

Song Of The Old Water Wheel

Slim Whitman

By the valley road
The lilacs are growin'
Around the mill
With an old water wheelIn his dusty coat
The river sits dreamin'
Of his true love
The pretty LucilleThe old water wheel
Keeps turning and turning
It seems to seize
All the kisses it seesOn the soft summer nights
When the hearts were alive
Making love to the sound
Of the old water wheelIn her eyes of blue
True heaven made green
And her hair was brown
As the meadow lark's wingEvery smile revealed
White pearls, empty dreamin'
And nature made her lips
Just to singBut fate was unkind
She sneaked neath the lilacs
This dizzy world
Keeps moving alongBut the old river seems
To be lost in his dreams
While the water wheel turns
As it's singin' this songLost in the song
Of the old water wheel(Fade to end)
The old water wheel
The old water wheel

Songwriters

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