

1844

# Lone Old Man

James Gaspard Maeder

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The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.

# THE LONE OLD MAN.

BALLAD.



There was something in his manner, and his wild and worn old face,  
That made me think the lone old man had once seen better days.

Sung with great applause by  
**MISS ELIZABETH SLOMAN.**

Written by the  
**HON<sup>BLE</sup> MRS. NORTON.**

Music composed by  
**JAMES G. MAEDER.**

Price 35 cts net.







# THE LONE OLD MAN.

Words by Hon. Mrs. NORTON.

Music by JAMES G. MAEDER.

Andante  
Cantabile.

LEGATO.

*p* 6 6 6 6 *cres.* *deces.* *morendo.*

*p* I do re-mem-ber when a child, be-fore life's griefs be-gan, That

near my vil-lage home, there dwelt a poor and lone old man; A-

lone he seem'd best pleased to dwell, a-lone con-tent to rove, He

The effect of this Ballad will be greatly enhanced by observing all the marks of expression given.

V. S.



sued from none their pi-ty, and he sought from none their love; There was

*cres.* *f* *p*

something in his manner, and his wild and ear-nest gaze, That

*cres.* *f* *p*

made me think the lone old man, had once seen better days; But

*accelerando* *cres* *decre*

none could learn from him the cause, why he would wan-der so, And they

*f* *p*



call'd his si-lence mad-ness, though I thought it might be woe.

cres. p decres. pausa lunga.

2d Verse.

There came a day, a win-ter's day, he

cres. decres. morendo p 6

stood be-fore the gate Of one who had the goods of earth, and

lived in prince-ly state; The fire was bright, that hall with-in, and

V. S.



ac — — — cel — — — le — — — ran — —

wist - ful - ly he gazed As if he thought up - on his home where

cres

— do. a tempo.

no such bless - ings blazed. But they the crowd of heart - less boys, who

f p

ac — — — cel — — — le — — — ran — —

saw him help - less stand, Came on with shouts and wav - ing hats, a

cres

— do. ri — — — tard — — — an — —

ty - rant lit - tle band; Till bent with tor - ture age and woe, the

decrec



— do. — — es — — pres — — si — — vo.

bro - ken spir - it bow'd, And he sank up - on the rich man's steps, and

cres. *p*

ad lib.

fee - bly wept a - loud.

decrec. cres. decrec. morendo.

3 3

One sabbath day those feeble limbs were missing from the green,  
 That wither'd form no longer in the low church-porch was seen;  
 But the village bell was tolling the slow sad knell of death,  
 For the weary and worn hearted, who had yielded up his breath.  
 I gazed with trembling round me, through the consecrated ground,  
 And my eyes were riveted upon a fresh and nameless mound;  
 Peacefully the lone old man beneath its covering slept,  
 And I glanced upon the sunny sky, and hid my face and wept!



