

THE
Old Mountain Tree

QUARTETTE

AS SUNG BY

RUSSIAN'S BARDS

Written, composed & affectionately dedicated

TO HIS

Parents

BY

JAMES G. CLARK.

(Author of the "Rovers' Grave," "Exiles' return" & "Lament of the Sailor boy's Mother")

*Quartette
Song*



*Piano
Guitar*

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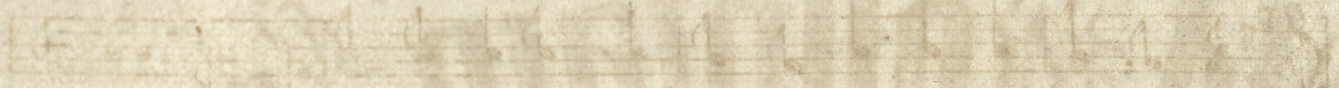
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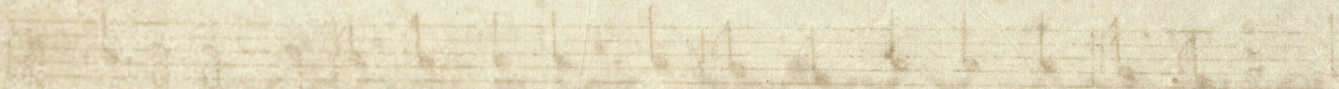
THE OLD MOUNTAIN TREE

1876

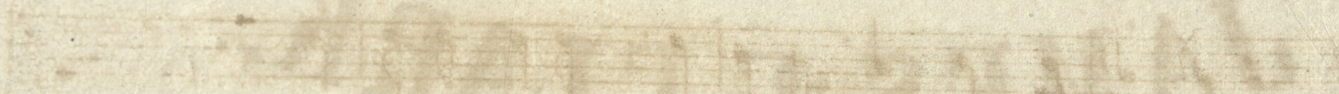
Words and Music by J. L. ...



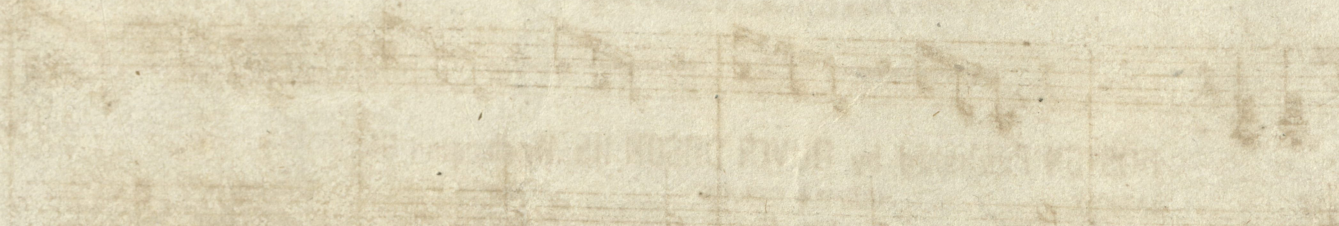
On the high we loved by the pond in the hills to the



And the trees grow evergreen in the hills to the



And the trees grow evergreen in the hills to the



And the trees grow evergreen in the hills to the

And the trees grow evergreen in the hills to the

THE OLD MOUNTAIN TREE.

SONG.

Words and Music by J.G.Clark.

Oh! the home we loved by the bound-ing deep, Where the hills in glo - ry

stood; And the moss-grown graves where our fath - ers sleep, Neath the boughs of the wav-ing

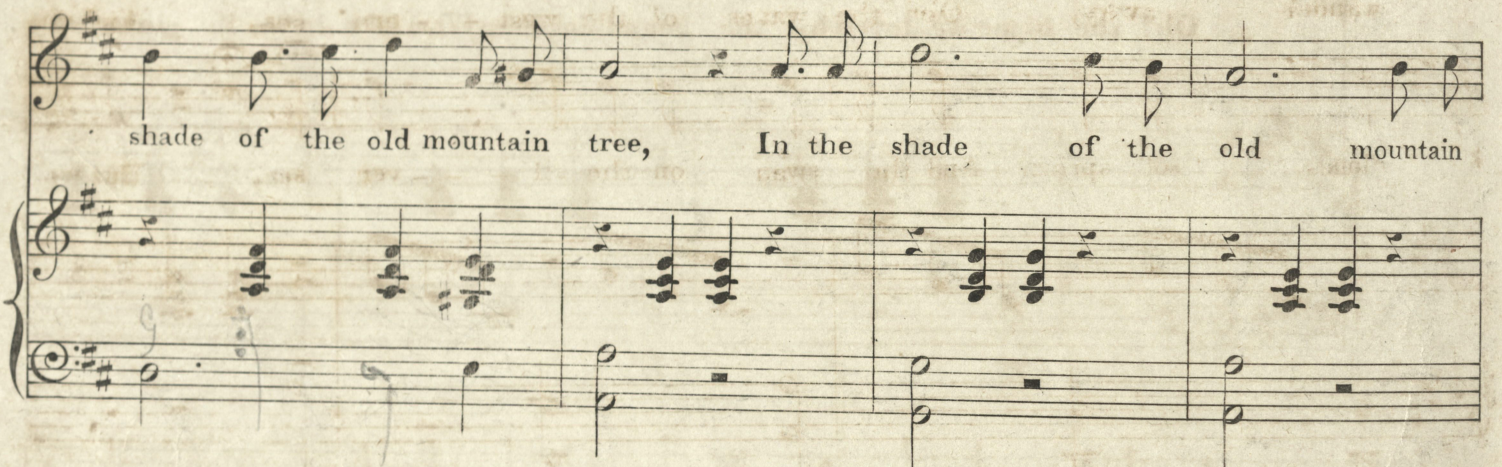
wood; We re-mem-ber yet with a fond regret For the rock and the flow 'ry

