

# An Hour at the Old Play Ground

Words by  
New York Mirror  
Henry Monford

Ballad

Music by  
Joseph P. Webster

**Allegretto mosso**  
Earnest, firm and graceful

mf

Ped. \*

Ped. \*

Ped. \*

Ped. \*

1. I sat an  
2. The chest - nut  
3. I took the

Ped. \*

Ped. \*

Ped. \*

D7 G D7

hour to - day, — John, Be - side the old brook  
tree is dead, John, And what is sad - der —  
old blind road, John, That wan - dered up — the —

p

14 G C G G D7

stream, Where we were school boys in old time, When man-hood was \_\_\_\_\_ a  
 now, The bro - ken grape - vine of our swing Hangs on the\_ with - ered  
 hill. 'Tis dark - er than it used to be, And seems so\_ lone\_ and

18 G Em G D D A7

dream; The brook is choked with fall - en leaves, \_\_\_\_\_ The pond is dried a -  
 bough; I read our names up - on the bark, \_\_\_\_\_ And found the peb - bles\_   
 still; The birds sing yet up - on the boughs, \_\_\_\_\_ Where once the sweet grapes

22 D G C G D7

way. \_\_\_\_\_ I scarce be - lieve that you would know The dear old place to -  
 rare, \_\_\_\_\_ Laid up be - neath the hol - low side, As we had piled them  
 hung, \_\_\_\_\_ But not a voice of hu - man kind, Where all our voic - es

26 **G**

day.  
there.  
rung.

26 *mf* *Ped.* \*

30

30 *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

34 **D7** **G**

34 *Ped.* \* *p* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

The school house is no more, John, Be - neath our  
Be - neath the grass - grown bank, John, I looked for  
I sat me on the fence, John, That lives as

37 *D7* *3* *G* *C*

lo - cust trees. The wild rose, by the win-dow  
 our old spring That bub-bled down the al-der  
 in old time, The same half pan - el in the

*37*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

40 *G* *rall.* *G* *D7* *G* *a tempo*

side, No more waves in the breeze; The scat-tered  
 path, Three pa - ces from the swing; The rush - es  
 path We used so oft to climb; And thought how

*40*

*Ped.* \* *rall.* *Ped.* \*

43 *E m* *G* *D7* *D* *rall.* *A7*

stones look des - o - late, The sod they rest - ed  
 grow up - on the brink, The pool is black and  
 o'er the bars of life, Our play - mates had passed

*43*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *rall.*

46 *D ad lib.* *D7* *C*

on, \_\_\_\_\_ Has been plowed up \_\_\_\_\_ by stran-ger  
 bare, \_\_\_\_\_ And not a foot \_\_\_\_\_ this many a  
 on, \_\_\_\_\_ And left me count - ing on the

48 *G* *rall.* *a tempo* *G/D* *D7* *G*

hands \_\_\_\_\_ Since you \_\_\_\_\_ and I \_\_\_\_\_ were gone.  
 day, \_\_\_\_\_ It seems has trod \_\_\_\_\_ den there.  
 spot \_\_\_\_\_ The fac - es \_\_\_\_\_ that \_\_\_\_\_ are gone.

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