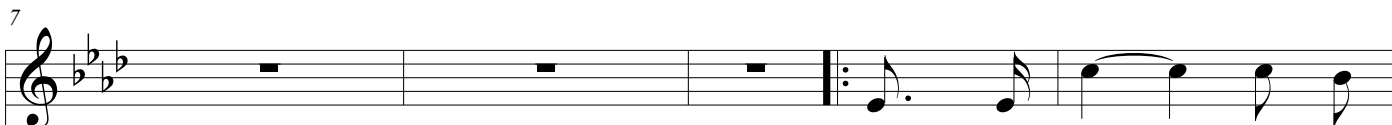
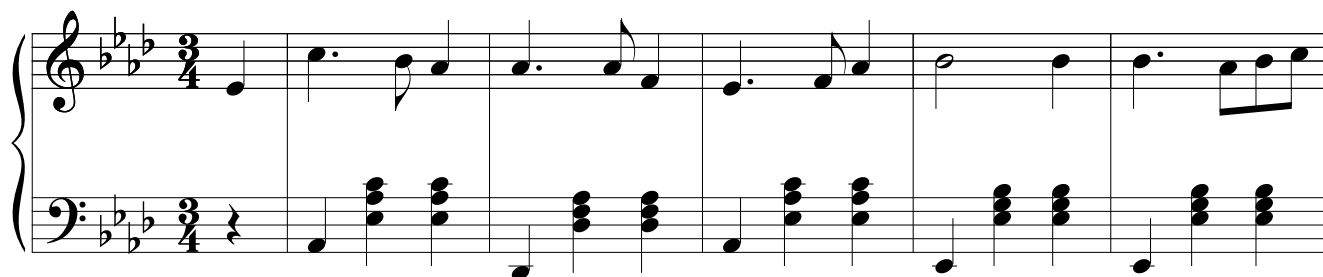


They Buried Her Under the Old Elm Tree

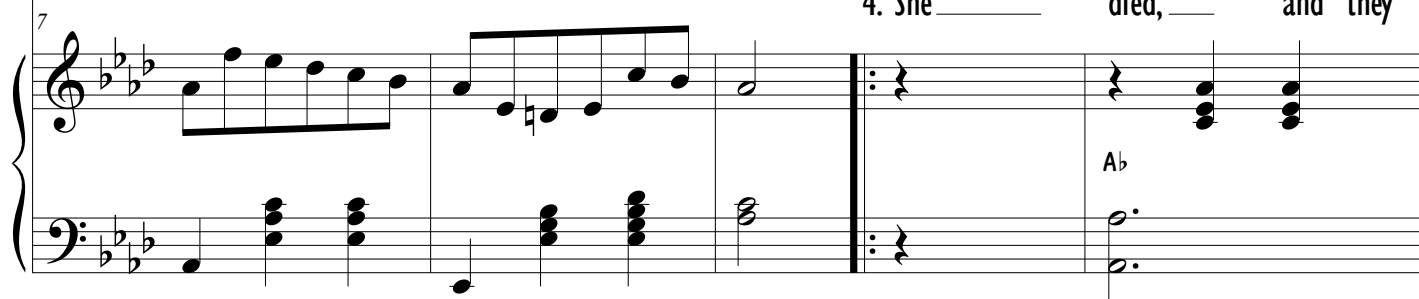
Words by
Sarah T. Bolton

Music by
Joseph P. Webster

Animato



1. Here's the path — by the
2. It was here — with the
3. Oh! — cru - el and —
4. She — died, — and they



long de - sert - ed mill, And the stream — by the old bridge,
bright blue — sky — a - bove, I told her — the tale of my
false was the tale — they told, That my vows — were — false, my
part - ed her sun - ny hair, On the cold — pale brow death had



©1855

Edited by Robert A. Hudson
3/25/2019

17

bro - ken still, And the gold - en wil - low boughs bend - ing
heart's true love, And here ere the blos - soms of sum - mer
old love cold, That my tru - ant heart held an - oth - er
left so fair, And they laid her to rest where the sweet young

E \flat E \flat 7 A \flat A \flat D \flat A \flat

22

low, To the green sun - ny banks where the vi - o - lets
died, She whis - pered the prom - ise to be my
dear, For - get - ting the vows that were whis - pered
flow'rs, Would watch by her side through the sum - mer

E \flat E \flat A \flat D \flat /A \flat E \flat E \flat 7

26

blow; The wild birds are sing - ing the same sweet
bride; And here fell the tears of our part - ing,
here; Then her cheek grew pale with the crushed heart's
hours, Oh! Lo - ra, dear Lo - ra, my heart's last

A \flat E \flat A \flat A \flat

30

lays, That charmed me in dreams of the dear old
 sore, Ah! lit - tle we dreamed we should meet no
 pain, And her beau - ti - ful lips nev - er smiled a -
 love, Will we meet in the an - gels' home a -

30

E \flat B \flat m B \flat m B \flat m7

34

days, When Lo - ra, my beau - ti - ful, sat with
 more, And that ere I came from the far blue
 gain, And she bit - ter - ly wept where none could
 bove? Earth holds not a treas - ure so dear to

34

E \flat A \flat D \flat A \flat

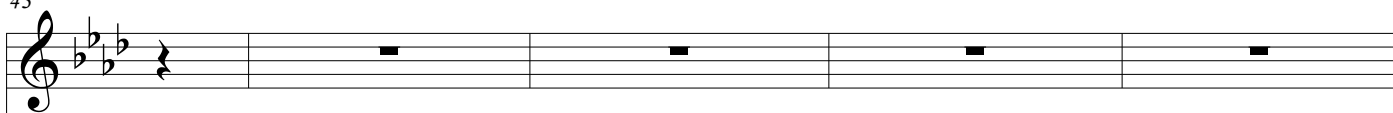
38

me, On the moss grown seat 'neath the Old Elm Tree.
 sea, They would make her grave 'neath the Old Elm Tree.
 see, She wept for the past 'neath the Old Elm Tree.
 me, As the lone - ly grave 'near the Old Elm Tree.

38

E \flat E \flat A \flat D \flat /A \flat E \flat A \flat

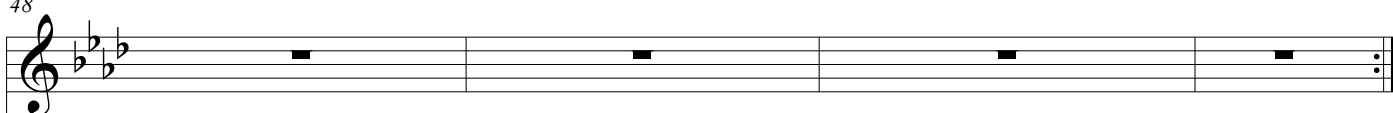
43



43



48



48

