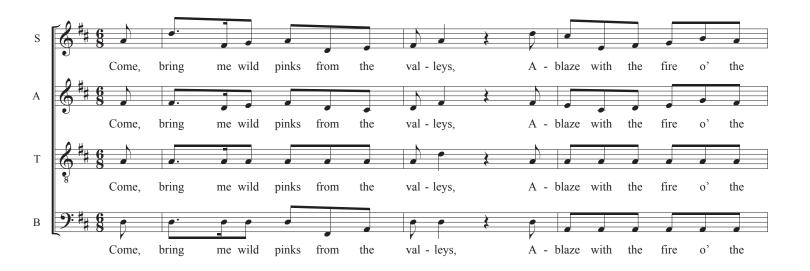


Alfred Arthur Graley (1813-1905)

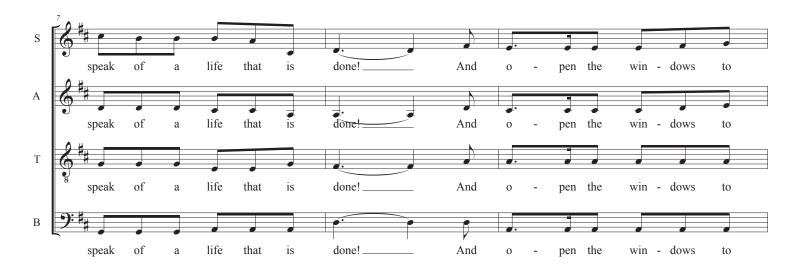
A. A. Graley

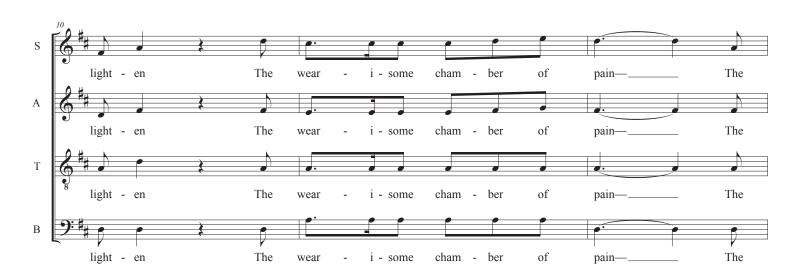


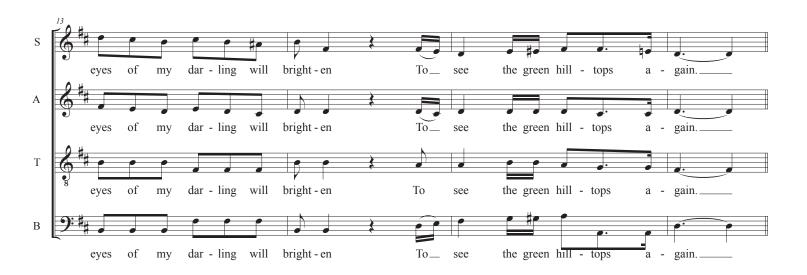


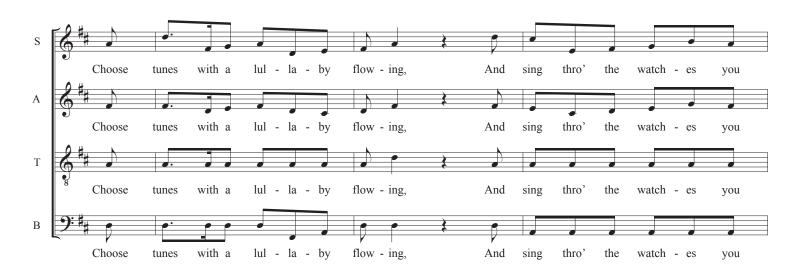


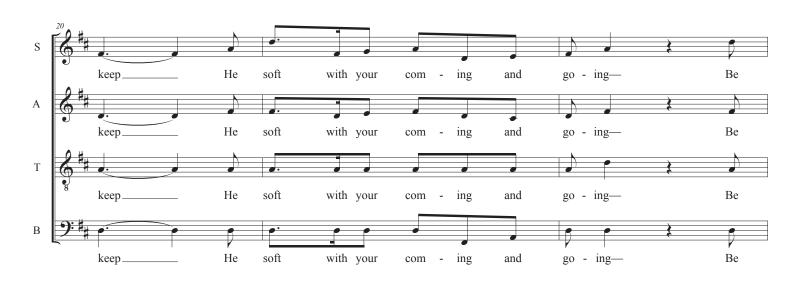
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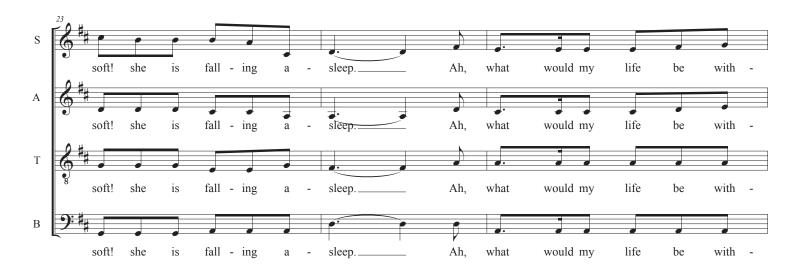


