



**The old  
school book**

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

# The old school book

A. A. Graley

S  
On the Old School Book in its dust - y nook, With a tear - ful eye I gaze: Come

A  
On the Old School Book in its dust - y nook, With a tear - ful eye I gaze: Come

T  
On the Old School Book in its dust - y nook, With a tear - ful eye I gaze: Come

B  
On the Old School Book in its dust - y nook, With a tear - ful eye I gaze: Come

5  
S  
down, old friend, for an hour we'll spend, In a talk of the by - gone days. I

A  
down, old friend, for an hour we'll spend, In a talk of the by - gone days. I

T  
down, old friend, for an hour we'll spend, In a talk of the by - gone days. I

B  
down, old friend, for an hour we'll spend, In a talk of the by - gone days. I



9

S gaze once more, as in days\_ of yore, On the task that vexed the brain; The

A gaze once more, as in days of yore, On the task that vexed the brain; The

T gaze once more, as in days\_ of yore, On the task that vexed the brain; The

B gaze once more, as in days of yore, On the task that vexed the brain; The

13

S les - son done, and the vic - t'ry won, And I feel I'm a child a - gain.

A les - son done, and the vic - t'ry won, And I feel I'm a child a - gain.

T les - son done, and the vic - t'ry won, And I feel I'm a child a - gain.

B les - son done, and the vic - t'ry won, And I feel I'm a child a - gain.

S And I seem to stand with the youth - ful band In the old house on the green; I\_\_

A And I seem to stand with the youth - ful band In the old house on the green; I\_\_

T And I seem to stand with the youth - ful band In the old house on the green; I\_\_

B And I seem to stand with the youth - ful band In the old house on the green; I

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21

S hear the fun ere the school be - gun, And I join in the glad - some scene; I

A hear the fun ere the school be - gun, And I join in the glad - some scene; I

T hear the fun ere the school be - gun, And I join in the glad - some scene; I

B hear the fun ere the school be - gun, And I join in the glad - some scene; I

25

S take my place with a so - ber face, O'er the well - carved desk I bend; And

A take my place with a so - ber face, O'er the well - carved desk I bend; And

T take my place with a so - ber face, O'er the well - carved desk I bend; And

B take my place with a so - ber face, O'er the well - carved desk I bend; And

29

S hour - ly pore\_ o'er the learn - ed lore\_ Of thy won - der - ful page, old friend.

A hour - ly pore\_ o'er the learn - ed lore\_ Of thy won - der - ful page, old friend.

T hour - ly pore o'er the learn - ed lore Of thy won - der - ful page, old friend.

B hour - ly pore o'er the learn - ed lore Of thy won - der - ful page, old friend.

S Then our cares were few, and our friends were true, And our griefs were rare and light; The

A Then our cares were few, and our friends were true, And our griefs were rare and light; The

T Then our cares were few, and our friends were true, And our griefs were rare and light; The

B Then our cares were few, and our friends were true, And our griefs were rare and light; The

37  
S world was naught (so we fond - ly thought,) But a re - gion of pure de - light. But

A world was naught (so we fond - ly thought,) But a re - gion of pure de - light. But

T world was naught (so we fond - ly thought,) But a re - gion of pure de - light. But

B world was naught (so we fond - ly thought,) But a re - gion of pure de - light. But

41  
S time has sped, and our path\_ has led Thro' the dark and tear - ful scene; And

A time has sped, and our path has led Thro' the dark and tear - ful scene; And

T time has sped, and our path\_ has led Thro' the dark and tear - ful scene; And

B time has sped, and our path has led Thro' the dark and tear - ful scene; And

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45

S passed a - way — are the good and gay, — Like the old house up - on the green.

A passed a - way — are the good and gay, — Like the old house up - on the green.

T passed a - way are the good and gay, Like the old house up - on the green.

B passed a - way are the good and gay, Like the old house up - on the green.

S But we'll sing no more of the days of yore, For the tear - drop dims the eye; Sleep

A But we'll sing no more of the days of yore, For the tear - drop dims the eye; Sleep

T But we'll sing no more of the days of yore, For the tear - drop dims the eye; Sleep

B But we'll sing no more of the days of yore, For the tear - drop dims the eye; Sleep

53

S on, old book, in thy dust - y nook, As in years that have glid - ed by; No

A on, old book, in thy dust - y nook, As in years that have glid - ed by; No

T on, old book, in thy dust - y nook, As in years that have glid - ed by; No

B on, old book, in thy dust - y nook, As in years that have glid - ed by; No

57

S  
gilt we trace in thy hon - est face, But a mine of gold with - in En -

A  
gilt we trace in thy hon - est face, But a mine of gold with - in En -

T  
gilt we trace in thy hon - est face, But a mine of gold with - in En -

B  
gilt we trace in thy hon - est face, But a mine of gold with - in En -

61

S  
riched the youth, as they sought for truth In the old house up - on the green.

A  
riched the youth, as they sought for truth In the old house up - on the green.

T  
riched the youth, as they sought for truth In the old house up - on the green.

B  
riched the youth, as they sought for truth In the old house up - on the green.

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.

On the Old School Book in its dusty nook,  
With a tearful eye I gaze:  
Come down, old friend, for an hour we'll spend,  
In a talk of the by-gone days.  
I gaze once more, as in days of yore,  
On the task that vexed the brain;  
The lesson done, and the vict'ry won,  
And I feel I'm a child again.

And I seem to stand with the youthful band  
In the old house on the green;  
I hear the fun ere the school begun,  
And I join in the gladsome scene;  
I take my place with a sober face,  
O'er the well-carved desk I bend;  
And hourly pore o'er the learned lore  
Of thy wonderful page, old friend.

Then our cares were few, and our friends were true,  
And our griefs were rare and light;  
The world was naught (so we fondly thought,)  
But a region of pure delight.  
But time has sped, and our path has led  
Through the dark and tearful scene;  
And passed away are the good and gay,  
Like the old house upon the green.

But we'll sing no more of the days of yore,  
For the tear-drop dims the eye;  
Sleep on, old book, in thy dusty nook,  
As in years that have glided by;  
No guilt we trace in thy honest face,  
But a mine of gold within  
Enriched the youth, as they sought for truth  
In the old house upon the green.

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