

# Old Dog Tray

Stephen C. Foster



1. The morn of life is past And eve - ning comes at last, It  
2. The forms I called my own, Have van - ished one by one, The  
3. When that's re - call the past, His eyes are on me cast, I



brings me a dream of a once hap - py day, Of  
loved ones, the dear ones have all passed a - way, Their  
know that he feels what my break - ing heart would say, Al -



mer - ry forms I've seen Up - on the vil - lage green, A - sport - ing with my old dog  
hap - py smiles have flown, Their gen - tle voic - es gone, I've noth - ing left but old dog  
- tho he can - not speak, I'll vain - ly, vain - ly seek A bet - ter friend than old dog



Tray. Old dog Tray's ev - er faith - ful, Grief can - not drive him a - way, He's  
Tray.  
Tray.



gen - tle, he is kind, I'll nev - er, nev - er find A bet - ter friend than old dog Tray.