The River In the Pines

Joan Baez

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's dreary clime
When he rode the fatal rapids
For that last and fatal time.
They found his body lying
On the rocky shore below
Where the silent water ripples
And the whispering cedars blow.Now every raft of lumber
That comes down the Chippewa,
There's a lonely grave that's
Visited by drivers on their way
They plant wild flowers upon it
In the morning fair and fine.
'Tis the grave of two young lovers
From the river in the pines

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