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J. A. Wray

# THERE'S A CHANGE IN THE THINGS I LOVE

Composed & Respectfully Dedicated  
TO HIS FRIEND

**B. F. BAKER ESQ.**

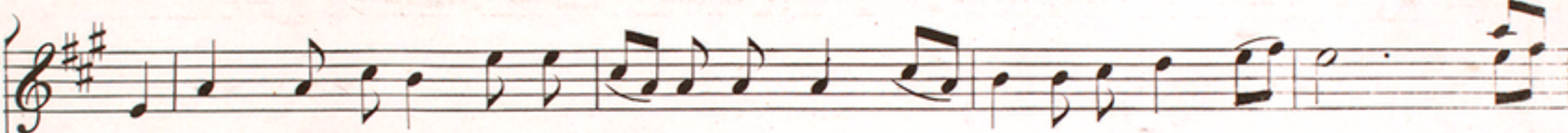
BY

**JOSEPH P. WEBSTER.**

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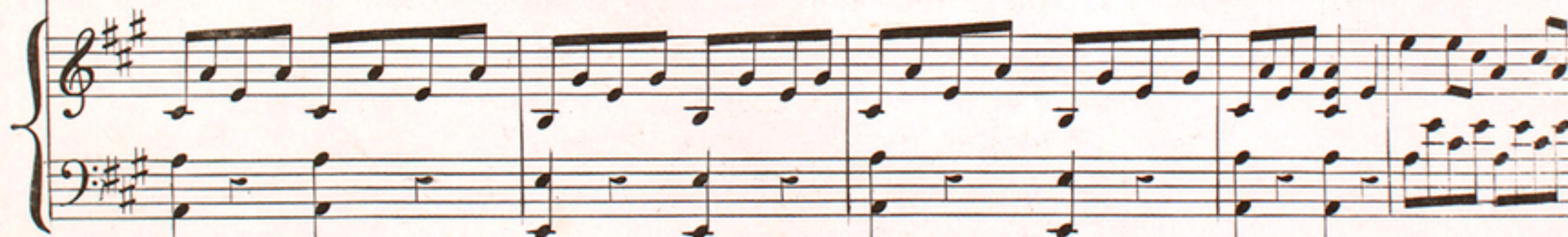
ANDANTE.



O dont you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt, Sweet Alice with hair so brown; Who



wept with delight when you gave her a smile, And trembled with fear at your frown.



In the Old Church yard of the Ab - bey, Ben Bolt, In a





corner obscure and a-lone,      They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray, And

Alice lies un-der the stone.

2

O dont you remember the wood, Ben Bolt,  
 That grew on the green sunny hill;  
 Where oft we have played 'neath its wide spreading shade  
 And listened to Appleton's mill.  
 The mill has gone to decay, Ben Bolt,  
 And the rafters have fallen in;  
 And a quiet has settled on all around  
 In the place of the olden din.

3

O dont you remember the school, Ben Bolt,  
 With the master so cruel and grim;  
 And the quiet nook and the running brook,  
 Where the school boys went to swim.  
 Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,  
 And the running brook is dry;  
 And of all the boys who were school-mates then,  
 There is only you and I.

4

There's a change in the things I love, Ben Bolt,  
 A change from the old to the new;  
 But I feel in the core of my heart, Ben Bolt,  
 There never was change in you.  
 Twelve-months twenty have passed Ben Bolt,  
 But still with delight I hail,  
 Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth,  
 Ben Bolt of the salt sea gale.