

1841

# Old Farm Gate

Henry Russell

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**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.

BOSTON.  
Published by **W. H. OAKES**, 13 Tremont Row.

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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



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 red 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.*

*f*

Symphony, ad lib.



