

Maple On The Hill

Hank Locklin

Here upon the quiet country village stood the maple on the hill
There I sat with my Jeannie of long ago
When the stars were shining brightly we could hear the whippoor
will
As we sat beneath the maple on the hill
We would sing love songs together when the birds had gone to re
st
And we'd listened to the murmur of the leaves
Then you throwed your arms around me laid your head upon my che
st
As we sat beneath the maple on the hill
Now we're getting old and feeble and our hair is turning grey
We no longer hear the rippling of the leaves
Still I always love you darling as I did those stary nights
When we sat beneath the maple on the hill
Don't forget me little darling as they lay me down to rest
Will you keep this final promise that you gave
While you linger there in silence thinking only of the past
May your teardrops kiss the flowers on my grave