

Hank Locklin

"Maple On The Hill"

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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
whippoorwill

As we sat beneath the maple on the hill
We would sing love songs together when the birds had
gone to rest

And we'd listened to the murmur of the leaves
Then you threw your arms around me laid your head
upon my chest

As we sat beneath the maple on the hill

[piano]

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

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