The Little Old Red School House on the Hill.

Words by HARRY WILLIAMS.

Music by EGEBERT Van ALSTYNE.

There is something in the buzzing of the lazy bumble bee, As he sails from flower to flower along the lane. There is something in the lilacs as they all so turned this hair of mine so gray. Time that took my old chum Billy e'er his bow their heads to me. Seems to sweetly whisper welcome home again. The life had reached its prime. To the quiet church-yard just across the way.

Copyright MCMVIII by Jerome H. Remick & Co.
Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada in the year MCMVIII by Jerome H. Remick & Co. in the Department of Agriculture.
The rustic gate is hanging half open as of yore,
The and I wonder if the others have followed Billy too.

Gates where in my school mates used to play,
And my what of my dear little sweetheart Kate,

Mother dear would watch us thro' the cabin's open door,
And I tokens she has left me are these three words "I love you!"

Wonder where they all can be today,
On the corner of a broken slate.

The little red etc. 3
Chorus.

There the or i ole is sing ing just as sweet ly And the

same old wheel is turn ing at the mill But there's

been a change some how Ev' ry seat is va cant now, In the

lit tle old red school house on the hill.