

Ben Bolt.

or
"Oh! Don't You Remember!"

GUITAR.

Melody by Nelson Kneass.

Arr. for Guitar by Arling Shaeffer.

The first part of the guitar arrangement consists of three staves of music. The first staff shows the melody line with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The second and third staves show the guitar accompaniment with fret numbers (1, 2, 3, 4) and chord structures. The music is in a 4/4 time signature.

Oh! don't you re-mem-ber sweet Al - ice, Ben Bolt, Sweet
 Oh! don't you re-mem-ber the wood, Ben Bolt, Near the
 Oh! don't you re-mem-ber the school, Ben Bolt, And the

The vocal line is written on a treble clef staff with lyrics underneath. The guitar accompaniment is on a bass clef staff below the lyrics.

Al - ice with hair so brown; She wept with delight when you
 green sun-ny slope of the hill; Where oft we have sung 'neath its
 Mas - ter so kind and so true; And the lit - tle nook by the

The vocal line continues on a treble clef staff with lyrics. The guitar accompaniment is on a bass clef staff below the lyrics, featuring a consistent rhythmic pattern of eighth notes.

gave her a smile And trembled with fear at your frown. In the
 wide spreading shade, And kept time to the click of the mill. The
 clear running brook, Where we gath - er'd the flow'rs as they grew. On the

old church-yard in the valley, Ben Bolt, In a cor - ner ob - scure and a -
 mill has gone to de - cay, Ben Bolt, And a qui - et now reigns all a -
 Mas - ter's grave grows the grass, Ben Bolt, And the running little brook is now

lone, They have fit - ted a slab of granite so gray, And sweet
 round, See the old rus - tic porch, with its ro - ses so sweet, Lies
 dry, And of all the friends who were school - mates then, There re -

Al - ice lies un - der the stone. They have fit - ted a slab of
 scattered and fal - len to the ground. See the old rus - tic porch, with its
 mains, Ben, but you and I. And of all the friends who were

Ad libitum.

granite so gray, And sweet Al - ice lies un - der the stone.
 ro - ses so sweet, Lies scatter'd and fal - len to the ground.
 school - mates then, There remains Ben, but you and I.