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.B. TUCKER,
by
HENRY RUSSELL.

Published by W. R. BAKES.
BOSTON.

Henry Russell.
Poetry by ELIZA COOK.

Music by HENRY RUSSELL.

The Old Farm Gate.

Where, where is the gate that once asked to divide
The old shaded lane from the
I, a
I

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 warp'd bar. Here are

fashion, and form of a modernized date, But I'd rather have look'd on that
old farm-gate.

'Twas there where my sisters would gather to play. In the shadows of twilight or sunny midday; 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 scarce-ly 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 kind-liest fate, Would not ban-ish my love for the old farm-gate.