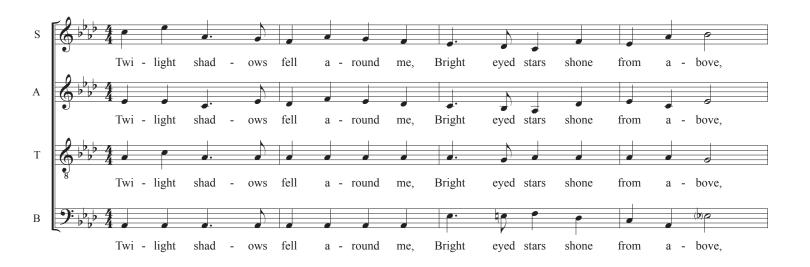


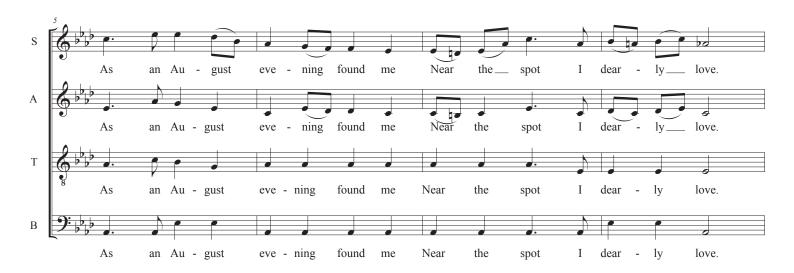
## The old house on the hill

Alfred Arthur Graley (1813-1905)

## The old house on the hill

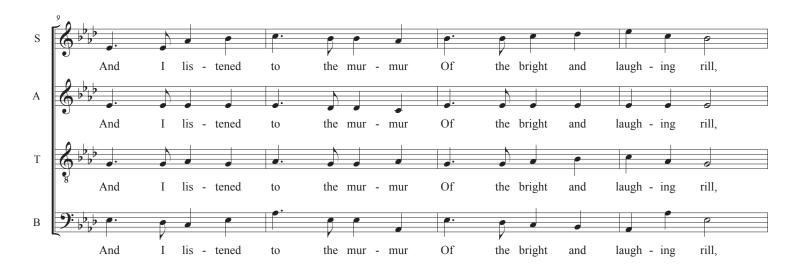
A. A. Graley

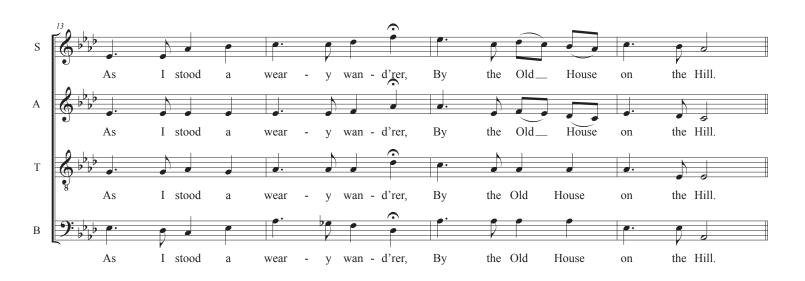






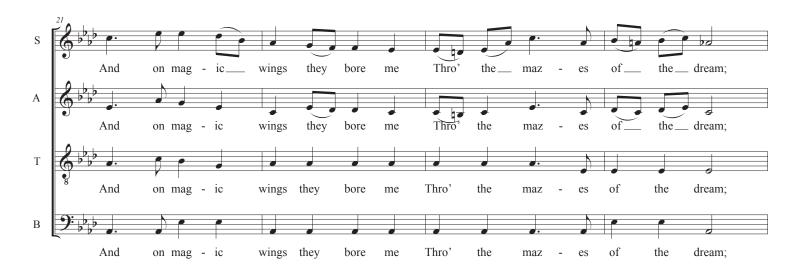
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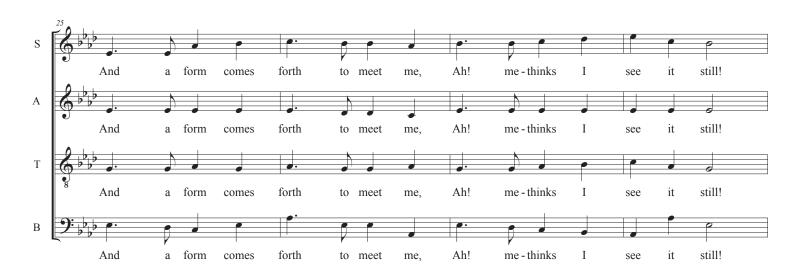


