

The Moon Behind The Hill - song lyrics

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

THE MOON BEHIND THE HILL.

I watched last night the rising moon upon a foreign strand,
'Till mem'ries came, like flowers of June, of home and fatherland-
I dreamt I was a child once more, beside the rippling rill-
When first I saw, in days of yore, the moon behind the hill;
When first I saw, in days of yore, the moon behind the hill.

It brought me back the visions grand that purpled boyhood's dreams;
Its youthful loves, its happy land, as bright as morning beams;
It brought me back the spreading lea, the steeple and the mill,
Until my eyes could scarcely see the moon behind the hill;
Until my eyes could scarcely see the moon behind the hill.

It brought me back a mother's love until, in accents wild,
I prayed her from her home above to guard her lonely child;
It brought me one across the wave, to live in mem'ry still;
It brought me back my Mary's grave, the moon behind the hill;
It brought me back my Mary's grave, the moon behind the hill.

And there, beneath the silvery sky, I lived life o'er again;
I counted all its hopes gone by, I wept at all its pain;
And when I'm gone, oh! may some tongue the minstrel's wish fulfill,
And still remember him who sang: the moon behind the hill-
And still remember him who sang: the moon behind the hill.