"I gather them in... and their final rest,"
"If here, dawn here on the earth's dark breeze."

**THE OLD SEXTON.**

**WORDS BY**

**PARK BENJAMIN, E??**

music composed and respectfully dedicated to

**WILLIAM BABCOCK, E??**

**BY**

**HENRY RUSSELL.**

**BOSTON.**

Published by **HENRY PRENTISS**, 33 Court St.

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1859 by H. Prentiss in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Mass.

THE OLD Sexton.

Nigh to a grave that was newly made Leaned a Sexton old on his Staccato. Scilla voce.
by-gone

earth worn spade His work was done and he paused to wait The

fun'ral 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

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
they stragers but

ev'ry nook of this burial ground
Mother and daughter

father and son
Come to my solitude, one by one—

come they stragers or come they kin
I gather them in

gather them in

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!