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OLD CHURCH



Old Church near Smithfield, Isle of Wight. So built in the reign of Charles II between the years 1660 & 1670.

Words by

DR. JOHN C. MC CABE

Music composed

MISS VICTORIA WILSON

& REPLY INSCRIBED TO DR. JOHN C. MC CABE

BY JOHN W. HOWELLS

BALTIMORE.

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THE OLD CHURCH

Moderato.

VOICE. C

PIANO. C

p

f

p

mf

Since first thy
'Tis sad to see thy crum--bling walls, Where the lone i----vy

1090

Entered according to Act of Congress in the Year 1847 by F. D. Benteen in the Clerks Office of the District Court of Md.

A musical score for a solo voice and piano. The score consists of four staves. The top staff is for the voice, starting with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes. The lyrics are: "twi...neth; Where dus...ky bat to ow....let calls, And". The second staff is for the piano, showing a steady bass line. The third staff continues the piano bass line. The fourth staff is for the voice, starting with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes. The lyrics are: "ghost...ly moon...light shi...neth; Where night wind sighs to". The piano bass line continues. The fifth staff is for the voice, starting with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes. The lyrics are: "creak...ing vane, And the cold liz...zard creepeth O'er". The piano bass line continues. The sixth staff is for the voice, starting with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes. The lyrics are: "fal...len door and damp stone floor, Where toad and ad...der sleepeth.". The piano bass line continues. The page number 1090 is at the bottom center.

rall:

2.

Two hundred years are past and gone,
Since first thy bell in gladness,
The forest thrill'd with silvery tone,
Or pealed its dirge of sadness.
Since holy Priest in snowy stole;
First told salvation's story,
And weeping crowd, in prayer was bow'd,
And thou seemed'st filled with glory.

Old crumbling pile!

3.

They're gone, they're gone thou lonely one,
The loved, the fondly cherished!
Some wore the christian victor's smile,
Some in their young pride perished.
The loved, and lost ones are at rest,
Beneath thy shadow sleeping;
The turf be blest, above each breast,
Where thou thy watch art keeping!

Old crumbling pile!