

THIRD EDITION.

## THE OLD WATER MILL,



B. Champney del.

B. W. Thayer's Lith., Boston.

"The Mill is in ruins. No welcoming sound  
In the Mastiff's quick bark and the wheels dashing round."

### A BALLAD,

the Words by

ELIZA COOK,

The Music composed and respectfully dedicated to

M<sup>RS</sup>. HENRY JOHN SHARPE,

BY  
HENRY RUSSELL.

Price 50cts. nett.

2<sup>nd</sup> Edition.

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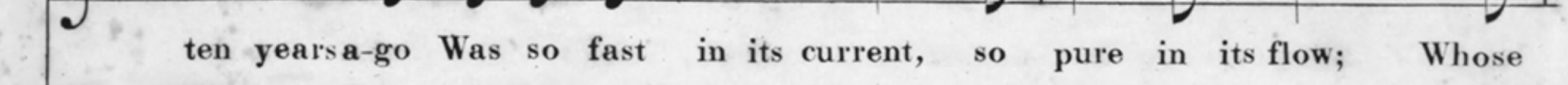
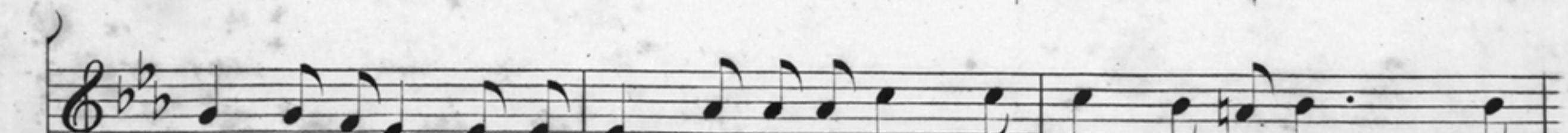
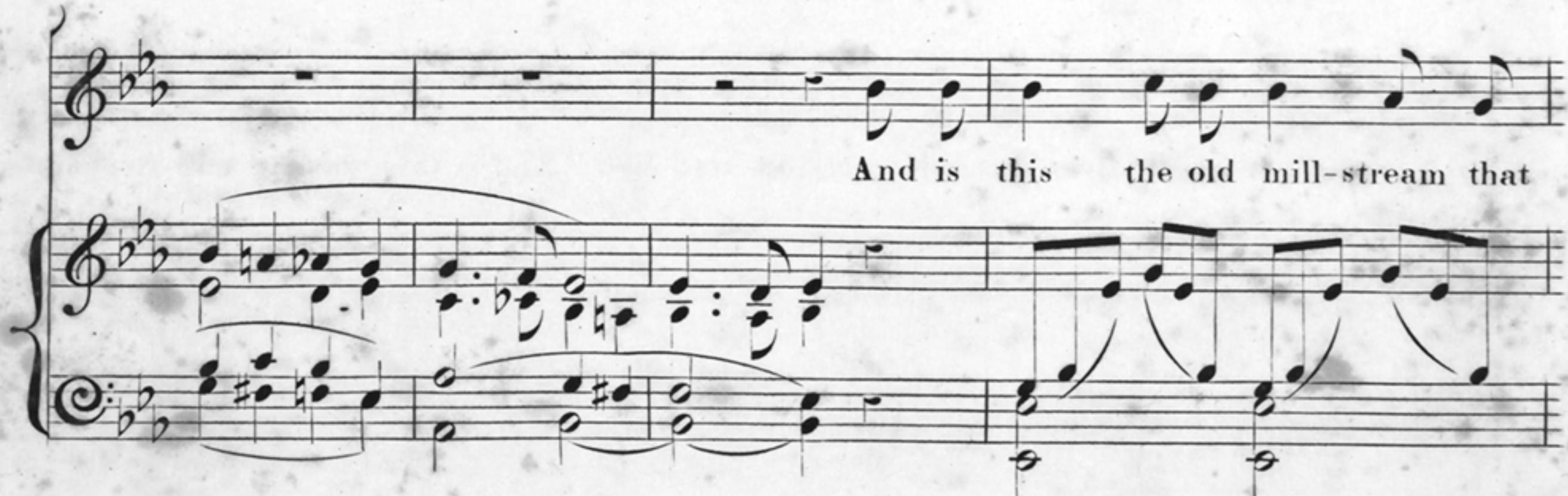
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# THE OLD WATER MILL.

*Poetry by Eliza Cook.*

*Music by Henry Russell.*

ANDANTE  
e con  
ESPRESSIONE.



mu-sical wa-ters would ripple and shine With the glo-ry and dash of a

miniature Rhine? Can this be its bed? I remem - ber it well When it

sparkled like silver through meadow and dell; And is this the old mill-stream that

ad lib:

ten years ago Was so fast in its current, so pure in its flow.

And here was the miller's house, peaceful abode! Where the

flower-twined porch drew all eyes from the road; Where ro-ses and jasmine em-

bower'd a door That ne-ver was closed to the wayworn or poor. Where the

mill-er, God bless him! oft gave us "a dance," And led off the ball with his

soul in his glance; And is this the old mill-stream that ten years ago Was so

fast in its current, so pure in its flow;

The mill is in ruins.— No welcoming sound In the mastiff's quick bark and the

wheels dashing round; The house, too, forgotten— left to decay— And the

miller, long dead: all I loved pass'd away! This play-place of childhood was

graved on my heart, In rare Paradise colours that now must depart; The old

water-mill's gone, the fair vis - ion is fled, And I weep o'er its wreck as I

do for the dead.