

YEARS AGO

AS SONG BY THE

BAKER'S

COMPOSED BY

John C. Baker.

& most respectfully inscribed to

JOHN M. HUNT, M.D.

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★ 2c

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FORTY YEARS AGO

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Words by Wm ALLEN, M.D.

Music by JOHN C. BAKER.

3^d " The

1st Verse. I've
2^d " The

school-house has altered some — the benches are re - placed, By
wander'd to the village, Tom; I've sat be - neath the tree, Up -
grass is just as green, Tom; bare - foot - ed boys at play, Were

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new ones, ve - ry like the same our pen - knives had de - faced; But the

on the school-house play-ground, which sheltered you and me; But
sporting just as we did then, with spi - rits just as gay; But

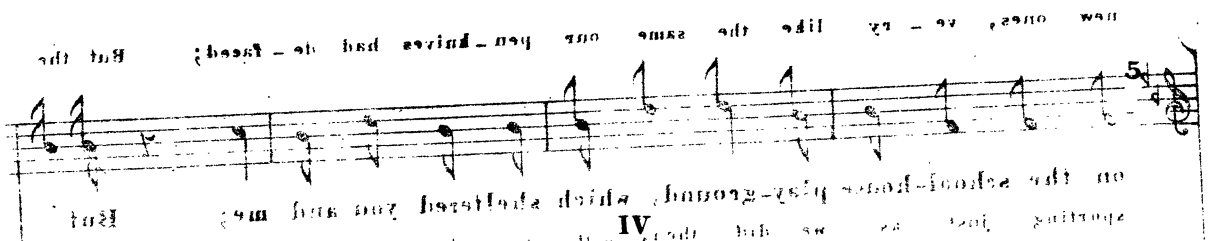
same old bricks are in the wall - the bell swings to and fro; Its

none were there to greet me, Tom, and few were left to know; That
'Mas - ter' sleeps up - on the hill, which, coated o'er with snow. Af

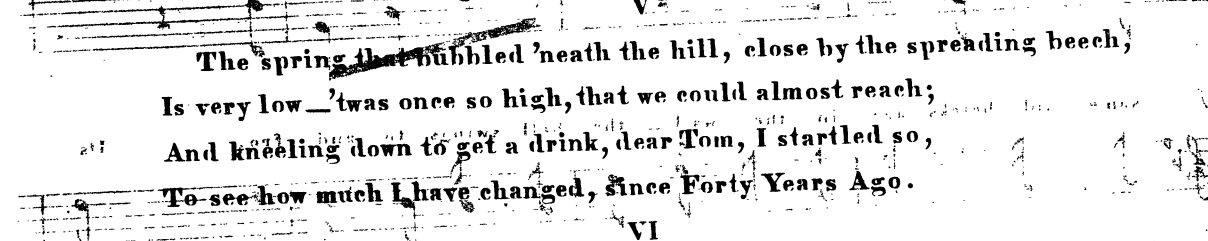
mu - sic just the same dear Tom, 'twas Forty Years A - go.

played with us up - on the green, some Forty Years A - go.
ford - ed us a sliding place, just Forty Years A - go.

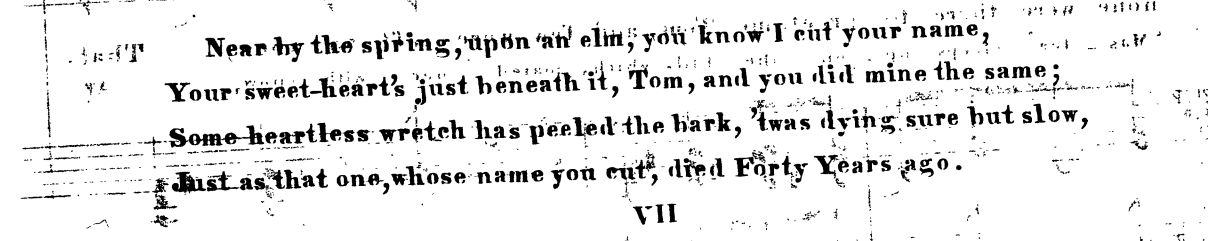
But the
new ones, we - ly - like the same our feet - have - been;



