



**The old house
on the hill**

**Alfred Arthur Graley
(1813-1905)**

The old house on the hill

A. A. Graley

S
Twi - light shad - ows fell a - round me, Bright eyed stars shone from a - bove,

A
Twi - light shad - ows fell a - round me, Bright eyed stars shone from a - bove,

T
Twi - light shad - ows fell a - round me, Bright eyed stars shone from a - bove,

B
Twi - light shad - ows fell a - round me, Bright eyed stars shone from a - bove,

5
S
As an Au - gust eve - ning found me Near the spot I dear - ly love.

A
As an Au - gust eve - ning found me Near the spot I dear - ly love.

T
As an Au - gust eve - ning found me Near the spot I dear - ly love.

B
As an Au - gust eve - ning found me Near the spot I dear - ly love.

The old house on the hill

9

S And I lis - tened to the mur - mur Of the bright and laugh - ing rill,

A And I lis - tened to the mur - mur Of the bright and laugh - ing rill,

T And I lis - tened to the mur - mur Of the bright and laugh - ing rill,

B And I lis - tened to the mur - mur Of the bright and laugh - ing rill,

13

S As I stood a wear - y wan - d'rer, By the Old House on the Hill.

A As I stood a wear - y wan - d'rer, By the Old House on the Hill.

T As I stood a wear - y wan - d'rer, By the Old House on the Hill.

B As I stood a wear - y wan - d'rer, By the Old House on the Hill.

17

S Fan - cy spread her man - tle o'er me, Mem - 'ry's pen - cil sketched the scene,

A Fan - cy spread her man - tle o'er me, Mem - 'ry's pen - cil sketched the scene,

T Fan - cy spread her man - tle o'er me, Mem - 'ry's pen - cil sketched the scene,

B Fan - cy spread her man - tle o'er me, Mem - 'ry's pen - cil sketched the scene,

The old house on the hill

21

S And on mag - ic wings they bore me Thro' the maz - es of the dream;

A And on mag - ic wings they bore me Thro' the maz - es of the dream;

T And on mag - ic wings they bore me Thro' the maz - es of the dream;

B And on mag - ic wings they bore me Thro' the maz - es of the dream;

25

S And a form comes forth to meet me, Ah! me - thinks I see it still!

A And a form comes forth to meet me, Ah! me - thinks I see it still!

T And a form comes forth to meet me, Ah! me - thinks I see it still!

B And a form comes forth to meet me, Ah! me - thinks I see it still!

29

S And I hear a voice that greets me At the Old House on the Hill.

A And I hear a voice that greets me At the Old House on the Hill.

T And I hear a voice that greets me At the Old House on the Hill.

B And I hear a voice that greets me At the Old House on the Hill.

The old house on the hill

33

S Once a - gain the birds were sing - ing On the trees a - bout the door,

A Once a - gain the birds were sing - ing On the trees a - bout the door,

T Once a - gain the birds were sing - ing On the trees a - bout the door,

B Once a - gain the birds were sing - ing On the trees a - bout the door,

37

S And the bus - y bees were bring - ing Home their treas - ured win - ter store.

A And the bus - y bees were bring - ing Home their treas - ured win - ter store.

T And the bus - y bees were bring - ing Home their treas - ured win - ter store.

B And the bus - y bees were bring - ing Home their treas - ured win - ter store.

41

S Hark! I hear a kind voice speak - ing (Ay! a voice that death has still'd)

A Hark! I hear a kind voice speak - ing (Ay! a voice that death has still'd)

T Hark! I hear a kind voice speak - ing (Ay! a voice that death has still'd)

B Hark! I hear a kind voice speak - ing (Ay! a voice that death has still'd)

The old house on the hill

45

S As we clasped our hands in greet - ing At the Old House on the Hill.

A As we clasped our hands in greet - ing At the Old House on the Hill.

T As we clasped our hands in greet - ing At the Old House on the Hill.

B As we clasped our hands in greet - ing At the Old House on the Hill.

49

S Night her man - tle drew a - round me, Moon and stars like sil - ver shone,

A Night her man - tle drew a - round me, Moon and stars like sil - ver shone,

T Night her man - tle drew a - round me, Moon and stars like sil - ver shone,

B Night her man - tle drew a - round me, Moon and stars like sil - ver shone,

53

S Yet a mys - tic spell still bound me To my child - hood's hap - py home,

A Yet a mys - tic spell still bound me To my child - hood's hap - py home,

T Yet a mys - tic spell still bound me To my child - hood's hap - py home,

B Yet a mys - tic spell still bound me To my child - hood's hap - py home,

The old house on the hill

57

S
Not a sound dis - turbed the wild - wood On that eve - ning calm and still,

A
Not a sound dis - turbed the wild - wood On that eve - ning calm and still,

T
Not a sound dis - turbed the wild - wood On that eve - ning calm and still,

B
Not a sound dis - turbed the wild - wood On that eve - ning calm and still,

61

S
As I dreamed of home and child - hood By the Old House on the Hill.

A
As I dreamed of home and child - hood By the Old House on the Hill.

T
As I dreamed of home and child - hood By the Old House on the Hill.

B
As I dreamed of home and child - hood By the Old House on the Hill.

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 over 150 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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