

# Old Men

♩ = 80

*p* *blur with pedal*

4

7

I heard the old, old men say, — "Ev' - ry-thing al- ters, and one by one we

12

drop a- way."

16

They had hands like claws, and their knees were twist - ed like the

old thorn trees by the ri-ver.

I heard the

*p* blur with pedal 6

old, old men say, "All that's beau-ti-ful

drifts a-way like the wa-ters."

*pp*