AFTERWARDS.

MARY MARK LEMON.                JOHN W. MULLEN.

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,
And seem to feel thy spirit still is near. The flowers have fled that had blossomed in that spring tide, The birds are mute, that sang their songs above.

And tho' the years have drifted us asunder, Time cannot break the golden chain of love, Still we can love, altho' the shades gather...
I 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

Still we can hope, until the clouds be past, Come to my heart and

857 Afterwards. 5-3.
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 be altered, 'Twill reach thy heart, and

857 Afterwards. 5-4.
bring thee back some day, Love we can love, al-tho' the shadows gather,

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."

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

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