

THE
THREE AGES OF LOVE
A
BALLAD

(SUNG WITH GREAT APPLAUSE BY)

MR. L. V. H. CROSSBY

AT THE HARMONEON CONCERTS.

Price 12½ Cts.

PHILAD^a
E. FERRETT & CO
N^o 40 South Eighth S^t

THE THREE AGES OF LOVE.

Sung by

MR. FRAZER.

MODERATO.

p *f* *p*

O the ear - ly time of love! When my fan - cy used to rove, From the

black eyes to the blue, From the ti - ny to the tall; When as

ma - ny girls were dear As the days that fill the year, And the

p

cres. *f*

new - est and the young - est Was the fair - est of them all!

f *mf* *legato* *p*

poco ritard. *a tempo.*

When I lived but in her sight, And laid a - wake all night, Ere I

pp

met her in the green - wood, On a dew - y morn of May, And a

dolce.

trea - sure pass - ing rare, Was a sto - len tress of hair. O

cres.

mer - ry days of youth! O mer - ry days of youth! 'T was a sin ye could not stay! 'T was a

p *cres.* *fp* *fz*

sin ye could not stay!

f *ritard.*

2D VERSE.

O the man - ly time of love! Though the face for which I strove From its

p

cheek hath lost a rose, From its eyes one shade of blue, Though I

p

see a fur - row now On its mild and ma - tron brow, The

cres. *f*

years that dimm'd its beau - ty Have made it dear - er too.

legato. *f* *mf* *legato.* *p*

Con Anima.

And my heart it swells with pride To see her by my side, Or to

pp *dolce.*

hear her sing - ing ten - der - ly Some old and sim - ple lay, When the

fire is burn - ing bright, On a stor - my win - ter night. O

days of home de - light! O days of home de - light! Ye should ne - ver pass a - way! Ye should

p *cres.* *fp* *fz.*

a tempo.

ne - ver pass a - way!

f *ritard.*

3D VERSE. *Piu Lento.*

But Age comes creep - ing near With his fore - head bleak and sere, And his

MOLTO ESPRESS. E SEMPLICE.

hea - vy, hea - vy ear, And his voice so small and shrill, When my

step must tot - ter slow, And my strength must dwin - dle low, Till a

ba - by with its lit - tle hand Can lead me where it will. But though

a tempo.

man - hood's prime be past, So long as life shall last Her

gen - tle voice shall cheer me, Still her faith - ful arm sus - tain; And our

pp

love shall e - ven brave The part - ing of the grave! For I

ritard. *A tempo.*

know there's bliss be - yond, And we shall meet a - gain, For I

fervently. *p*

know there's bliss be - yond, And we shall meet a - gain.

f