

Old Dog Tray - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

OLD DOG TRAY.

The morn of life is past, and evening comes at last.
It brings me a dream of a once happy day.
Of many forms I've seen, upon the village green.
Sporting with my old dog Tray.

Chorus.

Old dog Tray's ever faithful,
Grief cannot drive him away.
He's gentle, he's kind; I'll never, never find
A better friend than old dog Tray.

The forms I call'd my own have vanish'd one by one.
The loved ones, the dear ones, have all pass'd away;
Their happy smiles have flown, their gentle voices gone,
I have nothing left but old dog Tray.-Chorus.

When thoughts recall the past, his eyes are on me cast,
I know that he feels what my breaking heart would say;
Although he cannot speak, I'll vainly, vainly seek,
A better friend than old dog Tray.-Chorus.