



AN OLD BALLAD,
SUNG BY Mr. W. FARREN,

PARTLY WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY

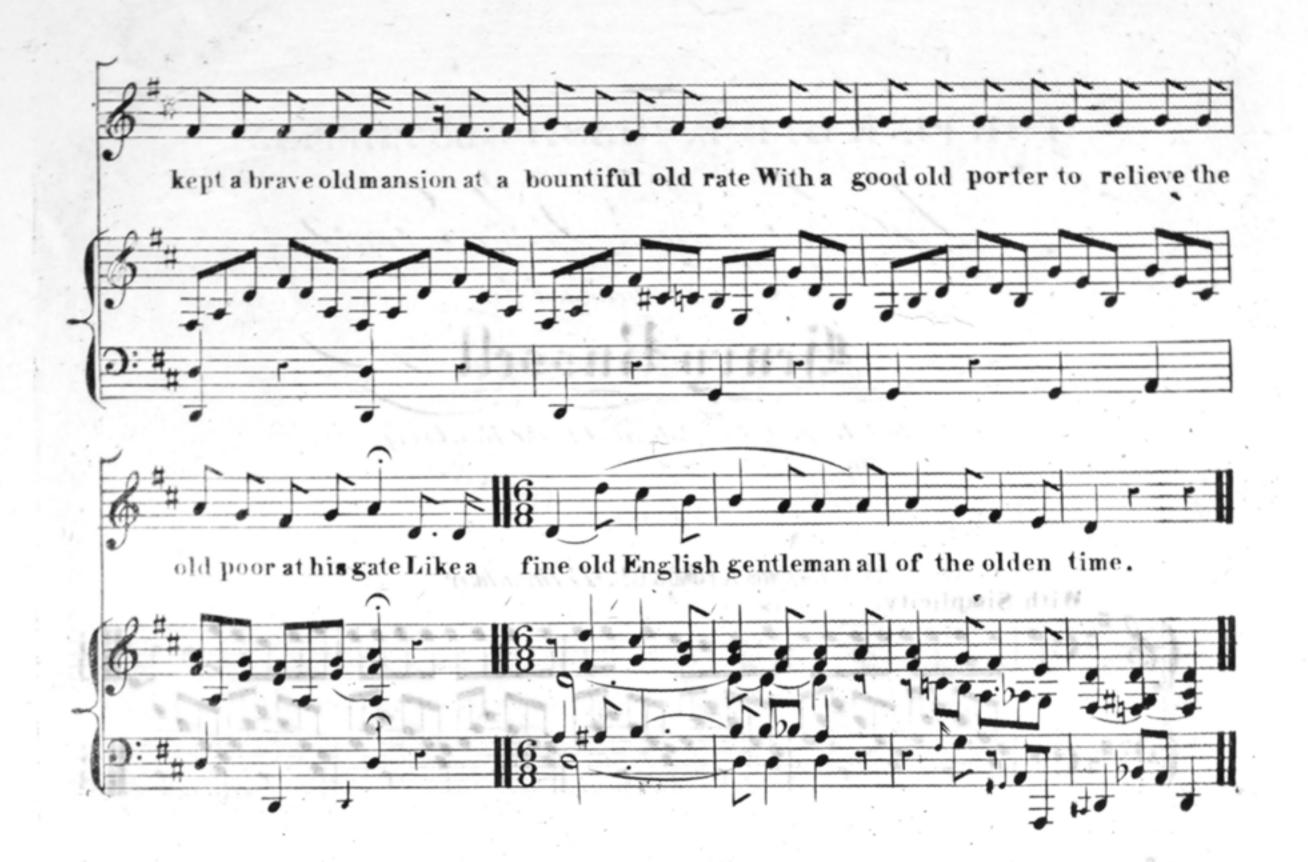
## CHARLES H. PURDAY.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Price 28.

LONDON: C. H. PURDAY, 24, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET,





His hall so old, was hung around with pikes, and guns, and bows, With swords, and good old bucklers, that had stood'gainst many foes; And there his worship sat in state, in doublet, and trunk - hose And quaffed a cup of good old wine, to warm his good old nose. Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time.

When winter cold brought Christmas old, he opened house to all, And, though three score and ten his years, he featly led the ball; Nor was the houseless wanderer then driven from the hall, For, while he feasted all the great, he neer forgot the small-

Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time.

But time, though old, is strong in flight, and years roll'd swiftly by, When autum's falling leaf foretold this poor old man must die! He laid him down right tranquilly, gave up life's latest sigh, While heavy sadness fell around, and tears bedewed each eye.

For this good old English gentleman, all of the olden time.