

1890--

A little Maiden climbed an old man's knee,  
Begged for a story, "Do Uncle please,  
Why are you single, why live alone,  
Have you no babies, have you no home?"  
I had a sweetheart, years, years ago:  
Where she is now, pet, you will soon know.  
List' to the story, I'll tell it all,  
I believed her faithless, after the ball.

After the ball is over,  
After the break of morn,  
After the dancers leaving,  
After the stars are gone,  
Many a heart is aching,  
If you could read them all,  
Many the hopes that have vanished  
After the ball.

1900--

The oriole with joy was sweetly singing,  
The little brook was babbling its tune,  
The village bells with joy were sweetly ringing,  
The world seemed brighter than a harvest moon.  
And as within my arms I gently pressed you,  
And blushing red you slowly turned away,  
I can't forget the way I once caresses you,  
I only pray we'll meet another day.

In the shade of the old apple tree  
With the love in your eyes I can see,  
When the voice that I heard  
Like the sound of a bird,  
Seemed to whisper sweet music to me.  
I can hear the dull buzz of the bee,  
In the blossoms as you sang to me,  
With a heart that beats true,  
I'll be waiting for you  
In the shade of the old apple tree.