

**William Elliott Whitmore****"Pine Box"**

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(chorus)

In a box made of pine  
lays the sweet love of mine.  
She's been gone for nearly a year.  
And the river'd overflow  
if only I could  
trade a raindrop for every tear.  
(end chorus)

It was the year of ought-one  
that our life had begun;  
no peril could make us distraught.

Together we stood,  
through bad and through good;  
no hardships that couldn't be fought.

But she fell ill,  
one dark winter's night,  
and before too long she passed.

And it would prove to be true  
my whole life through  
that nothing good would pass.

(chorus)

It all ended that day  
when I saw her ride away  
in the back of that long black hearse.

And I remember so well  
my personal hell  
began on this here Earth.

And I've half the heart  
I used to have,  
and half the will to go on.

And I've got half a mind  
to drink myself blind

now that my darlin' is gone.

(chorus)

Now the winter's teeth,  
are bitin' down,  
and it chills me to the bone.

To think about  
that cold mattress,  
and sleeping all alone.

And so now I know  
what I must do;  
the path ahead of me's clear.

I must join her now  
wherever she's at,  
'cause I ain't doing no good here.

(chorus)

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