

My Old Dog Tray

Andantino con moto

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1. The morn of life is past, And ev' - ning comes at last, It
2. The forms I call'd my own Have van - ish'd one by one; The
3. And once when near - ly drown'd, The no - ble heart - ed hound, From
4. When thoughts re - call the past, His eyes are on me cast, I



brings me a dream of a once hap - py day; Of youth - ful forms I've seen, Up -
 lov'd ones, the dear ones have all pass'd a - way; Their hap - py smiles have flown, Their
 death's o - pen jaws snatch'd his mas - ter a - way; And bore me safe to shore, Where I
 know that he feels what my poor heart would say; Al - though he can - not speak, I should



on the vil - lage green A sport - ing with my old dog Tray. . .
 gen - tle voi - ces gone, I've noth - ing left but old dog Tray. . .
 nev - er, nev - er more Shall have bet - ter friends than old dog Tray. . .
 vain - ly try to seek A bet - ter friend than old dog Tray. . .



Old dog Tray's ev - er faith - ful, Grief can - not drive him a - way, . . He's

gentle, he is kind, I shall never, nev - er find A bet - ter friend than old dog Tray. . .

America

National Hymn

1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty! Of thee I sing; Land where my
 2. My na - tive coun - try! thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
 3. Our Fa - ther's God! to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty! To thee we sing; Long may our

fa - thers died, Land of the pil - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
 land be bright, With freedom's ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.