

*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

BOSTON.

Published by HENRY TOLMAN 219 Washington St

Chicago

HIGGINS, BROS.



# THEY BURIED HER UNDER THE OLD ELM TREE.

POETRY BY SARAH T. BOLTON.

MUSIC BY JOS. P. WEBSTER.

PIANO FORTE.

2<sup>nd</sup> V. It was here with the bright blue

1<sup>st</sup> V. Here's the path by the long de -

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

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

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

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

4 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

Old Elm Tree, 4.

5

grave 'neath the Old Elm Tree.

seat 'neath the Old Elm Tree.

The first system of music consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are 'grave 'neath the Old Elm Tree.' and 'seat 'neath the Old Elm Tree.'. The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and a final cadence.

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.