

anted 3/4
Deposited in the Office of the Clerk of the *District Court*
for the Southern District of New York this 26th June 1847.

D. S. Rec^d. July 27th 1848

No. 1337.

40

OLD KING TIME!



Ed. of G. W. Knapp, 100 Nassau Street
"But the muckle shall crumble, the pillar shall fall,
And Time, Old Time, will be King after all."

A BALLAD.

The Music composed and respectfully dedicated to his friend,

GEORGE P. MORRIS, ESQ.

as a mark of respect for his talents as a writer

And of his many estimable qualities, as a gentleman!

BY
HENRY RUSSELL.

Henry Russell

NEW-YORK.
Published by ATWILL 201 Broadway.

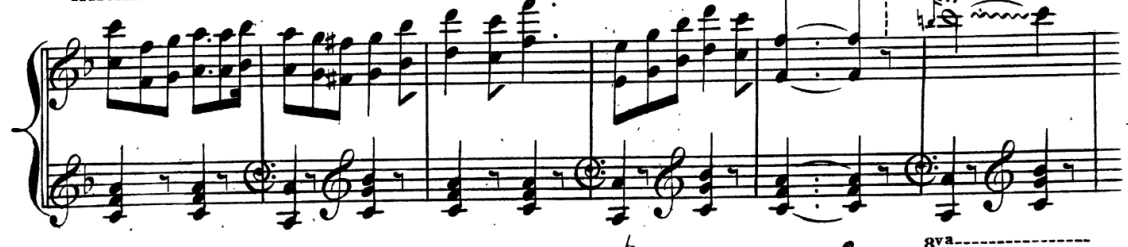
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OLD KING TIME.

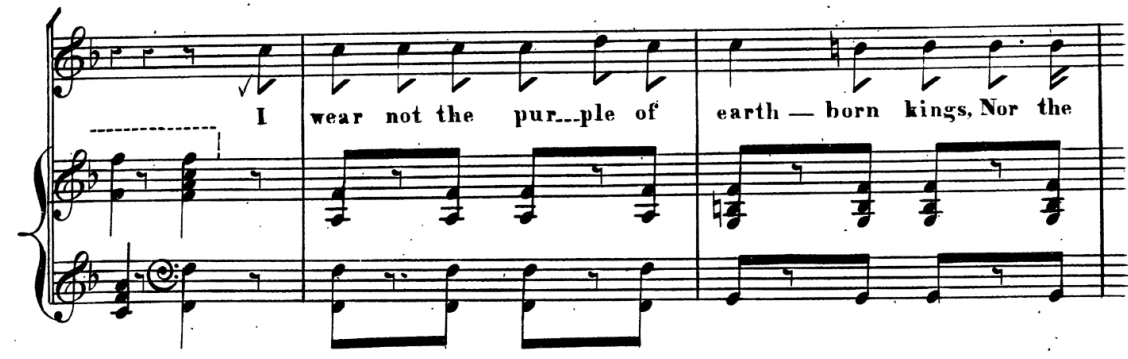
The Music by

HENRY RUSSELL.

QUASI
ALLEGRO



I wear not the purple of earth — born kings, Nor the



state.....ly ermine of lord.....ly things; But monarch and courtier, though

great they be, Must fall from their glo-ry and bend to me, But

monarch and courtier though great they be, Must fall from their glo-ry and

bend to me, My sceptre is gemless; yet who can say They

will not come under its might-y sway? Ye may learn who I



am, there's the pas-sing chime, and the dial to herald me,



Old King Time! Ha! Ha! Old King Time! Ha! Ha!



Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Old King Time, Ha! Ha! Ha!



2^d Verse. Softly I creep, like a thief at night, After cheeks all blooming and
eyes all light; My steps are seen on the patriarch's brow, On the
deep worn furrows and locks of snow, My steps are seen on the
Patriarch's brow, On the deep worn furrows, and locks of snow, Who

The musical score consists of four systems, each with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand. The vocal line is in a single melodic line with lyrics printed below the notes.

laughs at my power! The young and gay, But they dream not how closely I

track their way. Wait till their first bright sands have run, And

they will not smile at what Time hath done, Ha! Ha! Old King Time

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Old King Time Ha! Ha! Ha!

5th Verse.

I eat through treasures with moth and rust; I lay the gorgeous

palace in dust; I make the shell proof tow'r my own, And

break the bat_tle_ment stone by stone, I make the shell proof

tow'r my own And break the bat_tle_ment stone by stone, Work

on at your cities and temples, proud man, Build high as ye may, And

strong as ye can, But the marble shall crumble, the pillars shall fall, And

Time, Old Time, will be King after all, Ha! Ha! Old King Time
dim *sva*

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Old King Time Ha! Ha! Ha!
dim *sva*