

SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD

Words by
EBEN E. REXFORD

Music by
HART P. DANKS
Arranged by D. Savino

Chorus

mf ^{*F*}
Dar - ling I am grow-ing grow-ing old, Sil - ver threads a-mong the gold, —

p
Shine up-on my brow to - day, — Life is fad-ing fast a - way.

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.

Chorus

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)