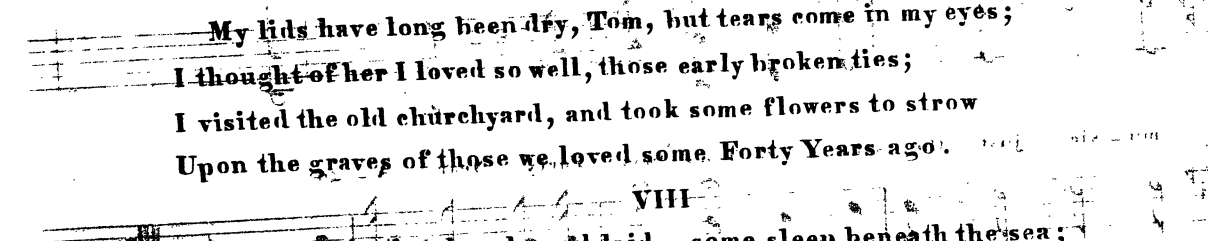
IV
The river's running just as still, the willows on its side,
Are larger than they were, Tom, the stream appears less wide;
But the grape-vine swing is ruined now, where once we played the beau,
And swung our sweet-hearts — 'pretty girls' — just Forty Years Ago.



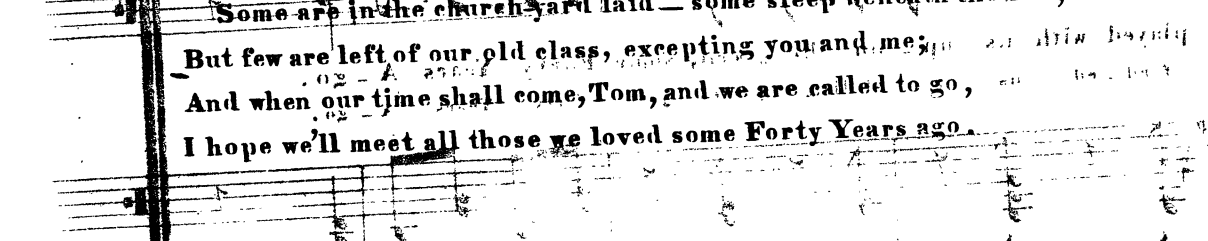
V
The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spreading beech,
Is very low — 'twas once so high, that we could almost reach;
And kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I startled so,
To see how much I have changed, since Forty Years Ago.



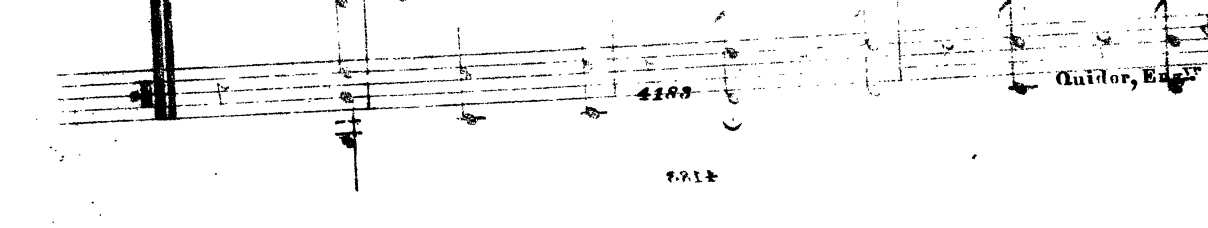
VI
Near by the spring, upon an elm, you know I cut your name,
Your sweet-heart's just beneath it, Tom, and you did mine the same;
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark, 'twas dying sure but slow,
Just as that one, whose name you cut, died Forty Years ago.



VII
My lids have long been dry, Tom, but tears come in my eyes;
I thought of her I loved so well, those early broken ties;
I visited the old churchyard, and took some flowers to strow
Upon the graves of those we loved some Forty Years ago.



VIII
Some are in the churchyard laid — some sleep beneath the sea;
But few are left of our old class, excepting you and me;
And when our time shall come, Tom, and we are called to go,
I hope we'll meet all those we loved some Forty Years ago.



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Quidor, Ed.