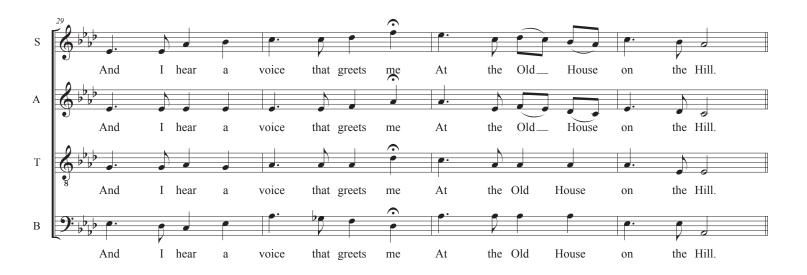


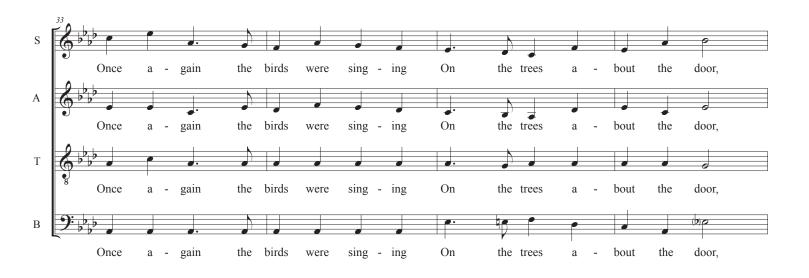


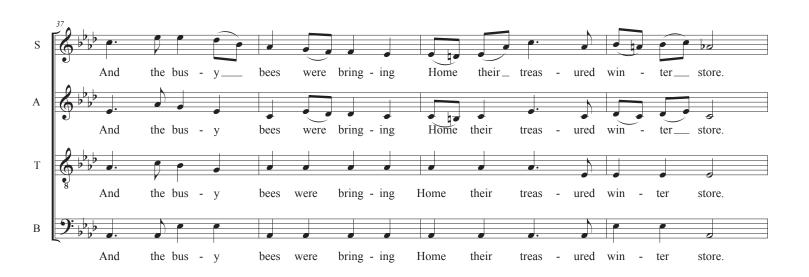
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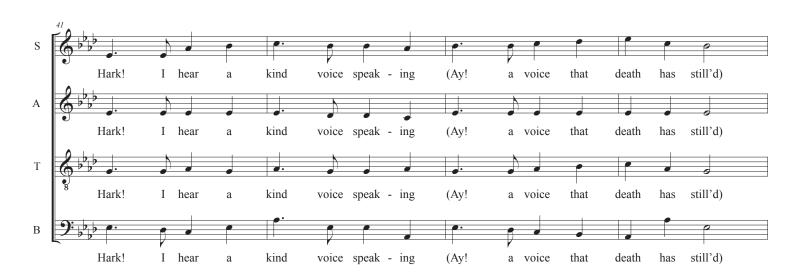


