

OLD DOG TRAY

Stephen Foster (1826-1864)

1. The morn of life is past, And eve-ning comes at last, It brings me a dream of a
 2. The forms I call'd my own Have vanish'd one by one, The loved ones, the dear ones have
 3. When thoughts re-call the past, His eyes are on me cast, I know that he feels what my

once hap - py day, Of mer - ry forms I've seen Up - on the vil-lage green,
 all pass'd a - way, Their hap - py smiles are flown, Their gen-tle voic-es gone, I've
 break-ing heart would say; Al-though he can - not speak, I'll vain-ly, vain-ly seek A

Sporting with my old dog Tray.
 no-thing left but old dog Tray. Old dog Tray's ev-er faith-ful, Grief cannot drive him a -
 bet - ter friend than old dog Tray.

way; He's gen-tle, he is kind, I'll never, never find A bet-ter friend than old dog Tray.