

frown, In the old church-yard in the val-ley, Ben Bolt, In a corner obscure and a -

- lone, They have fitted a slab of gran - ite so gray, And sweet Alice lies un - der the

stone: They have fitted a slab of granite so gray, And sweet Alice lies un - der the

ca - lan - do. ad lib.

ca - lan - do. colla voce.

stone.

Rall.

2

Oh! don't you remember the wood, BEN BOLT,  
 Near the green sunny slope of the hill;  
 Where oft' we have sung 'neath its wide-spreading shade  
 And kept time to the click of the mill.  
 The mill has gone to decay, BEN BOLT,  
 And a quiet now reigns all around;  
 See, the old rustic porch with its roses so sweet,  
 Lies scatter'd and fallen to the ground.

3

Oh! don't you remember the School, BEN BOLT,  
 And the Master so kind and so true,  
 And the little nook by the clear running brook  
 Where we gathered the flow'rs as they grew.  
 On the Master's grave grows the grass, BEN BOLT,  
 And the running little brook is now dry;  
 And of all the friends who were schoolmates then,  
 There remains, BEN, but you and I.