



289.

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**T H E   O L D   M A N   A N D   S P R I N G**

3

Words by J. E. Carpenter.

Music by J. G. Barnett.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in common time (indicated by '2'). The music is divided into three sections by vertical bar lines. The first section contains four measures of music. The second section begins with a repeat sign and contains four measures. The third section begins with another repeat sign and contains four measures. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section's lyrics are: "The Earth is waken'd from a spell, There's sunshine in the air.... The cowslip and the lil - ly bell, The primrose, too, are there; The". The second section's lyrics are: "The bloom, And ev' - ry flow'r that's bright and gay, Sheds forth a sweet perfume; The". The third section's lyrics are: "Corn stands in the har - - vest field, There's plen - ty in the land— The snow has mel - ted on the hill, The hedgerow's green a - gain, And". The page number '97' is located at the bottom center of the music staff.

clus - tring vines their rich - es yield To fill Earth's bounteous hand.

wood notes wild make vo - cal thrill, In e - choes throughthe vale.

But the old man sighs for the days of

But the old man wends his drea - ry

With Expression

yore, The young bright days when he lookd be - - fore, And the rich - es of

way, And nothing he sees but a sad de - - cay, And the beau - ti - ful

Earth they on - - ly bring, A vain &c.

flow'r's they on - - ly bring, A vain re - gret for his own life's

spring, re - - - gret for his own life's spring . . . . . re - gret for his  
 own life's . . . . . spring.

Tempo.

3d Verse.

The Earth is chain'd, the year is pass'd, The  
 flow'r's are fa - ded all, The night wind wails with fear - ful blast, a

round the ab - by wall, Over the land the clay cold snow, Has  

  
 made a mighty shroud, There's not a va - cant spot to show The  
  
 field so late-ly plough'd And the  
  
 old man sighs, for the win - try day, Tells him how

soon he must de - cay, And then he prays "When my soul takes

wing, Oh! let . . . it be in the blessed spring . . . . in the

bless-ed spring . . . . in the bless - ed spring!"

Rall.

Colla voce.

97