'Neath the Old Cherry Tree Sweet Marie

Words by HARRY WILLIAMS.  
Music by EGBERT VAN ALSTYNE.

Andante moderato.

The drowsy robin to his mate was calling,
In loneliness I turn the picture o'er,
And sun was slowly sinking in the West,
In my mind I see you painted there,
As fresh to-night as were the stems of falling,
'Twas then I felt a throb within my breast,
For clover, I wove into the tangle of your hair.

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then it was with you I used to wonder, And court you in the good old fashioned
haps another sits beneath the tree, dear, Perhaps you're telling him you love him
way, But now I sit alone at night and ponder, And
too, Or maybe you have saved a thought of me, dear, And
wonder if we'll meet another day.
dreamed I might again be there with you.

CHORUS.
Valse moderato.

'Neath the old cherry tree, sweet Marie, Where you first gave your heart, love, to

Neath the old cherry tree & c. 4.
me. Not a word did you say, But as you turned a way I could

see, sweet Marie, I could see, Though your lips were as still and as

red. As the cherries that hung o-ver head. Both your eyes told me

well. What your lips dared not tell. Neath the old cherry tree, sweet Marie.

Neath the old cherry tree &c 4
'Neath the Old Cherry Tree, Sweet Marie
Quartette

CHORUS.
Valse moderato.

TENOR I.

'Neath the old cherry tree, sweet Marie,
Where you first gave your heart love to me.
Not a word did you say, But as you turned away I could see, sweet Marie,

BASS.

'Neath the old cherry tree, sweet Marie,
Where you first gave your heart love, to me.
Not a word did you say, But as you turned away I could see, sweet Marie,

TENOR II.

I could see,
Though your lips were as still and as red
As the cherries that hung over head.
Both your eyes told me well.

BARITONE.

I could see,
Though your lips were as still and as red
As the cherries that hung over head.
Both your eyes told me well.

Arr. by Rube Dauph.