Where The Rippling Waters Flow
(DOWN TO THE MILL)

Words & Music by
FREDERICK V. BOWERS
The Writer of "Because Always,"
"Wait" When I think of you etc.

Andante Moderato

To night my dreams are drifting back to
A city mansion shining in its

childhood

I'm weary of the city and its
splendor

A rustic cottage in the country

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strife
I'd give the world to wonder in the wild wood
And
lane. Where all is peaceful simple sweet and tender
Which

bring my boyhood memories back to life.
would you choose I ask you once again.

CHORUS (Plaintively)

I long to see the miller at the Mill Wheel
I

long to see the bucket in the well
long to see my mother in the

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door-way and I long to see the Miller's daughter Nell. I

long to take her in my arms and hold her. And ask her if the old love lingers

still. I long to ask her if she will forgive me. Where the

rippling waters flow down to the Mill.

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