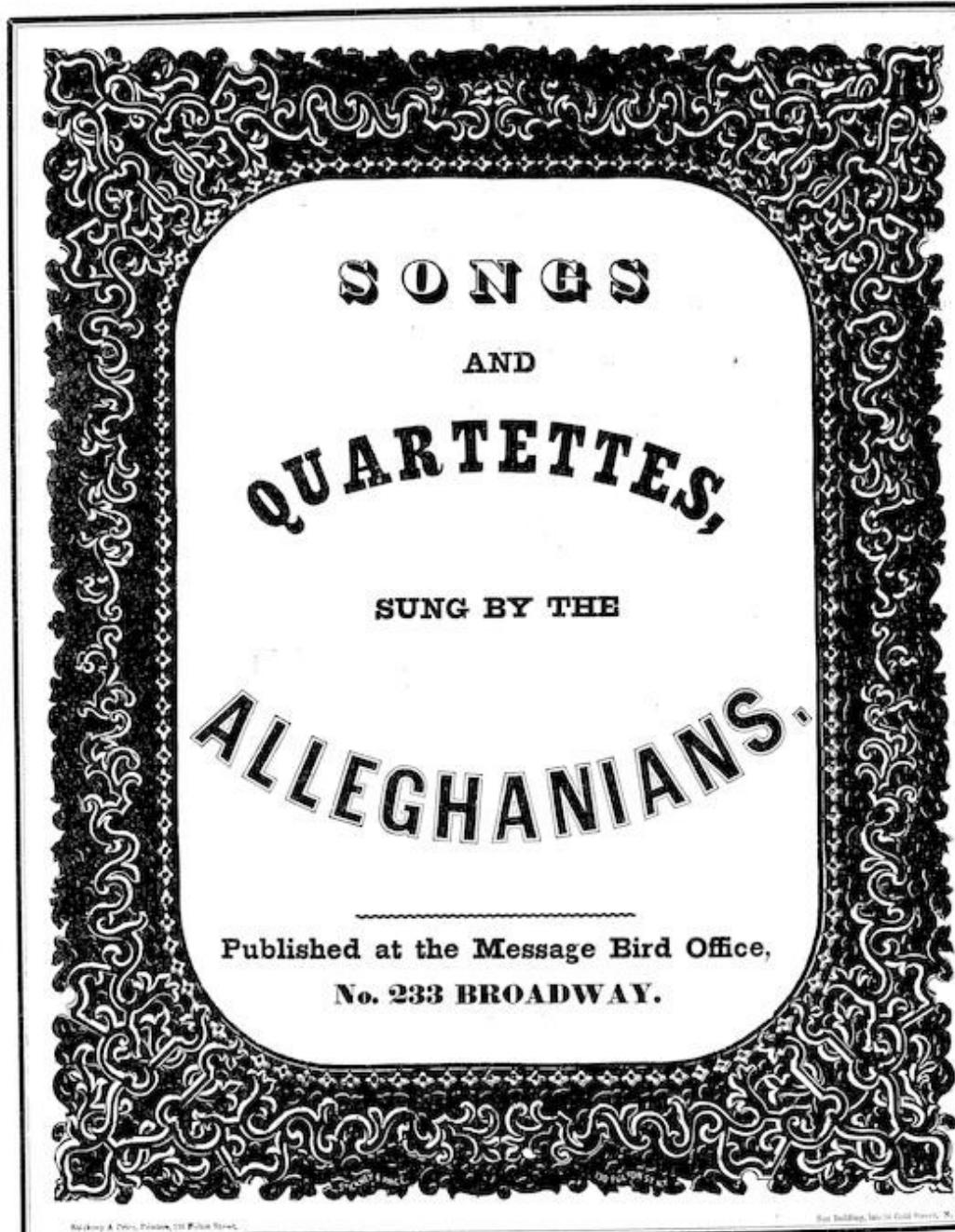


Title:	Ben Bolt
Name(s):	Sinclair, R. English, T. Dunn
Resource Type:	notated music
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Reed at Dg 8 Oct 17th/50

BEN BOLT

A favorite

SONG

THE WORDS BY

T. Dunn English Esq.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED

& Respectfully Dedicated to

PETER LAWSON

R. SINCLAIR.

Music by

T. Dunn English

New York FIRTH, POND & CO, Franklin Square

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148.

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B E N B O L T .

Composed by R. SINCLAIR.

VOICE.

PIANO

dolce.

FORTE.

2nd VERSE. Under the hick-o-ry tree, Ben Bolt, which stood at the foot of the
O dont you re-mem-ber sweet Al-ice, Ben Bolt, Sweet Al-ice, with hair so
hill, To-ge-th-er we've lain in the noon-day shade, And
brown, Who wept with de-light when you gave her a smile, And

I
list...en'd to Ap...pleton's mill.
trembled with fear at your frown;
The mill-wheel has fallen to
In the old church-yard, of the
pieces, Ben Bolt,
The raf...ters have tum...bled in,
valley, Ben Bolt, In a cor...ner ob...scure and a - lone,
And a
They have
quiet which crawls round the walls as you gaze,
Has fol...low'd the old...-en
fit...ted a stab of the gran...ite so gray, And Al...ice lies un...der the
din.
stone.

3rd VERSE.

5

Do you mind the cab-in of logs, Ben Bolt, At the edge of the path-less
 wood, And the button-ball tree with its mot-ley limbs, Which nigh by the door-step
 stood? The cab-in to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt, The tree you would seek in
 vain; And where once the lords of the fo-rest wad, Grow grass and the gold-en grain.

4th VERSE.

And dont you re-member the school, Ben Bolt, With the mas-ter so cruel and
 grim, And the sha-ded nook in the run-ning brook, Where the chil-dren went to
 swim: Grass grows on the mas-ters grave, Ben Bolt, The spring of the brook is
 dry, And of all the boys that were schoolmates then There are only you and I.

5th VERSE.

There's a change in the things that I lov-id, Ben Bolt, They have chang'd from the old to the
 new; But I feel in the core of my spi-rit the truth, That there ne-ver was change in
 you: Twelve months twenty have pass'd, Ben Bolt, Since first we were friends yet I
 hall Thy presence a blessing, thy friend ship a truth, Ben Bolt, of the salt-sea gale.