Fifteenth Edition.

Oh! Don't You Remember.
Sung by
Miss Clara Bruce.
Composed by
Nelson Knass.

1138 Piano 38 cts. net. 1371 Guitar 25 cts. net.

Published by W. C. Peters & Sons, Cincinnati.
Halber & Weber, St. Louis.
W. T. Mayo, New Orleans.
BEN BOLT,

or

OH! 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.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1848 by W.C. Peters in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Kentucky.
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 fitted a slab of granite so gray, And sweet Alice lies under the stone.

Ad libitum.

Ad libitum.

Ben Bolt. 1138-5.
O! don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt, And the Master so kind and so true,

And the little nook by the clear running brook, Where we hill; Where oft we have sung 'neath its wide spreading shade, And kept gathered the flowers as they grew.

On the Master's grave grows the time to the click of the mill: The mill has gone to decay; Ben Bolt, And the running little brook is now dry; And of

cay, Ben Bolt, And a quiet now reigns all around, See the
all the friends who were schoolmates then, There remains Ben, but you and

old rustic porch with its roses so sweet, Lies scattered and fallen to the

I. And of all the friends who were schoolmates then, There remains Ben, but you and I.

ground, See the old rustic porch, with its roses so sweet, Lies

mains Ben, but you and I.

Ad libitum.

scatterd and fallen to the ground.

Ad libitum.

Ben Bolt. 1138 - 5.