



**SILVER
THREADS**
AMONG THE
GOLD

Words By
EBEN E. REXFORD

Music By
H. P. DANKS

5

HAMILTON S. GORDON
1241 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

Silver Threads among the Gold.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by EBEN E. REXFORD.

Music by H. P. DANKS.

Andante cantabile.

PIANO.

The piano introduction for the first system consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

The vocal line for the first system is written on a single staff in treble clef. It begins with a key signature change to one flat (B-flat major) and a common time signature. The melody is simple and lyrical.

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

The piano accompaniment for the second system continues with two staves. The right hand features chords and melodic fragments, while the left hand maintains a steady accompaniment.

The vocal line for the second system continues on a single staff, maintaining the same melodic style as the first system.

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

The piano accompaniment for the third system concludes the piece with two staves, featuring a final cadence in both hands.

2

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 never old - er grown,—

rall.

Yes! my darling, you will be— Al - ways young and fair to me.
 Yes! my darling, mine a - lone, — You have never older grown!

rall.

CHORUS.

Soprano.
 Dar - ling, I am growing grow - ing old, Sil - ver threads among the gold,

Alto.
 Dar - ling, I am grow - ing old, Sil - ver threads a - mong the gold,

Tenor.
 Dar - ling, I am grow - ing old, Sil - ver threads a - mong the gold,

Bass.
 Dar - ling, I am grow - ing old, Sil - ver threads a - mong the gold,

PIANO.

shine up - on my brow to - day; Life is fad - ing fast a - way. *rall.*

shine up - on my brow to - day; Life is fad - ing fast a - way. *rall.*

shine up - on my brow to - day; Life is fad - ing fast a - way. *rall.*

rall.

rall.

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. —*Chorus.*

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.—*Chorus.*