1. By the mill stream sits the miller's pretty daughter,
   Her cheeks are like the first red rose of June,
   Her sweet voice sounds just like the rippling water,
   As so tenderly she hums an old love tune,

   But soon her song of joy has turned to sorrow,
   For her sweetheart now has come to say good-bye,
   He’s thinking of the sad and lonely morrow,
   As he kisses her and murmurs with a sigh.

chorus:  
   When the bees are in the hive and the honey's in the comb,
   And the golden sun beams bend to kiss the dew,
   While the old mill wheel turns around I’ll love you Mary,
   When the bees are in the hive I'll come to you.

solo:

2. By the mill stream sits a lonely maid repining,
   And her fancy, like the stream, rolls far away,
   As she looks into the silvery water shining,
   She sees her golden locks now tinged with gray,

   Long years she's waited there for his returning,
   But the years pass by, her waiting's all in vain,
   As she looks on down the river for his coming,
   So tenderly she sings this old refrain.

chorus: