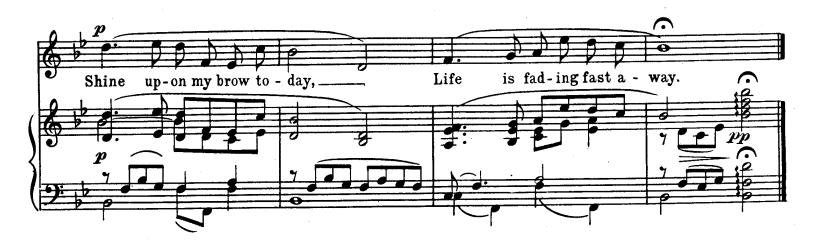
SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD

Words by EBEN E. REXFORD Music by HART P. DANKS Arranged by D. Savino





2

Love can never-more grow old, Locks may lose their brown and gold; Checks 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. 3

Love is always young and fair, What to us is silver hair, Faded cheeks or steps grown slow To the hearts that beat 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*

silver key through your gate of golden age. (433.32)

Chorus