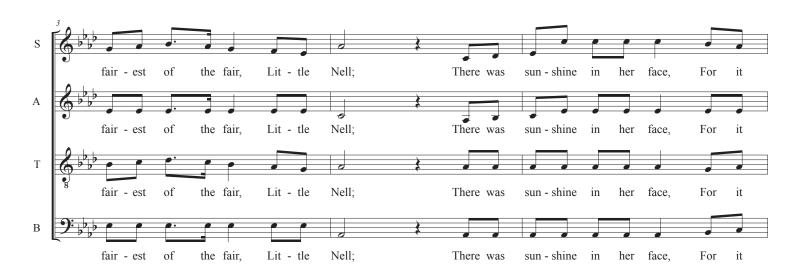


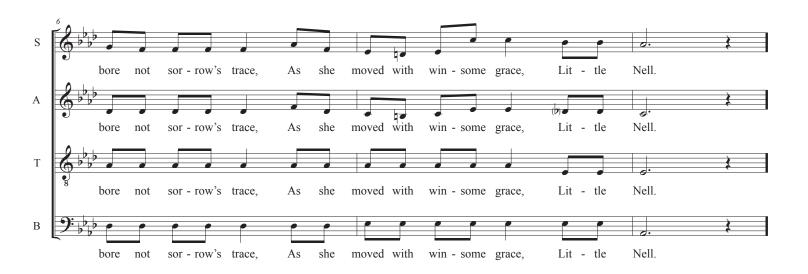
Alfred Arthur Graley (1813-1905)

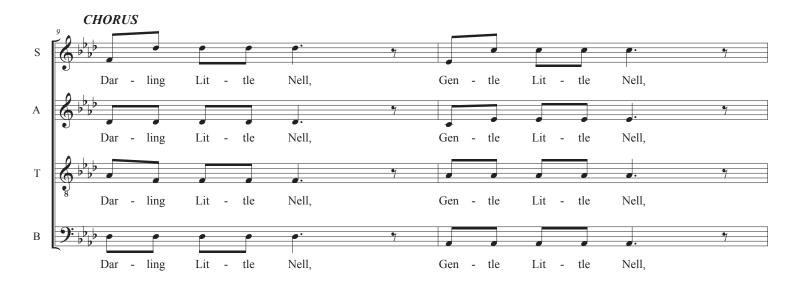


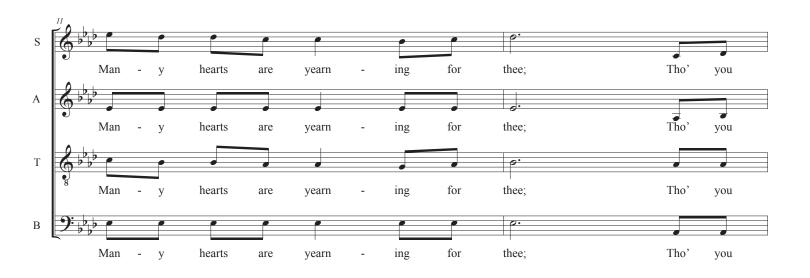


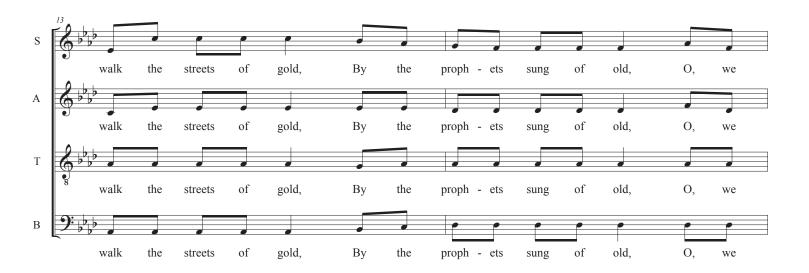
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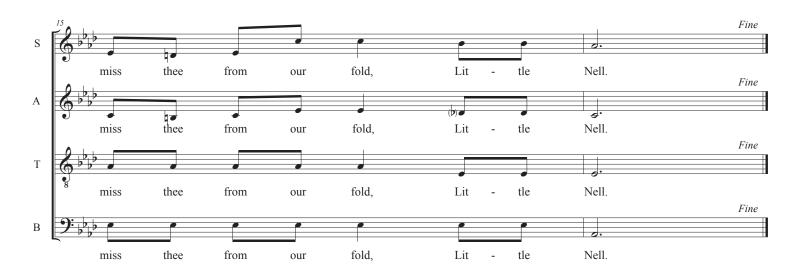


