



celebrated Songs

BY

J. L. MOLLOY.

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WE'LL NEVER GROW TOO OLD TO LOVE.

We'll never grow too old to love,
Dear heart, as time goes by;
Let come what will, the test to prove,
Our love will never fade away.
In summer when the flow'rs are fair,
In winter dear and cold
The same affection will be there;
We'll never grow too old.

CHORUS.

We'll never grow too old to love,
Dear heart, as time goes by;
Let come what will the test to prove,
We'll never grow too old.

HAVE YOU FORSAKEN ME, DARLING.

Have you forsaken me darling,
And must we wander apart,
Has some one taken thee, darling,
Leaving me lonely at heart.
Has all I love flown forever,
Has time no joy left for me,
Will you not love me—no, never,
Fondly as I have lov'd thee.

ONLY A DREAM OF MY MOTHER.

Only a dream of my mother,
Vision of dearest delight,
Cheering my heart as no other,
Thro' all the long weary night.
Linger with me in thy gladness,
Till I shall see her again,
Waking would bring me but sadness,
Linger and keep me from pain.

CHORUS.

Only a dream of my mother,
Vision of dearest delight,
Cheering my heart as no other,
Thro' all the long weary night.

GLAD TIDINGS FROM LOVED ONES AT HOME.

I was lonely last night in my dreaming,
In my chamber so dark and so drear,
For it seemed that the darkness came streaming
Around me with nothing to cheer.
I dream of those nearest and dearest
To me as a stranger I roam;
But the morn brings the letter I cherished,
With tidings from loved ones at home.

CHORUS.

Glad tidings from loved ones at home,
To me as a stranger I roam,
The loving ones bid me to come,
The tidings glad news from home.

KEEP YOUR LITTLE HEART FOR ME,

I was dreaming of you, darling,
All the long and lonely night,
And I saw your face so lovely,
And your sunny smile so bright,
And I'm coming back to meet you,
Coming back to home and thee,
Keep your little heart to greet me,
Keep your little heart for me.

CHORUS.

All my lonely dreams are over
And my heart is light and free,
I will come no more to leave you,
Keep your little heart for me.

HOW CAN I HELP THINKING OF YOU.

How can I help thinking of you, little May,
I see your sweet face in my dream,
I think of you, darling, by night and by day,
You don't know how bright my life seems.
'Tis all for love you give, little one,
That makes the world brighter to me,
You've taken my heart, love, and now I have none,
And that's why I'm thinking of thee.

CHORUS.

How can I help thinking of you, little one,
So promise that you will be true,
You've taken my heart, love, and now I have none,
How can I help thinking of you.

ARE THE DAYS OF JOY GONE FOREVER.

Are the days of joy gone forever,
Was the dream too beautiful to last,
Will they not come back to us, ah never,
In the mystic future deep and vast,
Must the hopes all fade and sadly perish,
Must my sighs be turned to bitter tears,
Like a tender dream the heart may cherish,
Must we roam apart thro' all the years?

CHORUS.

Are the days of joy gone forever,
Was the dream too beautiful to last,
Can we not recall the dream, ah never,
Call it back from out the joyous past.

UNDER THE ROSES.

Under the roses I hid my heart,
Deep in the grave where she's sleeping,
There did my joy and my love depart,
Leaving me lonely and weeping,
Day after day do I sigh for her,
O'er the grave where she reposes,
After the sigh comes a bitter tear,
Falling to kiss the sweet roses.

CHORUS.

Under the roses I hid my heart,
Deep in the grave where she's sleeping,
There did my joy and my love depart,
Leaving me lonely and weeping.

SOME ONE WILL MISS ME WHEN I AM AWAY.

How pleasant it is to have some one to love us,
To think of us kindly wherever we go;
It makes the world brighter, like heavens above us,
It makes our hearts lighter, in pleasure or woe,
I'm going away, from the heart that I cherished,
To wander mid strangers each long weary day,
Tho' long I shall linger, all love will not pass,
For some one will miss me while I am away.

CHORUS.

Some one will miss me as sadly I wander—
Yes some one will think of me each lonely day—
Kind, happy hearts in their anguish may ponder,
For "some one" will miss me while I am away.

