THE LAST DREAM

SONG

Words by

F. E. WEATHERLY

The music composed expressly for and sung by

MISS GRACE DAMIAN

BY

FREDERIC H. COWEN

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EMI, LTD
THE LAST DREAM

His old white head is bending low
Across his violin,
And to and fro the moving bow
Speaks to the heart within.
And the room is a blaze of light,
And the eyes of the crowd are bright,
But the old man's heart is far away
In another world tonight.

He sees the merry days gone by,
When he was young and poor,
He sees a sweet face happily
Watch from the open door.
He sees two arms out-thrown,
He knows they are his alone;
But the tears roll down the old man's cheek,
For the dream, the dream is flown.

The stage is dark, the play is done,
The people gone away:
But the old man silently sits on,
He never again will play.
But the tears of life are o'er,
He has found his love of yore,
And what was only a dream tonight
Is life in the evermore!

F. E. WEATHERLY.
THE LAST DREAM
SONG
N°3

Words by
F.E. WEATHERLEY

Music by
F.H. COWEN

Moderato

VOICE

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found his love of yore, And what was only a
dream to-night, and what was only a dream to-night is

life in the ever more, is life in the ever more, is life. molto rall.

life in the ever more.
"YESTERDAY" composed by F. P. TOSTI.

The flowers you gave me are dead, long dead,
There is dust on the pages we used to read.
The leaves have fallen, the swallow's flight.
The garden is tamed with storm and wind.
Others are singing the songs you sang,
When the day grew dark and the lights were lit.
And there I know it is years ago.
But it seems, it seems like yesterday.

Love it was long ago; Love it was far away;
And the birds sang, and the sky was bright.

Love it was long ago; Love it was far away;
And the days grow long, but I watch and wait.

For the love of yesterday.

P. E. WEAVERSTON.

In C flat, compass E to G; also published in D flat.
In E flat, compass E to C; also published in F.

"HER FATHER'S HOME" composed by C. PINZUTI.

1.
To a Church in a quiet square, the near to the City's wharf,
There stood my summer's Sabbath night, a weary father's girl.
From a stilted alley came she, where evil things were life.
A storm-shone, wretched orphan cast upon the sea of life.
Toward the porch, with falling steps, she slowly made her way.
And listened at the open door, and heard the preacher say.
"O enter ye that are weary:
your Father says not 'Nay.'"

But my Father, sobbed the child, and knew not how to pray.

2.

In E flat, compass E to G, also published in F. and in D.

"FETTERED" composed by Michael Watson.

1.
You ask me, can I be faithful?
Because I am young and fair;
Because I am only a child, my heart,
Without a sorrow or care.

2.
Look in my eyes for your answer,
Hear me whisper, soft and low;
We will laugh through life together.
Nay, mock the years as they go.

3.
You ask me, can I be faithful?
Now the world is no longer fair,
With you by my side to help me.
I am true till death, I swear.

In E flat, compass E to G, also published in C.

"STORY-LAND" composed by TITO MATTEI.

1.
Do you remember the time gone by?
When we were children, you and I,
And all together we loved to sit
When mother read to us soft and low.

Do you remember the words she said
Every night as we crept to bed?
Do you remember her soft "good night,
No kiss our lips in the shaded light,
In the last sweet touch of her tender hand,
Drift away to another land.

But all is altered, the years flow on,
Little Mother is dead and gone.

In A flat, compass E to G flat, also published in F.

"LOVE WILL LIVE" composed by J. L. ROECKEL.

1.
When next we meet upon Life's busy Strand,
When next we feel the clasp of parted hands,
Our hearts were full when face to face we saw:
The truth of what is now but phantasy.

When next we meet upon Life's busy Strand,
When next we feel the clasp of parted hands,
Our hearts must break unless they break.

Our hearts must break unless they break.
And love will live for the old time's sake.

In E flat, compass E to C, also in D and G.

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