SILVER THREADS

AMONG THE GOLD.

SONG AND CHORUS.

WORDS BY EBEN E. REXFORD, MUSIC BY

H. P. DANKS,

AUTHOR OF

THE GREAT POPULAR SONG,

DON'T BE ANGRY WITH ME, DARLING.

Song and Chorus, Keys F and G, Price, 35 Cts. each.

Don't You think so, Kitty?                Why so sad, my Precious Darling?
Song and Chorus, Key B flat.              Song and Chorus, Key G.
Let the Angels in.                        Sleep my Dear One.
Song and Chorus, Key B flat.              Song and Chorus, Key C.
Beautiful form of my Dreams.              Bring me a Pretty Bouquet.
Ballad, Key C.                            Ballad, Key C.

Each, 35 Cents.

CHARLES W. HARRIS,
New York, 750 Broadway.
Troy, N. Y., 265 River St.
SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by EBEN. E. BEFFORD.  Music by H. P. DANKS.

Andante cantabile.

1. Dar - ling, I am growing old, ....... Sil - ver threads among the gold,
2. When your hair is sil - ver white, ..... And your cheeks no long - er bright,

Shine up - on my brow to - day; ..... Life is fading fast a - way;
With the ros - es of the May; ..... I will kiss your lips and say—

Entered, according to Act of Congress, A.D. 1873, by C. W. Hanus, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.
But my darling, you will be, will be—
Al-ways young and fair to me—
Oh! my darling, mine a-lone, a-lone—
You have nev-er old-er grown—

Yes! my dar-ling, you will be. . . .
Al-ways young and fair to me.
Yes! my dar-ling, mine a-lone. . . .
You have nev-er old-er grown!

CHORUS.

Dar-ling, I am growing, grow-ing old,
Sil-ver threads among the gold,
Dar-ling, I am grow-ing old,
Sil-ver threads a-mong the gold,
Dar-ling, I am grow-ing old,
Sil-ver threads a-mong the gold,
3.
Love can never more grow old,
Locks may lose their brown and gold;
Cheeks may fade and hollow grow,
But the hearts that love will know
Never, never winter's frost and chill:
Summer warmth is in them still—
Never winter's frost and chill,
Summer warmth is in them still.—*Cho.*

4.
Love is always young and fair,—
What to us is silver hair,
Faded cheeks, or steps grown slow,
To the heart that beats below?
Since I kissed you mine alone, alone,
You have never older grown—
Since I kissed you mine alone,
You have never older grown.—*Cho.*