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No. 1108.

THE OLD FARM GATE.
A BALLAD.



Henry Russell

The
MUSIC
Composed and respectfully dedicated
to
MRS J. L. TUCKER,
BY
HENRY RUSSELL.

Price 50 cts. net

BOSTON.
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The Old Farm Gate.

Poetry by ELIZA COOK.

Music by HENRY RUSSELL.

Andante

Moderato

p

Where, where is the gate that once used to di-vide The old shaded lane from the

gras - sy road side, I like not this gate, so gay and so bright, With its

glit - ter - ing latch and its trel - liss of white; It is pret - ty I own, yet oh

p

dear - er by far, Was the red rusted hinge, and the weath - er warp'd bar, Here are

ad lib.

fash - ion, and form of a mod - ernized date, But I'd ra - ther have look'd on that

old farm-gate.

The first system of music features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "old farm-gate." and continues with a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment consists of a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

'Twas there where my sis - ters would gath-er to play, In the shadows of twi-light or

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line has the lyrics "'Twas there where my sis - ters would gath-er to play, In the shadows of twi-light or". The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

sun - ny mid - day; How we'd laugh and run wild 'mid those hil - locks of sand. Where temp

The third system continues the musical piece. The vocal line has the lyrics "sun - ny mid - day; How we'd laugh and run wild 'mid those hil - locks of sand. Where temp". The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern.

- ta - tions ex - ist - - ed no child could withstand; But to swing on the gate rails, to

The fourth system concludes the musical piece on this page. The vocal line has the lyrics "- ta - tions ex - ist - - ed no child could withstand; But to swing on the gate rails, to". The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern.

clamber and ride. Was the ut-most of pleas-ure, of glo-ry, and pride: And the

car of the vic-tor or car-riage of state Never car-ried such hearts as that

old farm-gate.

Oh! fair is the bar-ri-er tak-ing its place. But it dark-ens a pic-ture my

soul longed to trace. I sigh to behold the rough sta - ple and hasp, And the

rails that my grow - ing hand scarce - ly could clasp. Oh! how strange - ly the warm spirit

grud - ges to part With the com - monest rel - ic once linked to the heart; And the

brightest of for - tune, the kind - li - est fate, Would not ban - ish my love for the old farm - gate.

ad lib. assai.

Symphony, *ad lib.*