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They buried her under the old elm tree.

Chicago: Higgins Bros. (Randolph St.), 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

CHICAGO

Published by HIGGINS BROS Randolph St.

THEY BURIED HER UNDER THE OLD ELM TREE.

POETRY BY SARAH T. BOLTON.

MUSIC BY JOS. P. WEBSTER.

PIANO FORTE.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand (treble clef) plays a melody in 3/4 time, starting with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The left hand (bass clef) plays a harmonic accompaniment with chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

2^d V. It was here with the bright blue

1st V. Here's the path by the long de -

The first two verses of the song are shown. The first line is the vocal melody for the second verse: "It was here with the bright blue". The second line is the vocal melody for the first verse: "Here's the path by the long de -". Below each line is the corresponding piano accompaniment.

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

The third and fourth lines of the song are shown. The vocal melody continues with "sky a - - - bove, I told her the tale of my heart's true" and "ser - - ted mill, And the stream by the old bridge, bro - - ken". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

love, And here ere the blossoms of sum - - - mer died, She whis -

still, And the gold - - - en willow boughs ben - - - ding low, To the

The fifth and sixth lines of the song are shown. The vocal melody continues with "love, And here ere the blossoms of sum - - - mer died, She whis -" and "still, And the gold - - - en willow boughs ben - - - ding low, To the". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

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

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

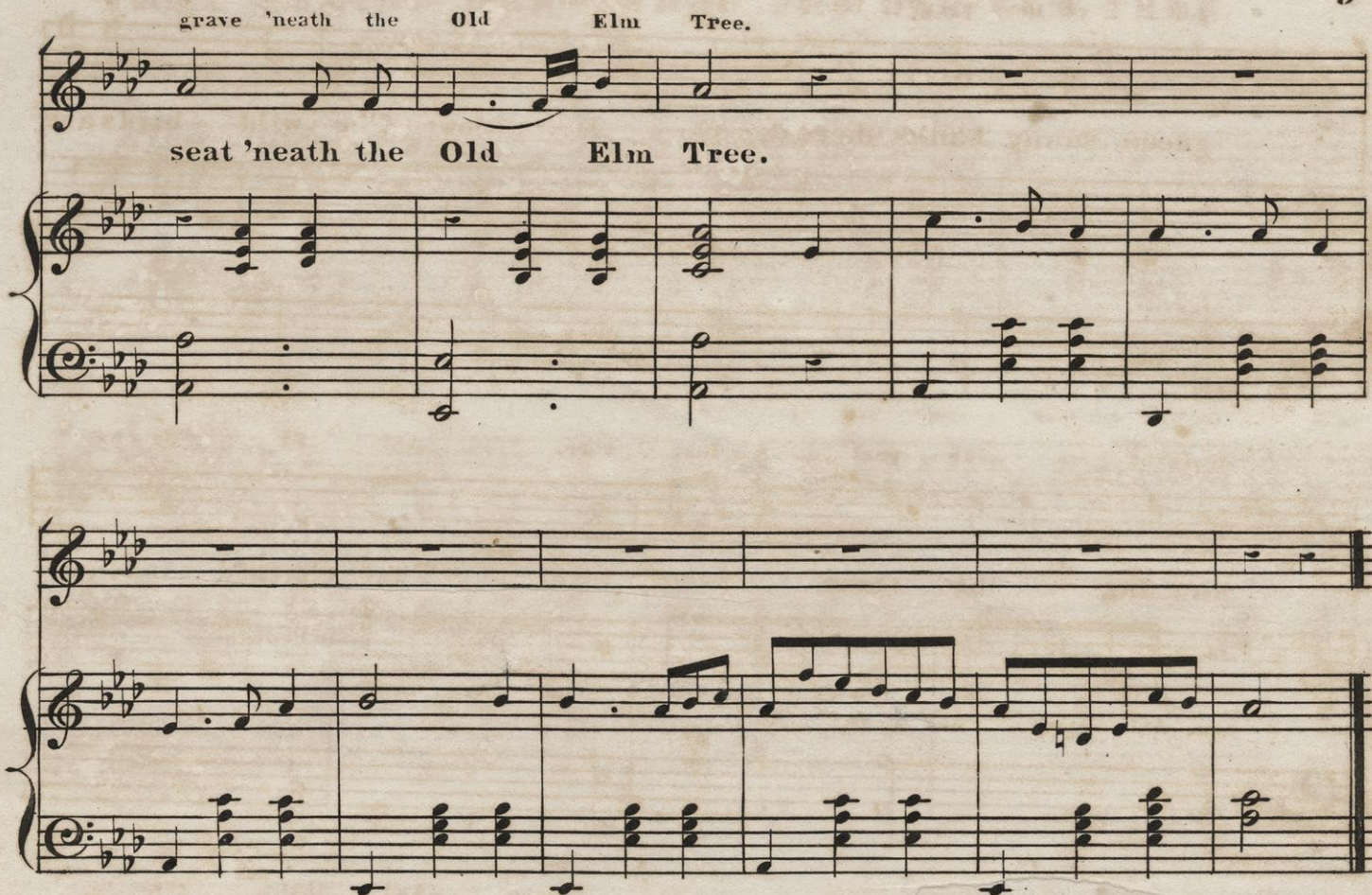
tears of our part - - - ing, sore, Ah! lit - - - tle we
sing ing the same sweet lays, That charm'd me in

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.