

**The Pines (1932)**

**Edward Joseph Collins, music and words**

The pines are sighing of love that might have been,  
they are whisp'ring of tears that never cease.

Their voices are low and crooning,  
like words of solace and wisdom.

Now they are a whining sound,  
high like a note of despair!

But always sighing,  
sighing of love that might have been!