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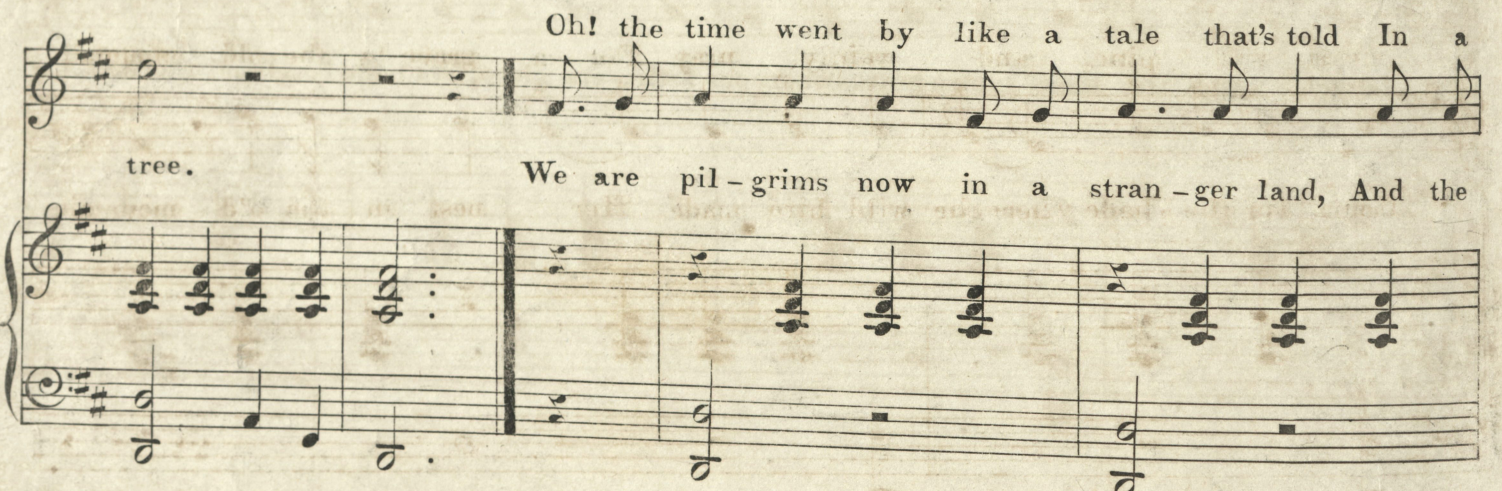
lea, Where we once used to play thro' the long long day In the



