

Their Heads Nestle Closer Together - song lyrics

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THEIR HEADS NESTLE CLOSER TOGETHER.

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Words by Wal Pink. Music by George Le Brunn.

A garden, and in it an old apple tree,
Around which two children-a lassie turned three,
And t'other a lad of p'raps four and a half-
Are chasing each other, whilst gaily they laugh;
The maiden soon tires of the circular race,
For vainly she follows the lad in the chase;
His stronger legs make it an unequal match,
And he merrily mocks all her efforts to catch.

Chorus.

She cries, "Tommy, stop! "but "Tum on, Tate," says he.

"I s'ant, 'tos I tant run no farver," says she;

Then frowns, and her temper, 'tis easy to see,

Has nigh reached the length of its tether.

Then Katie breaks down with a plaintive boo-oo;

Tom stops, and the tears are in Tommy's eyes, too;

She sobs, "Oo don't luv me!" He says, "Ess I do!"

And their heads nestle closer together.

A green lane, and in it two fond lovers roam,
And paint, in love's ardor, their bright future home;
Next Sunday's their wedding; 'tis Tommy and Kate,
But now, grown to manhood and woman's estate;
The sun has gone down far beyond the big hill,
Beneath which there murmurs the swift running rill;
The moon kissed the water in manner sedate.
And, force of example, Tom kisses young Kate.

Chorus.

The man in the moon at the fond couple blinks,

Then, very discreetly, behind a hill sinks.

Whilst gaily a star at their love-making winks,

And thinks, well, it's love-making weather;

His aim 'round her waist tells the tale of this bliss;

Then you hear the voices of both man And miss:

"You mustn't!" "I shall! "and then something goes [kiss]

And their heads nestle closer together.

A church-yard, and In It a tiny babe's grave;
An early wrecked vessel on life's cruel wave;
Their twelve-month old darling, their loved one, their all,
Now gone from this earth at the Mighty One's call;
A life of pure sunshine and joy had been theirs,
With smiling face meeting all trivial cares,
Till all hope was shattered, and sped in a breath,
And life's sun o'ershadow'd by dread cloud of death.

Chorus.

There, In that God's acre, they stand, he and the;

The sun veils its head, as though in sympathy,

And buried the light or their life seems to be

In that grave 'neath the wild-growing heather;

The mother's tears fall o'er her babe now at real.

The man clasps her tight to his sorrow-torn breast:

"Come, cheer up, my darling, 'tis all for the best,"

And their heads nestle closer together.