

NO

No composer

3 - OCT 30  
Copy ..... 1973

TO  
JOHN L. TOMPKINS  
OF ERIE

# TWENTY YEARS AGO

Favorite Ballad

AS SUNG BY

ADDISON WEAVER

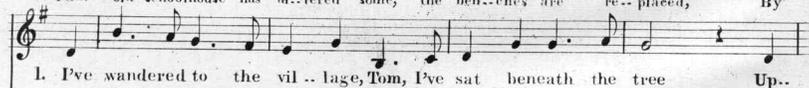
NEW YORK  
WILLIAM A. POND & CO.  
547 BROADWAY.



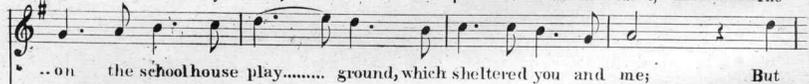
"JUST TWENTY YEARS AGO."



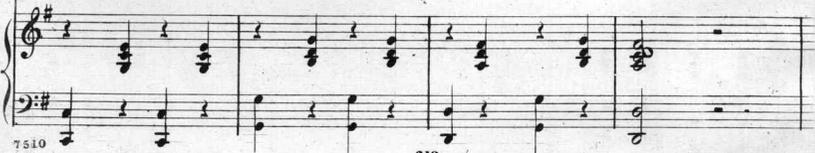
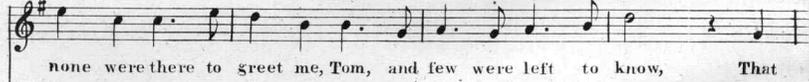
3. That old schoolhouse has al..tered some, the ben..ches are re..placed, By



new one's ve...ry like, .....our pen..knives have de..faced; The



same old bricks are in the wall, the bell swings to and fro, The



mu... sic's just the same, dear Tom, 'twas twenty years a.. go.  
 play'd with us up..on the grass some twenty years a.. go.

4. The riv...er's run..ing just as still, the  
 2. The grass is just as green, Tom, bare...

wil.. lows on its side Are lar...ger than they were, dear Tom, the  
 ..foot..ed boys at play Where sporting as we did then,..... with

stream appears less wide; The grape vine swing is ru..ined now, where  
 spirits just as gay; But the mas..ter sleeps up..on the hill, which

once we play'd the bean, And swing our sweet-hearts, "pret-ty girls," just<sup>5</sup>  
 coat... ed o'er with snow, Af.. ford .. ed us a sli..ding place, just  
 twenty years a .. go.  
 twenty years a .. go.

5.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spreading beach,  
 Is very low, 'twas once so high, that we could almost reach;  
 An kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom I started so,  
 To find that 'I had changed so much, since twenty years ago.

6.

The boys were playing the same old game, beneath the same old tree -  
 I do forget the name just now, you've played the same with me:  
 On that same spot; 'twas played with knives, by throwing so and so  
 The leader had a task to do, there, twenty years ago.

7.

Down by the spring, upon an elm, you know I cut your name,  
 Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, and you did mine the same,-  
 Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark - 'twas dying, sure, but slow;  
 Just as the one, whose name was cut, died twenty years ago.

8.

My lids have long been dry, Tom, but tears came to my eyes;  
 I thought of her I loved so well, those early broken ties -  
 I visited the old church yard and took some flowers to strew  
 Upon the graves of those who loved, some twenty years ago.

9.

Some are in the church yard laid, some sleep beneath the sea,  
 But few are left of our old class, excepting you and me:  
 And when our time shall come, dear Tom, and we are called to go;  
 I hope they'll lay us where we played, just twenty years ago.

# **Scanning Target**

## **Edison Sheet Music**

**Item no.: 100009199**

**Title: Just twenty years ago**

**Box no. and finding aid no.: 142/6062**

**Digitization note:**

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