

The Old Love - song lyrics

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THE OLD LOVE.

Words by Frederic E. Weatherly. Music by Paul Rodney.

Just a face in a crowd, just a face that I met;
But the look that lies in the longing eyes I never shall forget;
Just a face in a crowd,
Longing and looking in vain
For a dream that is fled, for a rose that is dead,
For a love to come back again.
Oh! for the eyes that sadly yearn, oh! for the silent tears;
For a love that will never return out of the bygone years.
Oh! for the eyes that sadly yearn, oh! for the silent tears;
For a love that will nevermore return,
For a love that will nevermore return
Out of the bygone years, out of the bygone years.

Just a word on my ear, just a look in my eyes,
And the birds are telling it all so clear up in the golden skies,
And the birds are telling it all so clear up in the golden skies.
Just a face in a crowd,
Looking, but not in vain;
For the dream may be fled, and the rose may be dead,
But the love may come back again.
Oh! for the hearts that are beating fast, oh! for our happy tears.
For my love has come to my heart at last out of the bygone years.
Oh! for the hearts that are beating fast, oh! for our happy tears;
For my love has come to my heart at last,
My love has come to my heart at last,
Out of the bygone years, out of the bygone years,
The bygone years, the bygone years.