Till You Ask Again

Words by
Adelaide Procter

Music by
Cuthbert Wynne

High Voice

Low Voice

The John Church Company

Cincinnati - New York - Chicago

London - Toronto
I am bound by the old old promise,
What can break that golden chain?
Not the words that you have spoken,
Nor the sharpness of my pain;
Do you think because you fail me,
And draw back your hand to-day
That from out the heart I gave you,
My strong love can fade away.

It will live: no eyes may see it
In my soul, it will lie deep,
Hid from all—but I shall feel it,
Often stirring in its sleep,
So remember that the friendship
Which you think poor and vain,
Will endure in hope and patience,
Till you ask for it again.

—Adelaide Procter.
Till you ask again

ADELAIDE PROCTER

CUTHBERT WYNNE

Un poco lento
very simply and quietly

bound by the old, old promise, What can break that golden

chain? Not the words that you have spoken, Nor the
sharpness of my pain; Do you think because you fall me And draw back your hand today, That from out the heart I gave you My strong love can fade a way. My strong
accel. un poco
lento
lento
love can fade a-way?

It will live: no eyes may see it. In my

soul it will lie deep, Hid from all, but I shall

feel it Oft'en stirring in its sleep. So re-

member that the friendship Which you now think poor and

vain, Will endure in hope and patience, Till you

ask for it again, Till you ask for it again.