

THE OLD FARM GATE.
A BALLAD.



Henry Russell

The
MUSIC
Composed and respectfully dedicated
to
MRS. J. L. TUCKER,
BY
HENRY RUSSELL.

Price 50 cts. nett.

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The Old Farm Gate.

Poetry by ELIZA COOK.

Music by HENRY RUSSELL.

Andante
Moderato

p

Where, where is the gate that once used to di-vide The old shaded lane from the

p

gras - sy road side, I like not this gate, so gay and so bright, With its

glit - ter - ing latch and its trel - liss of white; It is pret - ty I own, yet oh

dear - er by far, Was the rec - rusted hinge, and the weath - er warp'd bar, Here are

fash - ion, and form of a mod - ernized date, But I'd ra - ther have look'd on that

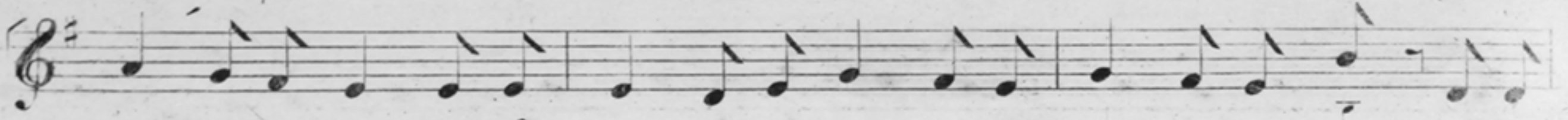
ad lib.

old farm-gate.

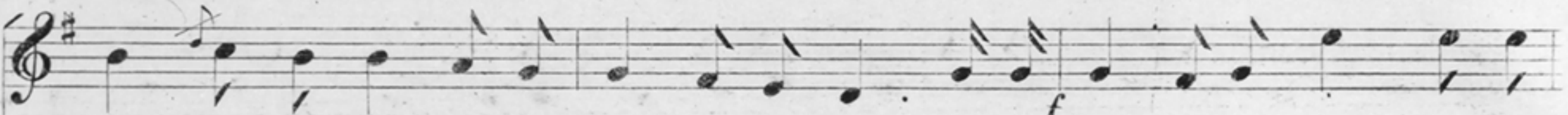
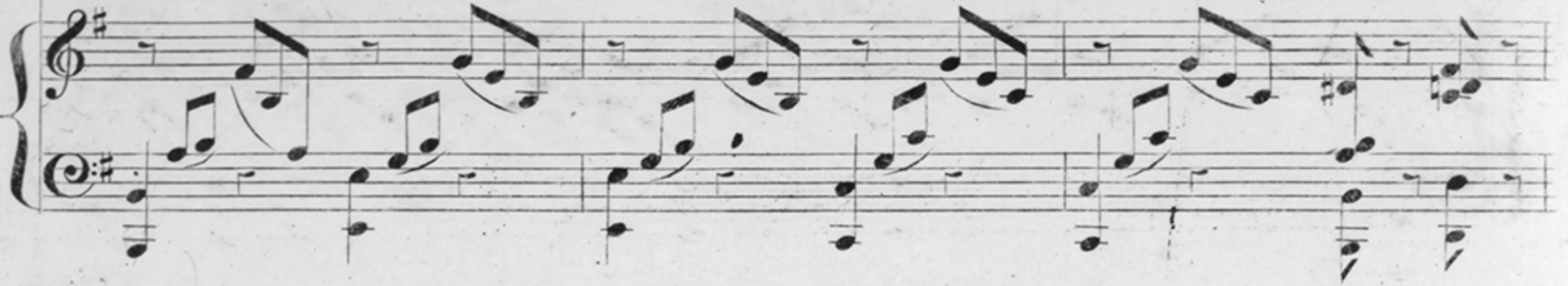
'Twas there where my sis - ters would gath - er to play, In the shadows of twi - light or

sun - ny mid - day; How we'd laugh and run wild 'mid those hil - locks of sand, Where temp -

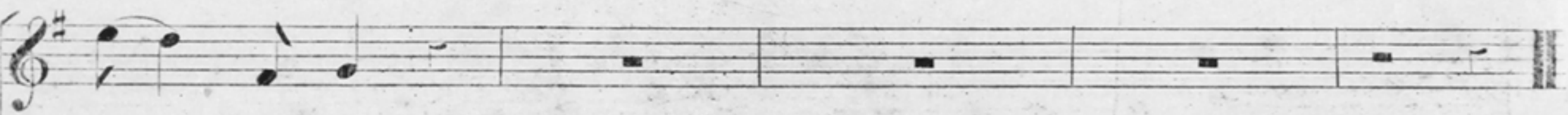
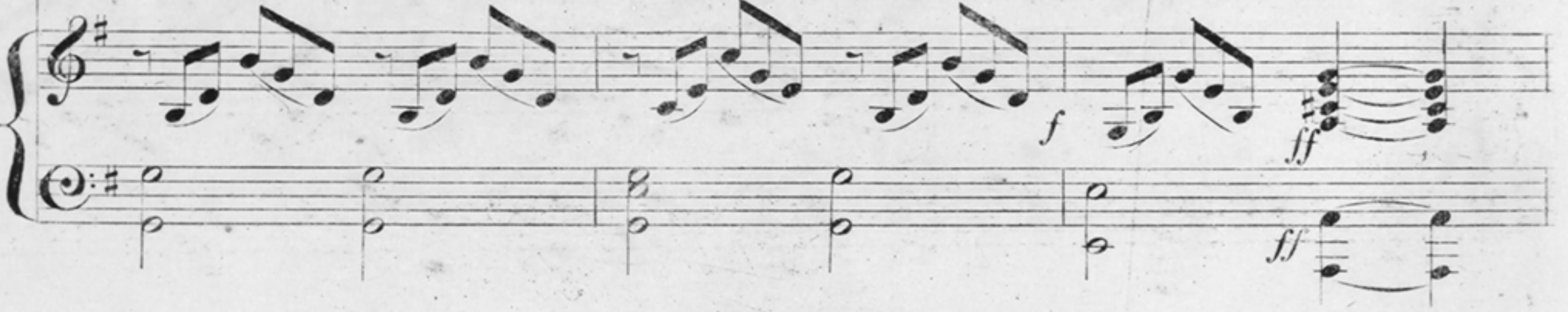
- ta - tions ex - ist - - ed no child could withstand; But to swing on the gate rails, to



