-Chorus.