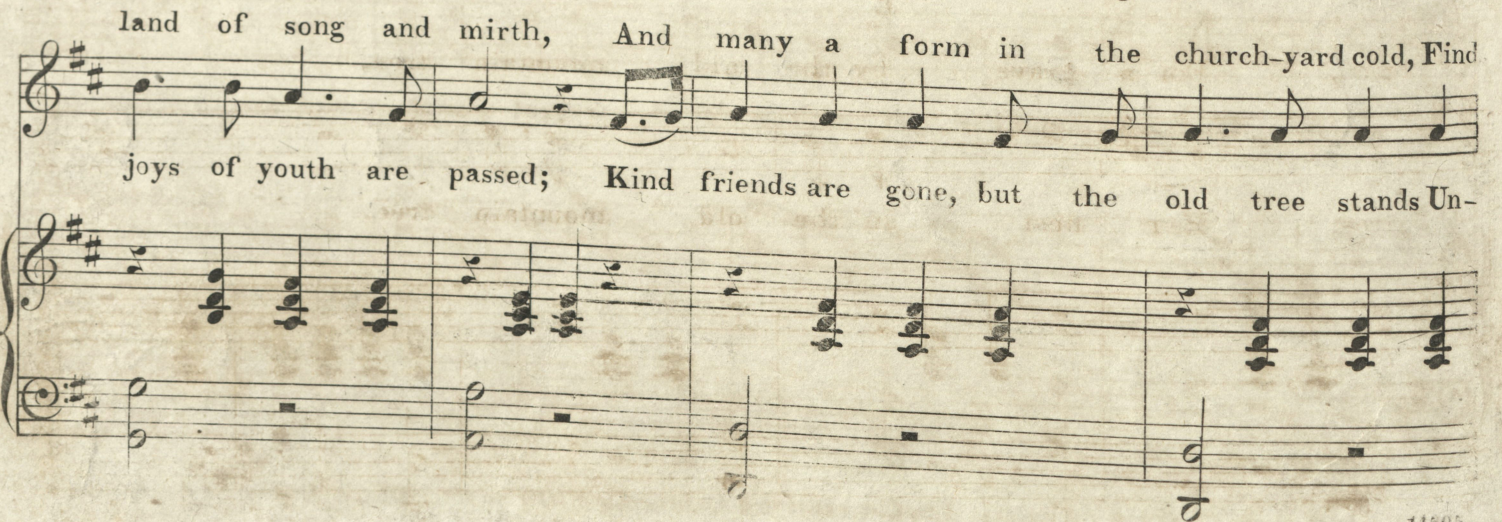
shade of the old mountain tree, In the shade of the old mountain



Oh! the time went by like a tale that's told In a tree. We are pil-grims now in a stran-ger land, And the



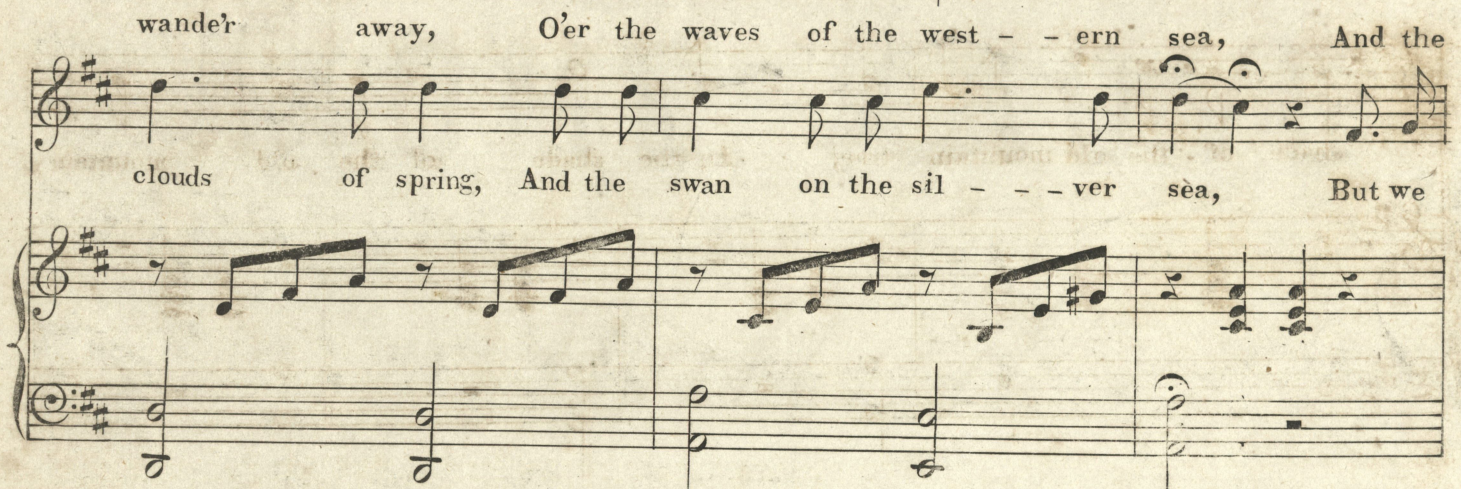
land of song and mirth, And many a form in the church-yard cold, Find joys of youth are passed; Kind friends are gone, but the old tree stands Un-



rest from the cares of earth; And many a day will
- harm'd by the war - ring blast; Oh the lark may sing in the



wand'ring away, O'er the waves of the west - - ern sea, And the
clouds of spring, And the swan on the sil - - - ver sea, But we



heart will pine, and vainly pray For a grave by the old mountain
mourn for the shade where the wild bird made Her nest in the old mountain



tree, For a grave by the old mountain tree.
tree, Her nest in the old mountain tree.

