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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.
Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1842, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York, by Henry Russell.

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.

