

## Music.

## AS WE GATHERED IN THE HAY.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY ALICE HAWTHORNE.

*Moderato.*

1. Oh, fair was the day, and I ne-ver can forget How dear to my heart as the moments roll'd away; For  
2. Though few be the years that have sad - ed since the morn, How great is the change as their shadows all depart; The

yet do I dream of the morning that we met, And the joys that were mine as we gather'd in the hay. The  
days come and go, but their moments have not worn The smile from thine eye, nor the love within thy heart; Oh,

song of the bird was as cheerful as could be, But I heard not the tone of its mer-ry morning lay, For thy  
then is it not like a pleasure to re-call, As we turn to the morn with its sun-ny scene so gay, How wo

voice, like a charm, with its mu-sic came to me, When I toil'd by thy side as we gather'd in the hay.  
paused 'neath the shade of the trees so green and tall, When the sun was on high as we gather'd in the hay.