

## 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