

NELLIE DEAN

There's an old mill by the stream, Nellie Dean
Where we used to sit and dream, Nellie Dean
And the waters as they flow,
Seem to murmur sweet and low
You are my heart's desire; I love you, Nellie Dean.

At the old mill stream I'm dreaming, Nellie Dean
Dreaming of your bright eyes gleaming, Nellie Dean
As they used to fondly glow
When we sat there long ago
Listening to the waters flow, Nellie Dean.

I can hear the robins singing, Nellie Dean
Sweetest recollections ringing, Nellie Dean
For they seem to sing of you
With your tender eyes of blue
For I know they miss you too, Nellie Dean.

I recall the day we parted Nellie Dean
How you trembled broken hearted, Nellie Dean
And you pinned a rose of red
On my coat of blue and said
That's a soldier boy you'd wed, Nellie Dean.

All the world seems sad and lonely, Nellie Dean
For I love you and you only, Nellie Dean
And I wonder if on high
You still love me, if you sigh
For the happy days gone by, Nellie Dean.

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