

## Afterwards

John W. Mullen

$\text{♩} = 60$

*mf*

5 *p*

Af - ter the day has sung its song of sor - row, And one by one the gold-en stars appear,

9 *p* *poco rit.*

I lin - ger yet, where once we met, be-lov - ed, And seem to feel thy spir - it still is near.

*colla voce*

13 *dolce.* *sf*

The flow'rs have fled that blossom'd in that Spring - tide. The birds are mute, that

16

sang their songs a - bove, And tho' the years have drift - ed us a sun der,

19

Time can not break the gold en chain of love; Still we can love, al

*dolce.*

*rit.*

*a tempo.*

22

tho' the sha - dows gath - er, Still we can hope, un til the clouds be past, Come to my heart and

*ff*

26

whis per thro' the si - lence, "Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last."

*p*

*rit.*

29

*a mf ppo.*

*p*

33

*espress.*

Some - times my heart grows wea - ry of its sad - ness, Some - times my life grows wea - ry of its pain,

*rall.*

37

*p*

Then, love, I wait, and list - en for your whis - per, Till fears de - part, and sun shine comes a - gain;

*p*

41

It can - not be that we should part for - ev - er, That love's sweet song is hush'd for us al - way;

I hear it yet, al - tho' its theme beal - tered, '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 whis per thro' the si - lence, "Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last;"

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