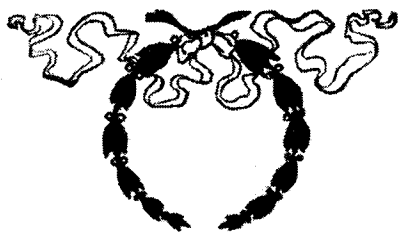


TOO LATE



A SONG

THE WORDS AND MUSIC

BY

DAISY McGEOCH

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THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY

Cincinnati New York Chicago Leipzig London

Alas! that all that's lovely has to fade,
That joy is only pain in masquerade,
What tears lie hidden 'neath a smile: who knows?
The kanker hides within the fairest rose.

Alas! that Life should prove so sad a thing,
That hope should droop 'neath disillusion's sting
A broken heart is all my gift from Fate,
Alas! that Love should come to us too late.

—Daisy McGeech

Too late

DAISY Mc GEOCH

Lento

A -

las! that all that's love - ly has to fade, That

joy is on - ly pain in mas - quer - ade What

marcato *dim.*

tears lie hid - den 'neath a smile: who knows? The

marcato *f* *dim.*

poco rit

kan - ker hides with - in the fair - est rose.

p *poco rit* *a tempo*

A -

poco

last that Life should prove so sad a thing That

p *poco*

credo *molto*

Hope should droop 'neath dis - il - lus - ion's sting A

credo *molto*

marcato e espressivo

brok - en heart is all my gift from Fate A - -

marcato e espressivo

last that Love should come to us too late.

a tempo

rit *rit molto*

rit *rit molto*