1841

Old Farm Gate

Henry Russell

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THE OLD FARM GATE.
A BALLAD.

The MUSIC
Composed and respectfully dedicated
To
MRS. J. E. TUCKER,
By
HENRY RUSSELL.

Boston:
Published by W. H. Bakes, 13 Tremont Ave.

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The Old Farm Gate.

Poetry by ELIZA COOK.

Music by HENRY RUSSELL.

Andante

Moderato

Where, where is the gate that once ased to di-vide
The old shaded lane from the
Grassy road side, I like not this gate, so gay and so bright. With its glittering latch and its trellis of white; It is pretty I own, yet oh dearer by far, Was the red rusted hinge, and the weather warped bar. Here are fashion, and form of a modernized date, But I'd rather have looked on that
old farm-gate.

'Twas there where my sisters would gather to play. In the shadows of twilight or sunny mid-day; How we'd laugh and run wild 'mid those hillocks of sand. Where temptations existed no child could withstand; But to swing on the gate rails, to
clamber and ride. Was the utmost of pleasure, of glory, and pride; And the
car of the victor or carriage of state Never carried such hearts as that
old farm-gate.
Oh! fair is the barrier taking its place. But it darkens a picture my
soul longed to trace. I sigh to behold the rough staple and hasp, And the
rails that my growing hand scarcely could clasp. Oh! how strangely the warm spirit
grudges to part With the commonest relic once linked to the heart; And the
brightest of fortune, the kindlest fate, Would not banish my love for the old farm-gate.