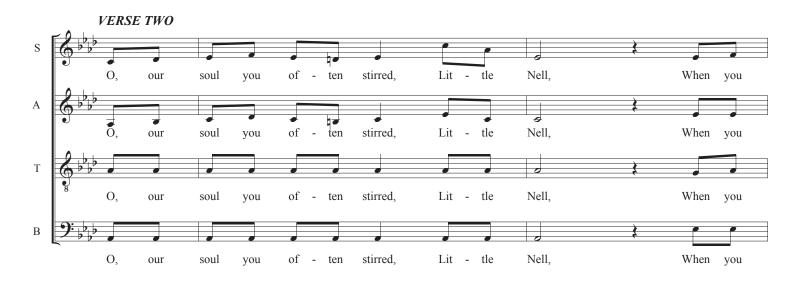


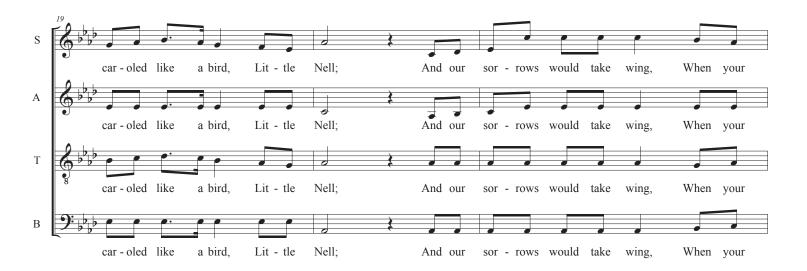


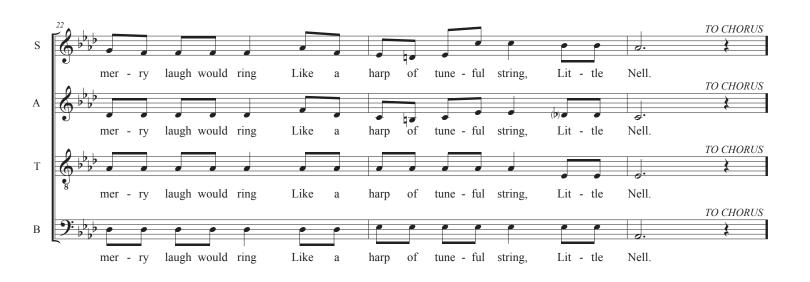


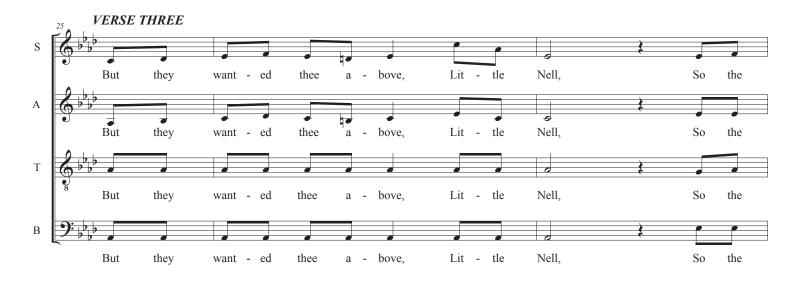


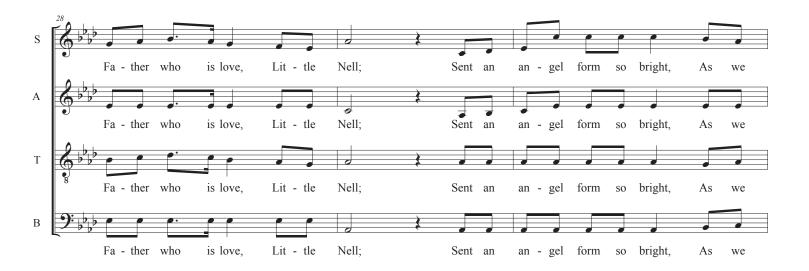


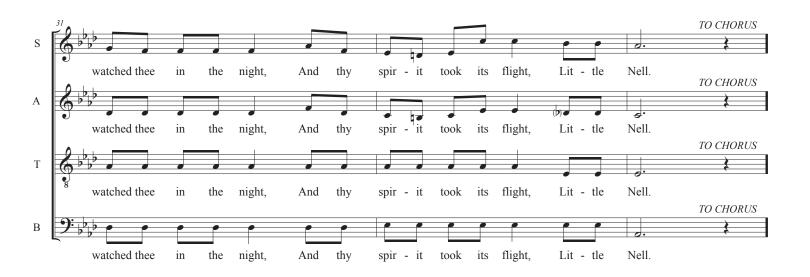


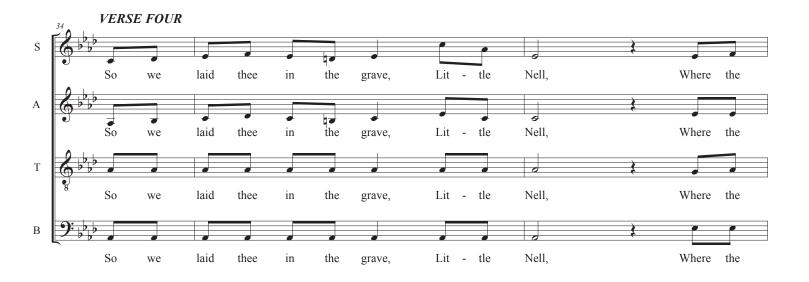


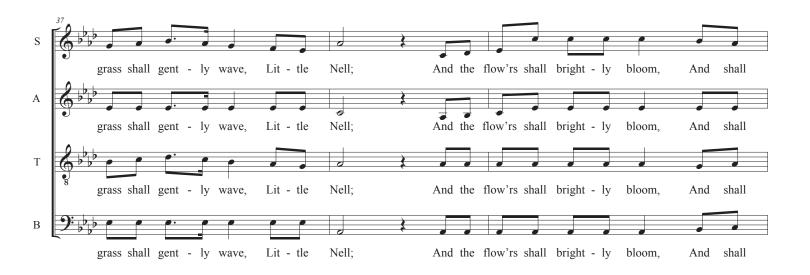


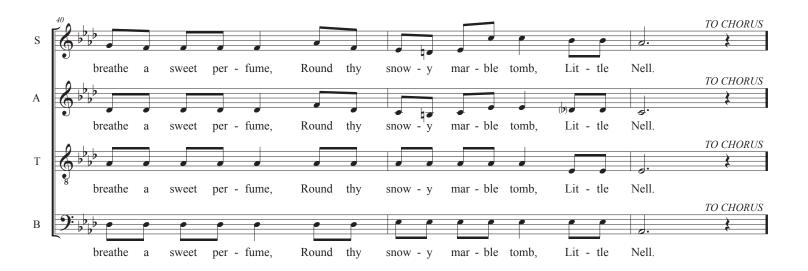












Taintor Brothers (1874)

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.

Did you ever know our dear Little Nell? She was fairest of the fair, Little Nell; There was sunshine in her face, For it bore not sorrow's trace, As she moved with winsome grace, Little Nell.

Darling Little Nell,
Gentle Little Nell,
Many hearts are yearning for thee;
Though you walk the streets of gold,
By the prophets sung of old,
O, we miss thee from our fold, Little Nell.

O, our soul you often stirred, Little Nell, When you caroled like a bird, Little Nell; And our sorrows would take wing, When your merry laugh would ring Like a harp of tuneful string, Little Nell.

But they wanted thee above, Little Nell, So the Father who is love, Little Nell; Sent an angel form so bright, As we watched thee in the night, And thy spirit took its flight, Little Nell.

So we laid thee in the grave, Little Nell, Where the grass shall gently wave, Little Nell; And the flowers shall brightly bloom, And shall breathe a sweet perfume, Round thy snowy marble tomb, Little Nell.

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