

Afterwards - song lyrics

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AFTERWARDS.

Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by John W. Mullen.

After the day has sung its song of sorrow,
And one by one the golden stars appear,
I lingered yet, where once we met, beloved,
And seem to feel thy spirit still is near.
The flowers have fled that blossomed in that springtide,
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, although 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."

Sometimes my heart grows weary of its sadness,
Sometimes my life grows 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 bushed for us alway;
I hear it yet, although its theme be altered;
'Twill reach thy heart, and bring thee back some day.
Love, we can love, although the shadows gather,
Still we can hope until the clouds be past;
Come to my heart and whisper through the silence,
"Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last."
"Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last."