I'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU AT THE GATE.

I'll be waiting for you at the gate, love,
When the sun sinks to rest in the sea,
When the twilight around whispers late, love,
Will you hasten, my darling, to me,
I can hear your footsteps in my fancies,
And my heart beats with its sweetest delight,
And I long for your eyes' softest glances,
To make the world happy and bright.

CHORUS.

I'll be waiting for you at the gate, love,
When the sun sinks to rest in the sea,
When the twilight around whispers late, love,
I'll be watching and waiting for thee.

THE LOVE AND LIGHT OF HOME.

How oft the wand'ring heart turns back,
To those he left behind,
'Tis then he knows and feels the lack,
Of mother's love so kind,
'Tis then his heart is fill'd with sighs,
Wherever he may roam,
For then it is, he hearse to prize
The love and light of home.

CHORUS.

How dear that home is to him then,
How dear is all he left;
He drops a tear for those so dear,
Of whom he is bereft.

Her Pretty Face is Pictured in My Heart.

Like a summer cloud, she trips across the meadow,
And the daisy blossoms kiss her pretty feet,
While the sunbeams chase her merry little shadow,
Because she is so innocent and sweet;
The birds sing round the pathway where she's straying,
And drive away each care that fain would startle,
Like an angel sweet from heaven here delaying,
Her pretty face is pictured in my heart.

CHORUS.

She is sweeter than the bright-eyed little daisies,
And she is a little queen of grace and art,
Bringing sunlight to my life in golden masses,
Her pretty face is pictured in my heart.

FORGIVE ME LOVE AND SMILE AGAIN.

My heart was dear, the spell was broke,
The sad good love was said by thee,
For utter words in anger spoke,
Have made the world seem dark to me,
But now that years have come and gone,
Why should we linger still in pain,
Bright visions yet may wake the morn,
Forgive me love and smile again.

CHORUS.

Recall the words in anger spoke,
We'll mend the broken golden chain,
We will not say the spell is broke,
Forgive me love and smile again.

I KISSED YOU IN A DREAM.

I kissed you in a dream, last night,
Tho' you are far away;
My lonely heart once more grow light
With something sweet to say;
I told again the story old,
Our hearts grew free from pain;
And ere the story was half told,
You kissed me back again.

CHORUS.

I kissed you in a dream, last night,
But now the dream is past;
When will it come again no bright,
In beauty that was last.

WHEN ROSES BLOOM OVER ME, DARLING.

When the roses bloom over me, darling,
By the streamlet that flows in the dell,
Where we've heard the sweet song of the starting,
Where the music we loved so well,
Will you shed one and tear mid the roses,
Above me when I've gone to sleep?
Will you come where the once loved reposes,
And o'er my lone grave will you weep?

CHORUS.

When the roses bloom over me, darling,
When I'm laid in my grave by the stream,
Will you come to the call of the starting,
Will it be in your memory's dream.



North Pole for to see, And we found it, too, without much a - do, And

that's the truth," said he. "And we found it, too, without much a - do, And

that's the truth," said he.

"We sail'd and sail'd, and one fair moon A great whale we es - pied; So we

The Boatswain.

took a rope and a long harpoon, And stuck him in the starboard side. Then a-

way and away went the great big whale, And a-way and a-way went we; Tied fast to his tail to the

north we did sail, And that's the truth," said he. "Tied fast to his tail to the

north we did sail, And that's the truth," said he.

The Boatswain.

"When we came to the great north star, An ice-berg we did see. Said the cap-tain, 'Now we have
 come thus far, I am not going back,' said he. So we tickled the tail of the great big whale With a
 ten - pen-ny nail, did we; And we sail'd right thro' that ice - berg blue, And
 that's the truth," said he. "And there the North Pole we did see, And we

rall.

Ped. *

anchor'd the whale a - starn, But he gave us a whack that sent us back, Or I mightn't have been spinning this

yarn. So messmates all," said the Boa-s'n bold, "If the North Pole you would see, You've on-ly'

got to sail at the tail of a whale, And that's the truth," said he. "You've only got to sail at the'

tail of a whale, And that's the truth," said he.

The Boatwain.

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