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The Old Sexton

Henry Russell

Benjamin Champney

Benjamin Park

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THE OLD SEXTON.



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

WORDS BY
PARK BENJAMIN, ESQ.
Music composed and respectfully dedicated to
WILLIAM BABCOCK, ESQ.
BY
HENRY RUSSELL.

Price 50 cts. net.

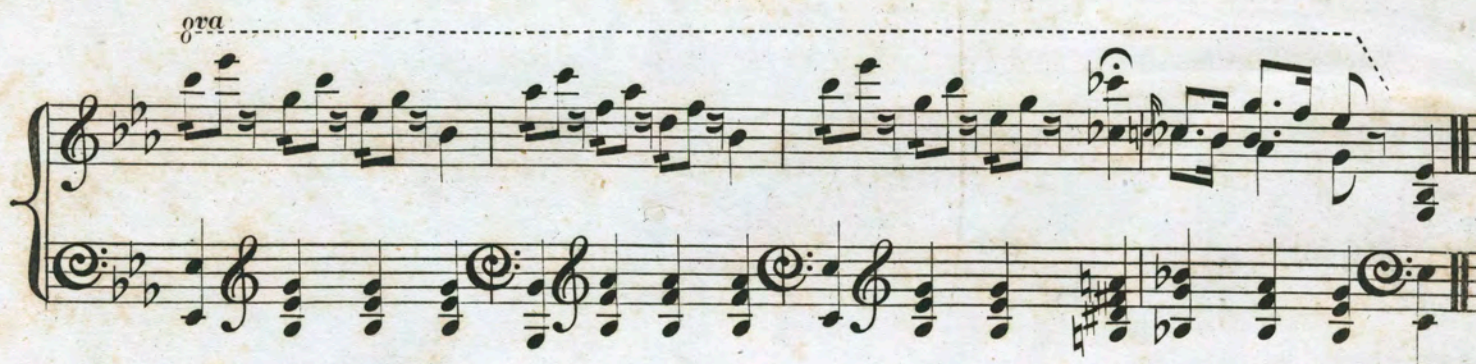
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THE OLD SEXTON.



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

fun' - ral train through the o - pen gate A relic of by-gone

days was he And his locks were white as the foa - my sea - And

these words came from his lips so thin I gather them in I

gather them in gather gather gather I

gather them in gather

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

ev' - ry nook of this bu - rial ground Mother and daughter

father and son Come to my sol - i - tude, one by one - But

come they strangers or come they kin I gather them in

gather them in *gra* gather gather

gather I gather them in.....

3

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!

4

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!

