Afterwards

Mary Mark Lemon

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After the day has sung its song of sorrow, And one by one the golden stars appear,
I linger yet, where once we met, beloved,

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And seem to feel thy spirit still is near. The flow'rs have fled that blossom'd in that Spring-tide. The birds are mute, that sang their songs a'bove, And tho' the years have drift-ed us asunder, Time can-not break the golden chain of love; Still we can love, al tho' the sha-dows gath-er,
Still we can hope, until the clouds be past, Come to my heart and

whisper thro’ the silence, “Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last.”

Sometimes my heart grows weary of its sadness, Sometimes my life grows
weary of its pain, Then, love, I wait, and listen for your whisper,

Till fears depart, and sunshine comes again; It cannot be that

we should part forever, That love's sweet song is hush'd for us alway;

I hear it yet, altho' its theme altered, 'Twill reach thy heart, and
bring thee back some day, Love, we can love, al-tho' the sha-dows gath-er,

Still we can hope, un-til the clouds be past, Come to my heart! and

whisper thro' the si-lence, “Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last;”

“Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last.” Lento.