

Old Dog Tray

Stephen Foster, 1853

The morn of life is past, And eve-ning comes at last; It brings me a dream of a
once hap-py day, Of mer-ry forms I've seen Up - on the vil-lage green, Sport-ing with my old dog
Tray. Old dog Tray's ev - er faith - ful, Grief can - not drive him a - way, He's
gen - tle, he is kind; I'll ne - ver, ne - ver find A bet - ter friend than old dog Tray.

2.

The forms I call'd my own
Have vanished one by one,
The lov'd ones, the dear ones have all passed away,
Their happy smiles have flown,
Their gentle voices gone;
I've nothing left but old dog Tray.