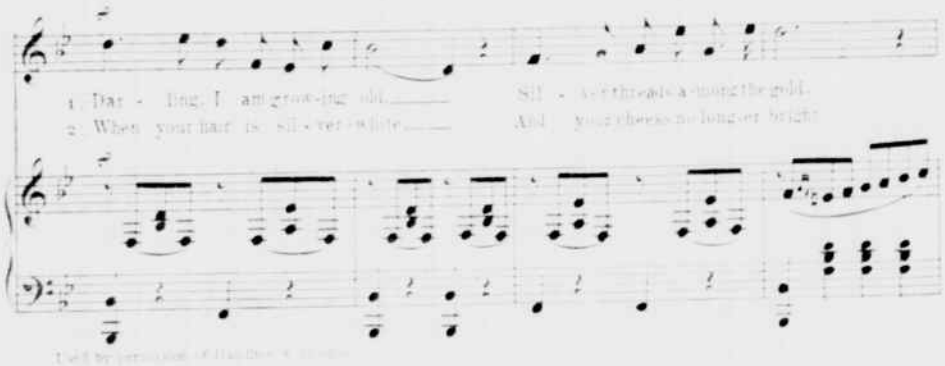
SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD

Illustrated Song Number 15

From a Painting by CHASE EMERSON

Words by
Eben E. Rexford



Music by
Hart P. Danks

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

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—
Yes, my darling, mine alone,
You have never older grown."

THE author of this famous old ballad has been a writer for the press ever since he was fourteen years old, and has become famous among leading American magazines, as well as standing among the best known song writers. He has written much about flowers, of which he is an ardent lover, and his books on this theme include "Home Floriculture," "Grandmother's Garden," "Flowers: How to Grow Them," "Four Seasons in Garden," "The Home Garden," and "Indoor Gardening." Probably the best known of his songs have been "Silver Threads Among the Gold" and "Only a Pansy Blossom." He was born at Johnsburgh, New York, in 1848. The melody came from the pen of Hart Pease Danks, who has made a high reputation by his church music. Some of his sacred songs have had a tremendous sale, including "Not Ashamed of Christ," which was published in 1873. He is said to have produced fifteen hundred compositions. The one on this page is alleged to have had a greater sale than any other copyrighted song ever published in the United States. Mr. Danks was born in New Haven in 1834.

Love can never more grow old;
Locks may lose their brown and gold,
Cheeks may fade and hollow grow;
But the hearts that love will know
Never, never winter's frost and chill;
Summer warmth is in them still—
Never winter's 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 beat below?
Since I kissed you, mine alone, alone,
You have never older grown—
Since I kissed you, mine alone,
You have never older grown.