

G. CLIFTON BINGHAM.

J. L. MOLLOY.

Andante.

1. Once in the dear dead days be-yond re-call,
 2. E - ven to - day we hear Lovessong of yore,

mf *dim.*

When on the world the mists be-gan to fall, Out of the dreams that rose in hap - py thron
 Deep in our hearts it dwells for - ev - er more, Foot-steps may fal - ter, wea - ry grow the way,

Low to our hearts Love sung an old sweet song; And in the dusk where
 Still we can hear it at the close of day; So till the end, when

fell the fire-light gleam, Soft - ly it wove it - self in - to our dream.
 life's dim shad - ows fall, Love will be found the sweet - est song of all.

rit.

p a tempo

Just a song at twi-light, when the lights are low, And the flick-'ring

p

shad-ows soft-ly come and go, Tho' the heart be wea-ry,

f
mf

sad the day and long, Still to us at twi-light comes Love's old song, comes

rit.
Love's old sweet — song. —

f rit.
f animato
rit.
Red.