

Oh Jennie, When We Both Grow Old - song lyrics

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Oh! Jennie, When We Both Grow Old.
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Words and Music by Thomas P. Westendorf.

Oh! Jennie, when we both grow old.
And when our heads are bowed with care,
When, mingled with these locks of gold,
There comes the shining, silver hair,
I wonder if these hearts of ours
Will love as fond, as tender, true,
As when we gather'd youth's bright flowers.
All dripping with life's morning dew.

Chorus.
Oh! Jennie, when we both grow old.
When youth and beauty all are tied.
Will love that's ill the heart grow cold?
Will brightest hopes and joys be dead?

Oh! could we see in future years
The trials that are yet to come,
The joys, the sorrows, and the tears,
The- silent grave, the broken home,
I wonder if we would not try
To make each swiftly-fleeting day
Still brighter to both you and I,
As we are passing on our way. - Chorus.

How sweet is life when shared with thee,
What joy to feel your heart is true,
What happiness there is for me
In knowing I am loved by you;
But off a pain comes to my heart,
A gloomy shadow o'er my brow,
'Tis when I think that we may part
And leave a shattered, broken vow. - Chorus.