

SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD

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Music by
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Andante

mf









1. Dar-ling, I am grow - ing old, —	Sil - ver Threads A - mong The Gold,
2. When your hair is sil - ver white, —	And your cheeks no lon - ger bright,
3. Love can nev - er more grow old, —	Locks may lose their brown and gold,
4. Love is al - ways young and fair, —	What to us is sil - ver hair,

p



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;
Cheeks may fade and hol - low grow, —	But the hearts that love will know;
Fad - ed cheeks or steps grown slow, —	To the hearts that beat be - low?

F7  Bb  Bdim  F  C7  F7 

But, my dar-ling you will be, will be,
 Oh! my dar-ling mine a-lone, a-lone,
 Nev-er, nev-er win-ter's frost and chill,
 Since I kissed you, mine a-lone, a-lone,

Al-ways young and fair to me, —
 You have nev-er old-er grown, —
 Sum-mer warmth is in them still, —
 You have nev-er old-er grown, —



Bb  F7  Bb  F7  Bb 

Yes, my dar-ling you will be, —
 Yes, my dar-ling mine a-lone, —
 Nev-er win-ter's frost and chill, —
 Since I kissed you, mine a-lone, —

Al-ways young and fair to me. —
 You have nev-er old-er grown. —
 Sum-mer warmth is in them still. —
 You have nev-er old-er grow —



Refrain

F7  Bb  Bdim  F  C7  F7 

Dar-ling, I am grow-ing, grow-ing old,

Sil-ver Threads A-mong The Gold, —



Bb  F7  Bb  F7  Bb 

Shine up-on my brow to-day, —

Life is fad-ing fast a-way. —

