

Afterwards

MARY MARK LEMON

JOHN MULLEN

p

1. Af - ter the day has sung its song of sor - row, And one by one the
 2. Some - times my heart grows wea-ry of its sad - ness, Some-times my life grows

p

gold - en stars appear, I lin - ger yet, where once we met, be - lov - ed,
 wea - ry of its pain, Then, love, I wait and lis - ten for your whis - per,

p *poco rit.* *dolce*

And seem to feel thy spir - it still is near. The flow'rs have fled that
 Till fears de - part and sunshine comes again. It can - not be that

colla voce

sf

blossom'd in that spring - tide, The birds are mute that sang their songs a - bove,
 we should part for - ev - er, That love's sweet song is hush'd for us al - way;

And tho' the years have drifted us asun - der, Time can-not break the golden chain of love.
I hear it yet, al-tho' its theme be al-ter'd, 'Twill reach thy heart and bring thee back some day.

rit.

dolce

Still we can love al - tho' the shad - ows gath - er, Still we can hope, un -
Love, we can love al - tho' the shad - ows gath - er, Still we can hope, un -

a tempo

cres.

til the clouds be past: Come to my heart and whisper thro' the silence, "Hope on, dear heart, our

cres. *ff* *p*

I rit. *V 2* *rit.*

lives shall meet at last." lives shall meet at last. Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last!"

rit. *rit.*