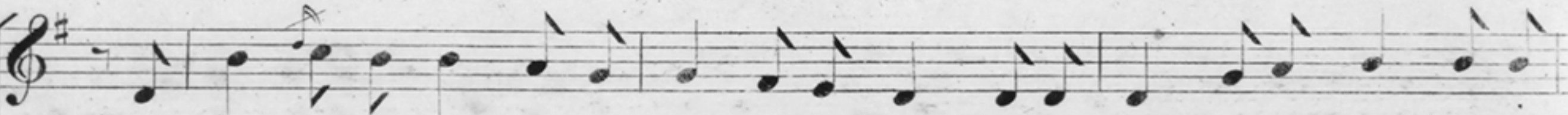
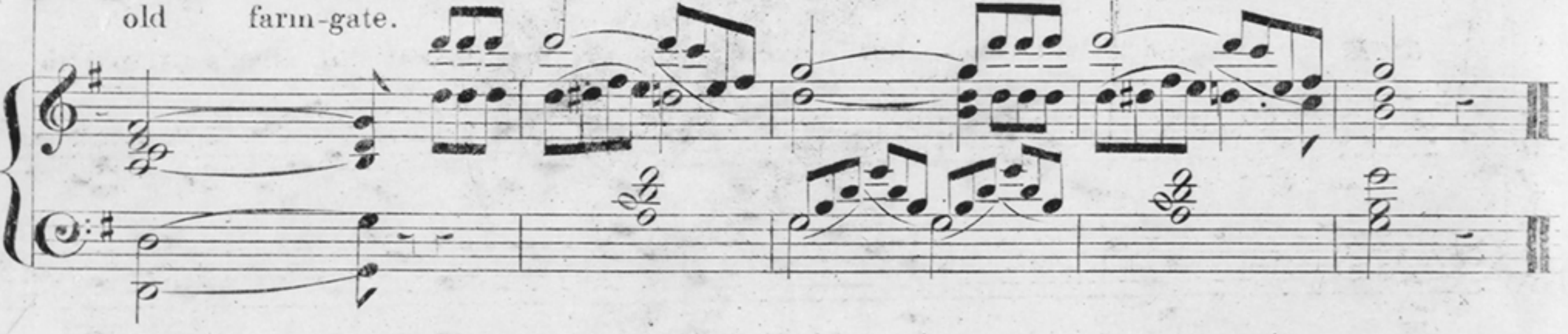
clamber and ride. Was the ut - most of pleas - ure. of glo - ry, and pride: And the



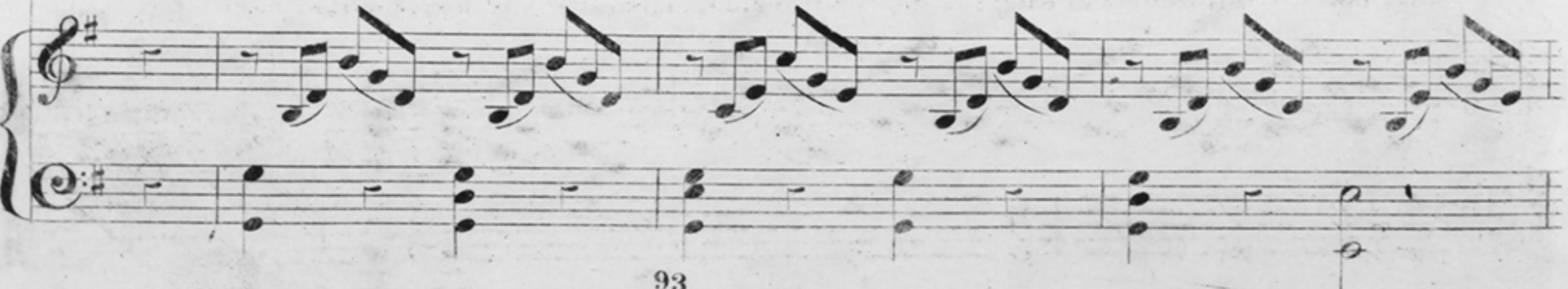
car of the vic - tor or car - riage of state Never car - ried such hearts as that



old farm - gate.



Oh! fair is the bar - ri - er tak - ing its place. But it dark - ens a pic - ture my



soul longed to trace. I sigh to behold the rough sta - ple and hasp, And the

rails that my grow - ing hand scarce - ly could clasp. Oh! how strange - ly the warm spirit

grudg - es to part With the com - monest rel - ic once linked to the heart; And the

brightest of for - tune, the kind - li - est fate, Would not ban - ish my love for the old farm - gate.

ad lib. assai.

Symphony, *ad lib.*