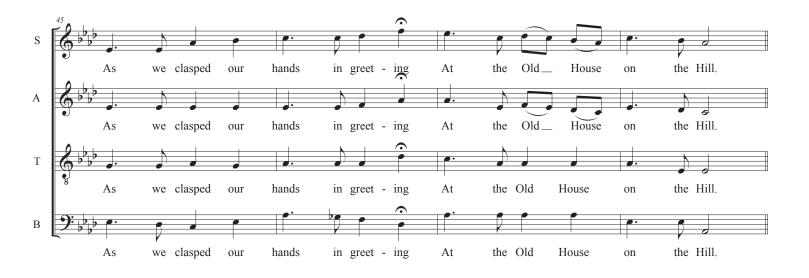


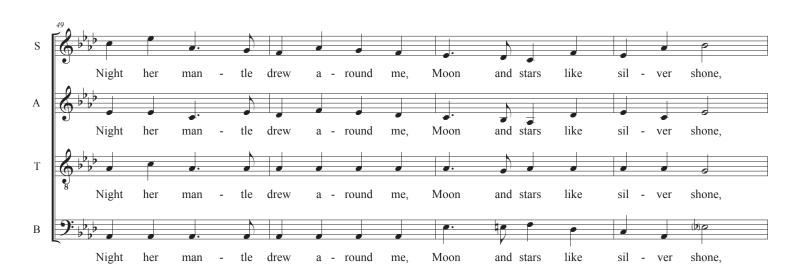


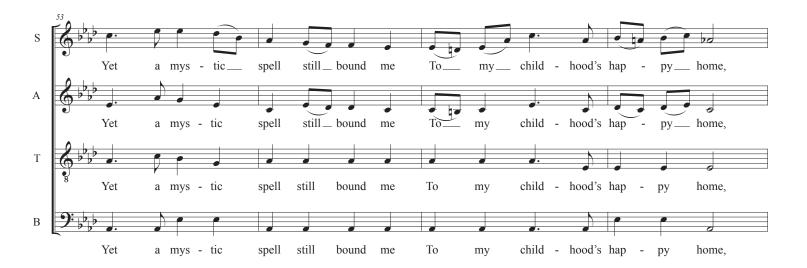


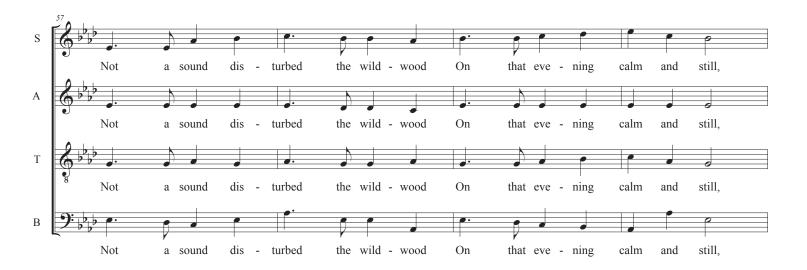


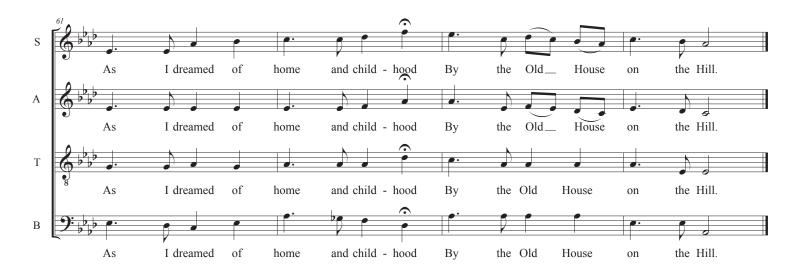












Taintor Brothers (1874)

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.

Twilight shadows fell around me, Bright eyed stars shone from above, As an August evening found me Near the spot I dearly love. And I listened to the murmur Of the bright and laughing rill, As I stood a weary wanderer, By the Old House on the Hill.

Fancy spread her mantle o'er me, Memory's pencil sketched the scene, And on magic wings they bore me Thro' the mazes of the dream; And a form comes forth to meet me, Ah! methinks I see it still! And I hear a voice that greets me At the Old House on the Hill. Once again the birds were singing On the trees about the door, And the busy bees were bringing Home their treasured winter store. Hark! I hear a kind voice speaking (Ay! a voice that death has still'd) As we clasped our hands in greeting At the Old House on the Hill.

Night her mantle drew around me, Moon and stars like silver shone, Yet a mystic spell still bound me To my childhood's happy home, Not a sound disturbed the wildwood On that evening calm and still, As I dreamed of home and childhood By the Old House on the Hill.

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