

Joan Baez, The River In The Pines

Oh, Mary was a maiden
When the birds began to sing
She was sweeter than the blooming rose
So early in the spring
Her thoughts were gay and happy
And the morning gay and fine
For her lover was a river boy
From the river in the pines

Now Charlie, he got married
To his Mary in the spring
When the trees were budding early
And the birds began to sing
But early in the autumn
When the fruit is in the wine
I'll return to you, my darling
From the river in the pines

It was early in the morning
In Wisconsin dreary clime
When he ruled the fatal rocket
For that last and feudal time
They found his body lying
On the Rocky shore below
Where the silent water ripples
And the whispering cedars blow

Now every raft or lumber
That's come down, the chip away
There's a lonely grave that's
visited by drivers on their way
They plant the wild flowers upon it
In the morning fair and fine
'Tis the grave of two young lovers
From the river in the pines