

SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD

Darling I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold,
Shine upon my brow o day,
Life is fading fast away,
But my darling you will be, will be,
Always young and fair to me,
Yes my darling you will be
Always young and fair to me.

Darling I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold,
Shine upon my brow to day,
Life is fading fast away.

When your hair is silver white,
And your cheeks no longer bright
With the roses of the may,
I will kiss your lips and say,
Oh, my darling mine alone, alone,
You have never older grown.
Oh, my darling mine alone,
You have never older grown.

Love can never now grow old,
Locks may lose their brown and gold,
Checks may fade and hollow grow,
But the heart that loves will know,
Never, never winter frost and chill
Summer warmth is in them still
Never, never winter frost and chill,
Summer warmth is in them still.

Love is always young and fair,
What to us is silver hair
Faded cheeks or steps grown slow,
To the hearts that beats below.
Since I kissed you mine alone, alone,
You have never older grown.
Since You kissed you mine alone,
You have never older grown

DANCING ON THE PLATFORM.



If you're fond of dancing with pretty girls by moonlight
Take a trip to Rosherville it will suit you to a T
There's not a place to beat it tho' some with scorn may tre-
it
Of all the places I love best why Rosherville for me
And there upon the platform pretty girls collect
And if for dancing you're inclined why a partner you'll
select.

CHORUS—

And go dancing on the platform on a summers evening
With your roud the walst of some pretty girl
Wh at could be more sing or and and reue a-
ing
And softly wisper in her ear as round and round you go

The gardens they are laid out in a manner quite enchanting
Lonely walks and pretty talks if a girl you have get
But bother not about them you are better off without them
For if you travel single you can dance with all the lot
And there you can pick and choose of the fairest of the fair
Girls with chignons girls without and girls who dye their
blooming hair

Chorus.

When the dance is over to a that you lead her
And from that Miss you steal a h what could nicer be
sand a cold colation before you leave the station
Tend perhaps you've hardly tin enough you bourne
home to pay
nuod perhaps you've got a wife ndstarving kidst home
hAnrute.

FINALE.

Chorus

