

Copy 1973

ANSWER TO

"DEAR HEART, WE'RE GROWING OLD."**'TIS TRUE, DEAR HEART,
WE'RE FADING.**

SONG AND CHORUS.

"Leaves may fall and roses wither,
Tresses lose their shining gold,
But, dear heart, you're fair as ever,
And to me you're never old."

Words and Music by

H. M. ESTABROOKE.



"Tread softly, the Angels are calling
Our darling, our brightest and best;
I hear their sweet voices falling,
They are beck'ning our loved ones to rest.
Tread back that of earth we would offer—
The mourning-bow we would give,
The Angels are hovering around her,
To bid her immortal live.
Chorus—Softly, softly, O come thus here I
Lightly, lightly, the Angels are near.
Elegant Lithograph Title, 40 cts.
*This song by the author of "Fair Wedding Wails," has
one of the most beautiful and sympathetic melodies ever
written.*

'Tis true, Dear Heart, we're fading.

Answer to "Dear Heart, We're growing old."

By H. M. ESTABROOKE.

It is true, dear heart, we're fading,
That our hair is growing white,
And the shadows gather round us
Like the coming of the night;
But you're fairer now than ever,
Dearest, too, a thousand fold,
And though time our locks may silver,
Still to me you're never old.
Chorus—Leaves may fall, and roses wither,
Tresses lose their shining gold,
But, dear heart, you're far far even,
And to me you're never old.

Down the vale of life together
We have wandered many years,
Sharing all its joy and sorrow,
All its mingled hopes and fears;
Very would have seemed the journey,
Long the time, dear heart, and cold,
Without love like yours to cheer me—
Love which knows no growing old.
Chorus—Leaves may fall, and roses wither, &c
As we near the shining portals,
Bluer bend the skies above,
Songs of rapture from immortals,
Till of faith and perfect love;
And your face grows brighter, dearest,
With a glory all unshared,
As I fold you to my bosom,
For to me you're never old.
Chorus—Leaves may fall, and roses wither, &c



There's a mystic, gleaming shore,
Where the surges evermore
Break in music on the strand, soft and low;
And I hear the ceaseless hymn,
I can see the headlands dim—
'Tis the golden shore of sweet long ago.
There are countless hopes and fears
There are shades of vanished years,
Where those sounding surges sweep to and fro;
There are buds and garlands fair,
Bread with threads of autumn hair,
On the golden shore of Sweet Long Ago.

Far from the Heartstone.

BALLAD.

Words and Music by M. J. MESSER.

Far from the heartstone my Willis is roaming,
Far through the forest he chatters and sings;
Lonely and sad I sit in the gloaming,
Waiting and listening his bugle to hear.
The stars are obscured that should show him his pathway,
The snow in the forest lies drifted and white;
My cheek pales with fear and with wild thoughts of danger,
May God bless my darling, and keep him to-night.
Far from the heartstone my Willis is roaming,
Night's dark shadows fall o'er my poor heart;
Waiting in vain, all in wait for his coming,
Tears from my eyes all unceasingly start.
Hark! from the forest that clear note resounding,
Breaks like sweet music upon my strained ear;
Once more, and nearer, the bugle call sounding,
Willis, my darling, my love, thou art here!

For You We are Praying at Home.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by H. M. ESTABROOKE.

You're leaving the home of your youth, my boy,
The journey of life to begin—
To conquer fame in a strife, my boy,
With foes from without and within
The world, with its pleasures, its glitter and show,
May tempt you from duty to roam;
But always remember, where'er you go,
For you we are praying at home.
Chorus—For you we are praying at home,
For you we are praying at home,
Wherever you go, you may always know
We're praying, yes, praying at home.
There's many a gilded salon, my boy,
And many a dress gown,
To lure you away from the right, my boy,
As you journey life's path along;
And oft will the tempter around you throw
A snare, or'er the way as you roam,
But always remember, where'er you go,
For you we are praying at home.
Chorus—For you we are praying at home, &c
Oh, never forget that the way, my boy,
To honor is narrow and straight;
And though it may often seem hard, my boy,
It leads to the beautiful gate;
'Tis follow it well, for our tears would flow,
If far from its bounds you should roam;
And always remember, where'er you go,
For you we are praying at home.
Chorus—For you we are praying at home, &c

Parted from our Dear Ones.

SONG AND DUETT.

Words and Music by M. KELLER.

When sitting at our cheriah's fireside,
As in days when we were young,
I remember how the children
In their play would round us throng;
What a music they were making,
What a laughter they had raised;
O, these pleasing hours will never
From my memory be erased.
Soft Tenor—Could we see them now, dear **Soprano**,
And all hear their merry peep,
Ever thankful to kind heaven,
For that blessing we should be
As we are
They have left their dear country,
Seeking better luck abroad;
Oh, how better were our feelings,
As we left them on the road!
When the time had come for parting,
We had knelt in prayer down,
To invoke that gracious heaven
Might their future efforts crown.
Tenor,
Here I have their cheery letter,
Full of hope for good success,
And a share of all their earnings;
May the Lord our children bless,
They propose that we should meet them
In their new, adopted home;
Let us go, then, and be happy—
Yes, dear children, we shall come.

She's Dreaming of the Angels.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by H. M. ESTABROOKE.

