Neath The Old Acorn Tree, Sweet Estelie.

Moderato espress.

'Tis twilight and the toil of day is over,
Out in the golden West tonight I'm dreaming,
Cattle from the fields are coming home,
Moon shines over the mountains still and cold.

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moon will soon be shining on the clover,
As going East where candle lights are gleaming,

down a quiet lane alone I roam,
The gain to wander through the scenes of old,
The

old mill wheel is silent all seems lonely,
A moonlight on the old mill wheel is falling,

Dear girls waiting in the twilight's glow,
I loving face is waiting there for me,

Neath The Old Acorn Tree.
whisper that I love her, love her only, We
fancy I can hear a sweet voice calling, "Dear

part ed where the water lilies grow.
heart I'm waiting 'neath the acorn tree?

Chorus.

Neath the old acorn tree, sweet Estelle, I'll re-turn, love's old

tory to tell, When the gold of the day turns to gray,

Neath The Old Acorn Tree. 4.
And you list to the old village bell, Let my

love in your heart ever dwell, You may know little girl all is

well, With a heart ever true, I'll return dear to you, Neath the

1. old acorn tree sweet Estelle. Neath the
telle.

2.