Under The Love Tree

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A little titwillow, at dawn on the hill, Sat
The little titwillow, on hearing his song, Her

merri ly chirping her lay, And it came to the ear of a
first thrill of happiness knew, And the robin who never had

robin red-breast, who chanced to be passing that way, And the
loved until then, was touched by the same feeling, too. Then-the
lit-tle tit-wil-low, she sang of her love, How lone-some she was all a-
lit-tle tit-wil-low crept close to his side And war-bled a song that was

lone, And the rob-in re-plied, "Will you be my bride?" and he new,
Then the rob-in said, "We'll live in yon-der tree" Then

sang in his sweet-est tone, "I'll cher-ish you if you'll a-
she whis-pered "I love you. Come take me a-way It is
gree. To come to my nest in the tree."
best. I'm will-ing to share in your nest."

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REFRAIN.

Under the love tree, We'll gently sway with the breeze.

We will be so very happy, dear, Just like two honey bees; You and I together, I'll love you ever, My whole life, long life through;

Under the love tree with you.

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