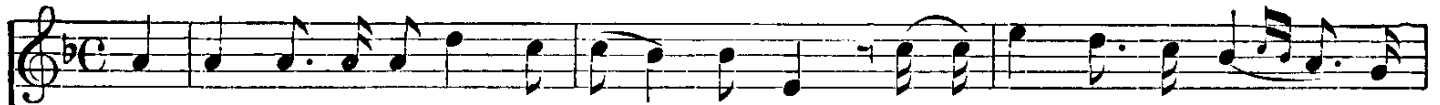
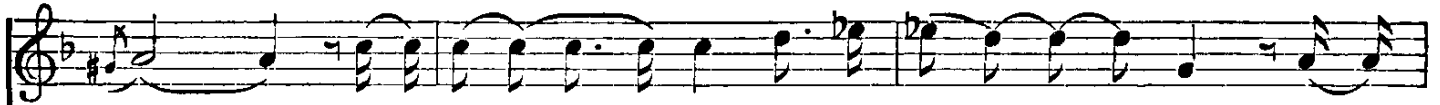
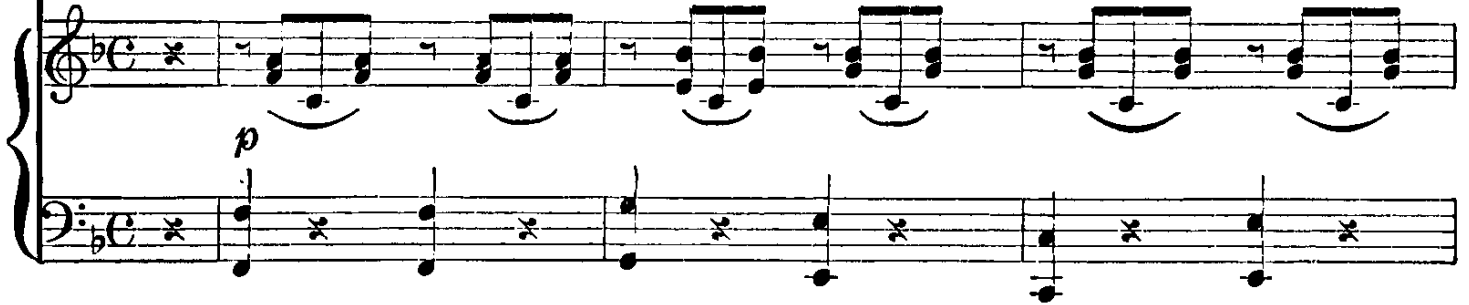


# Oh! Don't You Remember Sweet Alice

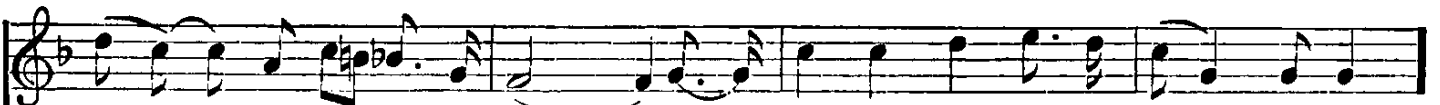
Or Ben Bolt



1. Oh! don't you re-mem-ber sweet Al - ice, Ben Bolt, Sweet Al - ice with hair so
2. Oh! don't you re-mem-ber the wood, Ben Bolt, Near the green sun - ny slope of the
3. Oh! don't you re-mem-ber the school, Ben Bolt, And the mas - ter so kind and so



brown, . . . She wept with de-light when you gave her a smile, And  
 hill, . . . When oft we have sung 'neath its wide spread - ing shade, And kept  
 true, . . . And the lit-tle nook by the clear run-ning brook, Where we



trem - bled with fear at your frown; . . In the old church-yard, in the val-ley, Ben Bolt,  
 time to the click of the mill; . . The mill has gone to de - cay, Ben Bolt,  
 gath - ered the flow'rs as they grew; . . On the Mas - ter's grave grows the grass, Ben Bolt,



In a cor-ner ob - scure and a - lone . . They have fit-ted a slab of  
 And a qui - et now reigns all a - round. . See the old rus-tic porch with its  
 And the run-ning lit-tle brook is now dry; . . And of all the friends who were

gran-ite so grey, And sweet Al - ice lies un - der the stone. . . They have  
 ro - ses so sweet, Lies scat - ter'd and fall'n to the ground. . . See the  
 school - mates then, There re - main, Ben, but you and I. . . . And of

fit-ted a slab of gran-ite so grey, And sweet Al-ice lies un - der the stone. . .  
 old rus-tic porch, with its ro - ses so sweet, Lies scatter'd and fall'n to the ground. .  
 all the friends, who were school-mates then, There remain, Ben, but you and I. . . .

*riten.*