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They buried her under the old elm tree.

Chicago: Higgins Bros., 1855

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Companion to

OH SCORN NOT THY BROTHER

They buried her under the old elm tree

POETRY BY

SARAH T. BOLTON

Music by

J. P. WEBSTER.

BOSTON.

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HIGGINS, BROS.

2½

THEY BURIED HER UNDER THE OLD ELM TREE.

POETRY BY SARAH T. BOLTON.

MUSIC BY JOS. P. WEBSTER.

PIANO FORTE.

2nd V. It was here with the bright blue
 1st V. Here's the path by the long de -

sky a - - - bove, I told her the tale of my heart's true
 ser - - ted mill, And the stream by the old bridge, bro - - ken

love, And ~~was~~ ^{here} ere the blossoms of sum - - - mer died, She ~~was~~
 still, And the gold - - - en willow boughs ben - - - ding low, To the

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, Higgins Bros in the Clerks office of the District Court of Northern Ills.

Alto

per - - ed the prom - ise to be my bride; And here fell the

green sunny banks where the vio - - lets blow; The wild birds are

tears of our part - - - ing, sore, Ah! lit - - - tle we

sing ing the same sweet lays, That charm'd me in

dream'd we should meet no more, And that ere I

dreams of the dear old days, When Lo - - ra, my

- came from the far blue sea, They would make her

beau - ti - ful, sat with me, On the moss grown

grave 'neath the Old Elm Tree.

seat 'neath the Old Elm Tree.

3

Oh! cruel and false was the tale they told,
 That my vows were false, my old love cold,
 That my truant heart held another dear,
 Forgetting the vows that were whispered here;
 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 Elm Tree.

4

She died, and they parted her sunny hair,
 On the cold pale brow death had left so fair,
 And they laid her to rest where the sweet young flowers,
 Would watch by her side through the summer hours,
 Oh! Lora, dear Lora, my heart's last love,
 Will we meet in the angels home above?
 Earth holds not a treasure so dear to me,
 As thy lonely grave, 'neath the Old Elm Tree.

W.E. Shaw

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