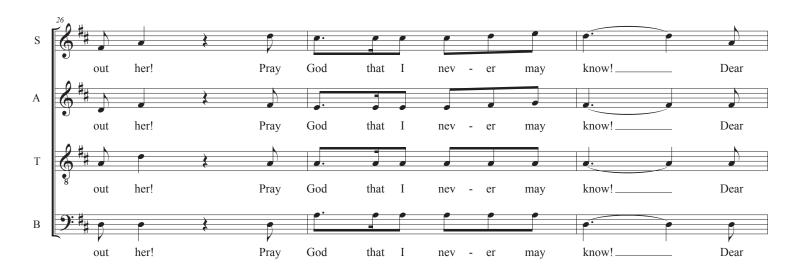


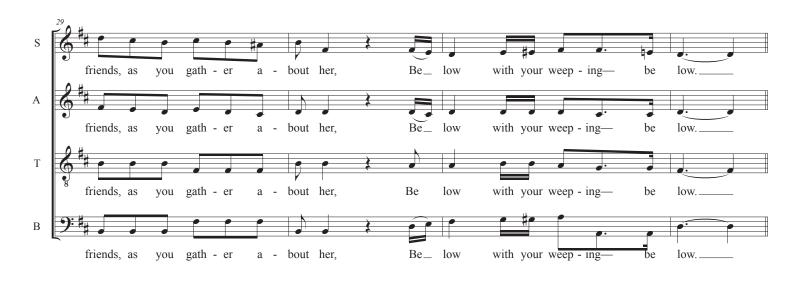


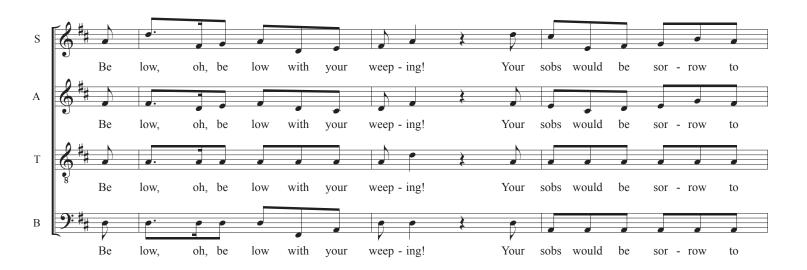


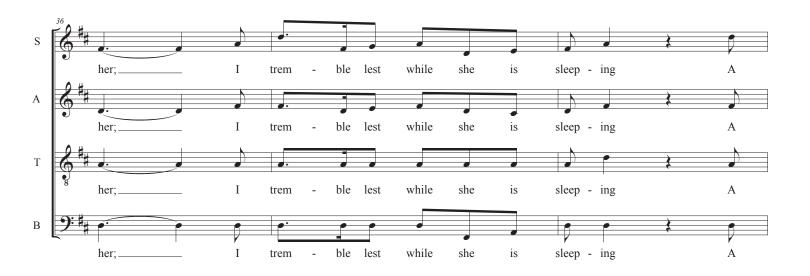


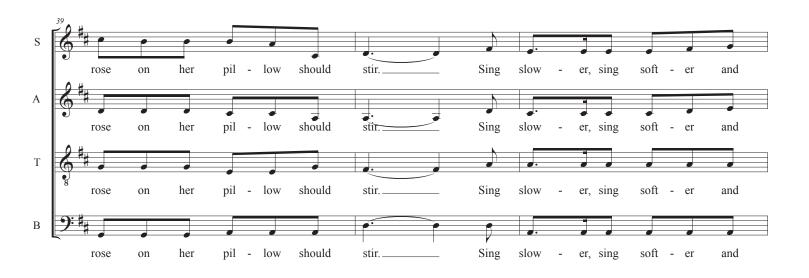


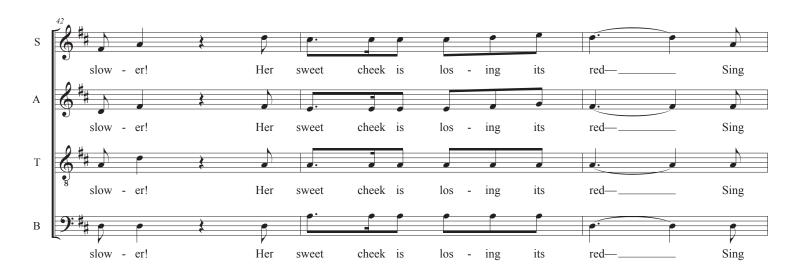














Taintor Brothers (1874)

Alfred Arthur Graley (1813–1905) was born in London, England, and moved to New York as a youth. He worked as a cobbler for several years before deciding to go into the ministry. He studied at the Hamilton Academy and Princeton Seminary. After ordination, he served as pastor of the Congregational Church at Lenox, New York; in Pompey Hill, New York; Trinity Presbyterian Church, Manlius, New York; Medina, New York; Knowlesville, New York, and was state supply and mission at Clarkson, New York. After retirement, he eventually moved to Brockport, New York. He died in Brockport. His compositions include words or music for over150 hymns, and part songs for singing schools and conventions.

Come, bring me wild pinks from the valleys, Ablaze with the fire o' the sun— No poor little pitiful lilies That speak of a life that is done!

And open the windows to lighten
The wearisome chamber of pain—
The eyes of my darling will brighten
To see the green hill-tops again.

Choose tunes with a lullaby flowing, And sing through the watches you keep He soft with your coming and going— Be soft! she is falling asleep.

Ah, what would my life be without her! Pray God that I never may know! Dear friends, as you gather about her, Be low with your weeping— be low. Be low, oh, be low with your weeping! Your sobs would be sorrow to her; I tremble lest while she is sleeping A rose on her pillow should stir.

Sing slower, sing softer and slower! Her sweet cheek is losing its red— Sing low, aye, sing lower and lower— Be still, oh, be still! She is dead.

Alice Cary (1820–1871)

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