

# The River In The Pines

Joan Baez

Oh, Mary was a maiden  
When the birds began to sing.  
She was sweeter than the blooming rose  
So early in the spring.  
Her thoughts were gay and happy  
And the morning gay and fine,  
For her lover was a river boy  
From the river in the pines.

Now Charlie, he got married  
To his Mary in the spring  
When the trees were budding early  
And the birds began to sing.  
But early in the autumn  
When the fruit is in the wine,  
I'll return to you, my darling  
From the river in the pines.

It was early in the morning  
In Wisconsin's dreary clime  
When he rode the fatal rapids  
For that last and fatal time.  
They found his body lying  
On the rocky shore below  
Where the silent water ripples  
And the whispering cedars blow.

Now every raft of lumber  
That comes down the Chippewa,  
There's a lonely grave that's  
Visited by drivers on their way  
They plant wild flowers upon it  
In the morning fair and fine.  
'Tis the grave of two young lovers  
From the river in the pines