A
Mademoiselle Kate W. English.

BEN BOLT.
CHANT FAVORI DE KNEASS

VARIE

POUR LE PIANO
PAR-

CHARLES GROBE.

Opus 151.

1439

Pr. 38 Cts. net.

Published by W.C. Peters, Baltimore
Cincinnati W.C. Peters & Sons - Peters, Webb & Co. Louisville
Edward L. Walker, Philadelphia.
BEN BOLT,

or

AH! DON'T YOU REMEMBER.

As Sung by J.H. McCANN.

The Music by N. KNEASS.

Oh! don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt—Sweet Alice with hair so brown;

She wept with delight when you gave her a smile, And trembled with fear at your frown.
old church yard, in the valley, Ben Bolt, in a corner obscure and alone, They have
fitted a slab of granite so gray, And sweet Alice lies under the stone. They have

Ad libitum.

fitted a slab of granite so gray, And sweet Alice lies under the stone.

Ad libitum.
Oh! don’t you remember the school, Ben Bolt, And the Master so kind and so true.

Oh! don’t you remember the wood, Ben Bolt, Near the green sunny slope of the hill;

And the little nook by the clear running brook, Where we gathered the flowers as they grew.

Where oft we have sung ‘neath its wide spreading shade, And kept time to the click of the mill:

On the Master’s grave grows the grass, Ben Bolt, And the running little brook is now dry;

The mill has gone to decay, Ben Bolt, And a quiet now reigns all around, See the

Ben Bolt 1838.
old rustic porch with its roses so sweet. Lies scattered and fallen to the

ground.

And of all the friends who were school mates then, There remains Ben, but you

mains Ben, but you and I.

Ad libitum.

scatter'd and fallen to the ground.

Ad libitum.