



# **The Old Log Hut**

**T. Martin Towne**  
**(1835-1912)**

**Thomas Martin Towne** (1835-1912) was born in Coleraine, Massachusetts, where he grew up on a farm and attended the district school and the local singing school. He studied music at Willston Seminary and a convention in Shelburne. He moved to Hudson, New York, to study with W. F. Sherwin and then to Albany as a tenor in St. Peter's Church. He moved west and taught in Ypsilanti, Michigan, and in the Detroit public schools. During this time, he also studied with Lowell Mason, George F. Root, and William B. Bradbury at a North Reading, MA, normal school. At the outbreak of the Civil War, he left teaching and sang with the Continental Vocalists, eventually settling in Janesville, Wisconsin. After teaching a year, he enlisted and became musician in the 40th Wisconsin Infantry. After the war, he went to Milwaukee and taught music at the Female College and sang in Plymouth Church. A few years later, he moved to Chicago, Illinois. He led choirs, composed, held music conventions, taught in many normal schools, and was musical editor for the David C. Cook publishing house. He died in Chicago. After his first wife died, he married Isabella Electa Kellogg, who wrote Sunday school books and edited several Sunday school papers besides writing lyrics for some of her husband's songs using the pseudonyms Mrs. Thomas Martin Towne, Mrs. E. S. Kellogg, and Belle Kellogg. They were devout members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He composed hundreds of sheet songs, duets, quartets, part-songs, gospel songs, Sunday school songs, hymns, and anthems.

Down by the river our log hut stands,  
Where father and mother once dwelt;  
And the old door latch that was worn by our hands  
And the church wherein prayer we knelt.

Years, years have passed since that happy time,  
But the river is rolling along—  
And the rippling sound on the mossy bank  
Is singing the same old song.

*Row, row, row your boat,  
Gently down the stream;  
All that's past is gone, you know,  
The future's but a dream.*

There stands the tree we that used to climb,  
The mill with its clatter and din;  
And the old wharf boat, over there used to float,  
Where the school-boys used to swim.

High grows the grass on the master's grave  
And the river keeps rolling along—  
And the birds and bees, and the blooming trees  
Are singing the same old song.

*Row, row, row your boat,  
Gently down the stream;  
All that's past is gone, you know,  
The future's but a dream.*

R. Sinclair (1852)

# The Old Log Hut

T. Martin Towne

S  
Down by the riv - er our log hut stands, Where fa - ther and moth - er once —

A  
Down by the riv - er our log hut stands, Where fa - ther and moth - er once

T  
Down by the riv - er our log hut stands, Where fa - ther and moth - er once —

B  
Down by the riv - er our log hut stands, Where fa - ther and moth - er once

S  
dwelt; And the old door — latch that was worn by our hands And the

A  
dwelt; And the old door — latch that was worn by our hands And the

T  
dwelt; And the old door latch that was worn by our hands And the

B  
dwelt; And the old door latch that was worn by our hands And the

## The Old Log Hut

7

S church where - in we knelt. Years, years have passed since that

A church where - in we knelt. Years, years have passed since that

T 8 church where - in we knelt. Years, years have passed since that

B church where - in we knelt. Years, years have passed since that

10

S hap - py time, But the riv - er is roll - ing a - long— And the

A hap - py time, But the riv - er is roll - ing a - long— And the

T 8 hap - py time, But the riv - er is roll - ing a - long— And the

B hap - py time, But the riv - er is roll - ing a - long— And the

13

S rip - pling sound on the mos - sy bank Is sing - ing the same old song.

A rip - pling sound on the mos - sy bank Is sing - ing the same old song.

T 8 rip - pling sound on the mos - sy bank Is sing - ing the same old song.

B rip - pling sound on the mos - sy bank Is sing - ing the same old song.

# The Old Log Hut

17

S Row, row, row your boat, Gent - ly down the stream;

A Row, row, row your boat, Gent - ly down the stream;

T Row, row, row your boat, Gent - ly down the stream;

B Row, row, row your boat, Gent - ly down the stream;

19

S All that's past is gone, you know, The fu - ture's but a dream.

A All that's past is gone, you know, The fu - ture's but a dream.

T All that's past is gone, you know, The fu - ture's but a dream.

B All that's past is gone, you know, The fu - ture's but a dream.

21

S There stands the tree that we used to climb, The mill with its clat - ter and

A There stands the tree that we used to climb, The mill with its clat - ter and

T There stands the tree that we used to climb, The mill with its clat - ter and

B There stands the tree that we used to climb, The mill with its clat - ter and

## The Old Log Hut

24

S  
din; And the old wharf boat, o - ver there used to float, Where the

A  
din; And the old wharf boat, o - ver there used to float, Where the

T  
8  
din; And the old wharf boat, o - ver there used to float, Where the

B  
din; And the old wharf boat, o - ver there used to float, Where the

27

S  
school - boys used to swim. High grows the grass on the

A  
school - boys used to swim. High grows the grass on the

T  
8  
school - boys used to swim. High grows the grass on the

B  
school - boys used to swim. High grows the grass on the

30

S  
mas - ter's grave And the riv - er keeps roll - ing a - long— And the

A  
mas - ter's grave And the riv - er keeps roll - ing a - long— And the

T  
8  
mas - ter's grave And the riv - er keeps roll - ing a - long— And the

B  
mas - ter's grave And the riv - er keeps roll - ing a - long— And the

# The Old Log Hut

33

S birds and bees, and the bloom - ing trees Are sing - ing the same old song.

A birds and bees, and the bloom - ing trees Are sing - ing the same old song.

T birds and bees, and the bloom - ing trees Are sing - ing the same old song.

B birds and bees, and the bloom - ing trees Are sing - ing the same old song.

37

S Row, row, row your boat, Gent - ly down the stream;

A Row, row, row your boat, Gent - ly down the stream;

T Row, row, row your boat, Gent - ly down the stream;

B Row, row, row your boat, Gent - ly down the stream;

39

S All that's past is gone, you know, The fu - ture's but a dream.

A All that's past is gone, you know, The fu - ture's but a dream.

T All that's past is gone, you know, The fu - ture's but a dream.

B All that's past is gone, you know, The fu - ture's but a dream.

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