The Old Elm Tree

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There's a path by an old deserted mill.
On the banks by an old bridge. broken still,
Where the weeping willows are bending low
On the green mossy bank, where the viiolets grow.

The birds they utter their low, soft notes
In the dreams of days that are past and gone,
When Laura, my darling, sat by me.
On the green, messy bank, 'neath the old elm tree.

The birds sang sweetly 'neath the clouds above.
When she told me the tale of her heart's first love:
And ere the last rose of summer had died,
She had made me the promise to be my bride

Then came the trials of a. parting sore;
Little we thought we should meet no more;
But ere I came from the deep blue sea,
They had made her grave 'neath the old elm tree.

Cruel and harsh were the tales they told,
How my heart was false and my love had grown cold:
I had found another, more dear to me
Forgotten my promise 'neath the old elm tree.

Then her cheek grew pale with the crushed heart's pain
And her beautiful lips never smiled again:
And she bitterly wept where none could see,
She wept for the past, 'neath the old rim tree.

She died. and they parted her golden hair,
On the pale cold face of death lay there;
And they buried her where she loved best to be,
On the green, messy bank, by the old elm tree.

Laura, dear Laura, my heart's first love,
We'll meet in that happy land above;
No place on earth is so dear to me,
As the green-growing grave, 'neath the old elm tree.

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