

DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM

Down by the old mill stream, where I first met you,
With your eyes so blue, dressed in gingham too,
It was there I knew, that I loved you true,
You were sixteen, my village queen, down by the old mill stream.

Down by the old, not the new, but the old mill stream, not the river
but the stream,
Where I first, not second, but first met you, not me but you,
With your eyes not your nose, but eyes so blue, not green but blue,
Dressed in gingham, not cotton, but gingham too, not one but two.
It was there, not here, but there I knew, not old but knew,
That I loved, not liked, but loved you true, not false but true,
You were sixteen, not seventeen, but sixteen,
My village queen, not the king, but the queen,
Down by the old, not the new, but the old, mill stream, not the river
but the stream.