1841

Old Sexton

Henry Russell

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THIRD EDITION.

THE OLD SEXTON.

"Gather them in... and their final rest,"
"As here, down here, on the earth's dark breast."

WORDS BY
PARK BENJAMIN, E??
music composed and respectfully dedicated to
WILLIAM BABCOCK, E??
BY
HENRY RUSSELL.

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THE OLD Sexton.

Nigh to a grave that was newly made
Leaned a Sexton old, on his

Staccato.  sott'ola voce.
earth worn spade His work was done and he paused to wait The

funeral train through the open gate A relic of by-gone
days was he And his locks were white as the foamy sea—And

these words came from his lips so thin I gather them in
I've build ed
t hous es that li e a-
---round In

gather them in
gather
gather
gather

gather them in.

I gather them in! for man and boy Year after year of

grief and joy I've builded the houses that lie a-round In
Come to my solitude, one by one—But
come they strangers or come they kin
I gather them in
Many are with me but still I'm alone
I'm king of the dead—and I make my throne
On a monument slab of marble cold
And my sceptre of rule is the spade I hold
Come they from cottage or come they from hall
Mankind are my subjects—all, all, all
Let them loiter in pleasure, or toilfully spin—
I gather them in! I gather them in!

I gather them in—and their final rest
Is here down here in the earth's dark breast
And the sexton ceased—for the funeral train
Wound mutely o'er that solemn plain
And I said to my heart—when time is told
A mightier voice than that sexton's old
Will sound o'er the last trump's dreadful din—
I gather them in! I gather them in!