

110898

DELIVERED TO THE
APR 29 1900

Just as of old.

SONG.

for
Contralto or Baritone.
WRITTEN FOR AND DEDICATED TO

MISS ANNA DRASDIL,

BY
ALFRED H. PEASE.

NEW YORK
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JUST AS OF OLD !

(A Song for Contralto or Baritone.)

Music by *ALFRED H. PEASE.*

Piano. *Andantino.*

saw my love in dreams last night Pass up the sleeping, moon-lit lands, The

love-beams in her dear eyes bright, A rosebud in her rose-leaf hands. And

round me, as I near-er stepped, I felt her soft arms steal and

p

fold, While close a-against my heart she crept,

rit. e dim.

Just as of old! Just as of old!

rit. e dim.

The gray dawn broke, my love was gone, The

gold - - en dream was past and fled, I got me to the church-yard

lone, Where - in my love lay cold and dead; I

rit. e dim.

found a head-stone, gray with years, I bowed me to the morn mists

cold, I wept, and knew she saw my tears,

cres.

rit. e dim.

Just as of old! Just as of old!

But

rit.

e - - ven while I live a - lone, This com - fort comes to soothe my

care; We two may meet, when all is done, Far

off in Hea-ven's gar - den fair. And by the light a - bove, be -

yond, Chastened, each oth-er's face be - hold,

Stain - - less more pure but true and fond, Just as of

old! Just as of old!

pp

pp