Whisper softly, for our darling's
Dreaming of the angels now,
And her sunny hair is falling,
Like a halo o'er her brow;
While the angels, softly singing,
With her whispers softly sighing,
Sweetest music they are singing
Of the bright land far away.
Chorus—Whisper softly, whisper softly,
For our darling's dreaming now,
And the angels o'er her breathing
Press sweet kisses on her brow.
Whisper softly, for our darling's
Bidding farewell now to life,
Leaving all its care and sorrow,
All its bitterness and strife;
Folded are the tiny fingers,
Dimmed the bright and laughing eyes,
While the angels bear her gently
To her home beyond the skies.
Whisper softly, draw the curtain,
Let no sunlight enter in;
Place a wreath of purest lilies,
On her brow unstained by sin;
Round her ruby lips there linger
Still the happy words she wore,
While across the shining river,
Gleamed the far-off golden shore.

Kiss Me, but don't say Good-Bye.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by JOHN T. RUTLEDGE.

How can you leave me, to sail the blue sea,
Taking with you all the sunlight from me?
Leaving me here in my sorrow to weep,
While you are sailing afar o'er the deep.
You ask for a kiss o'er my forehead to send;
Could you thus leave me, your heart's fond friend?
Can you then leave me alone here to sigh?
Kiss me, my darling, but don't say good-bye.
Chorus—Don't say good-bye, don't say good-bye,
Don't leave me here in my sorrow to sigh;
Think how your darling will miss you each day,
Kiss me, but don't say good-bye.
You will forget me when you are away,
Turning to winter my life's sunny May;
Leaving love's blossoms to wither and fall,
Take me, I'll come as affection's sweet call.
Don't leave your shadow alone here to pine,
Take me, love, with you, and claim me as thine;
Don't let the roses of love slowly die,
Kiss me, yes, kiss me, but don't say good-bye.
We will be happy together each day,
Love's brightest roses will never decay;
Sweetly we'll wander down life's gentle stream,
Making the years one long blissful sweet dream.
Take me, O take me, and don't leave me here,
For life to the world be lonely and drear;
Bring not the sad parting tear to mine eye,
Kiss me, yes, kiss me, but don't say good-bye.

Hidy Ann, how is your Mother?

COMIC SONG.

Words by SIDNEY BURTT,
Music by JOHN J. BRAHAM.

My name's Tommy Thomsen, I live on a farm,
I've a sweetheart named Hidy Ann;
Her father's a neighbor wader's, and so
I go there whenever I can.
The first time I set foot on her father's step,
I didn't dare go a step farther,
Until she came out and said "Tommy, come in,"
Said I, "Hidy Ann, how is your mother?"
Chorus—Hidy Ann, how is your mother?
I called to inquire for her brother;
I thought—I was thinking—I wanted to say—
Hidy Ann, how is your mother?"
Says she, "Quite a fine eve on Old Dupper!"
Says I, "No, Miss, I rode on Old Dupper!"
And brought out the cider and apples,
Then was out with me and my mother;
First at one foot then at the other,
But when I tried talking all I could say
Was "Hidy Ann, how is your mother?"
Thought I, now is my chance, for a kiss I will ask,
Though with blushes my cheeks seemed to burn up,
But she turned up her nose when I made my request,
And went on a peckin' a turn;
Then I'll take one, I'll say, "Oh, no you not, Mister,
If you dare to, I'll call my big brother!"
She didn't look like the mother I gave her a kiss;
Says she, "Huh, or you'll wake up my mother!"

'TIS TRUE, DEAR HEART, WE'RE FADING.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by H. M. ESTABROOKE.

Author of "Dear Heart, we're growing old."

The first system of music consists of a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B-flat4, and C5, then a half note D5. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line with chords in the right hand.

The second system includes the vocal line and piano accompaniment with lyrics. The lyrics are:
1. It is true, dear heart, we're fading, That our hair is growing white,....
2. Down the vale of life together, We have wandered many years,....
3. As we near the shining portals, Blue-er bend the skies above,....
The piano accompaniment continues with a consistent rhythmic pattern.

The third system includes the vocal line and piano accompaniment with lyrics. The lyrics are:
And the shadows gather round us, Like the coming of the night;.....
Sharing all its joy and sorrow, All its mingled hopes and fears;.....
Songs of rapture from immortals, Tell of faith and perfect love;.....
The piano accompaniment continues with a consistent rhythmic pattern.

But you're fair - er now than ev - er, Dear - er, too, a thousand fold,.....
 Wear - y would have seem'd the jour - ney, Long the time, dear heart, and cold,.....
 And you're face grows brighter, dear - est, With a glo - ry all un - told,.....

And though time our locks may sil - ver, Still to me you're never old,.....
 With - out love like yours to cheer me, Love which knows no growing old,.....
 As I fold you to my bo - som, For to me you're never old,.....

And though time our locks may sil - ver, Still to me you're nev - er old....
 With - out love like yours to cheer me, Love which knows no growing old....
 As I fold you to my bo - som, For to me you're nev - er old....

Soprano.
Leaves may fall and ro - ses with - er, Tress - es lose their shin - ing gold,.....

Alto.
Leaves may fall and ro - ses with - er, Tress - es lose their shin - ing gold,.....

Tenor.
Leaves may fall and ro - ses with - er, Tress - es lose their shin - ing gold,.....

Bass.
Leaves may fall and ro - ses with - er, Tress - es lose their shin - ing gold,.....

Accomp.

But, dear heart, you're fair as ev - er, And to me you're nev - er old,....

But, dear heart, you're fair as ev - er, And to me you're nev - er old,....

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