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1908

We're Grownning Old Together

Harry A Dinsmore
Composer

Annie L Merrill
Lyricist

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We're Growing Old Together

Song



WORDS BY

Mrs. Annie L. Merrill

MUSIC BY

HARRY A. DINSMORE

COMPOSER OF

"Where the Roses Twine the Trellis by the Door"
"On the Kennebec" Waltzes, etc.

Bertha Rudworth

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1908
WE'NE

We're Growing Old Together.

Words by
Mrs. ANNIE L. MERRILL.

Music by
HARRY A. DINSMORE.
Composer of
"WHERE THE ROSES TWINE
THE TRELIS BY THE DOOR," etc.

Moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

mf *p* *rit.*

1. We're grow - ing old to - geth - er, In the sweet old fash - ion'd
2. How sweet it is to live, dear, All a - lone, just you and
3. Could I have but one wish granted, In this chang - ing world be -

p a tempo.

way;
I;
low;

Each year is now a treas - ure, That
With no oth - er near to chide us, As the
I would ask that we to - geth - er Hand in

van - ish - eth a - way. I look in - to your
 hap - py days go by. Come sit here close be -
 hand at last could go Where there's no hour of

love - ly face, What joy I there be - hold; Our
 side me, Let me feel your pres - ence near; For I
 part - ing, All is joy and peace and love; Where

poco rit.
 hearts are just as young, dear, Now we are grow - ing old.
 need your ten - der guid - ance, And your lov - ing words of cheer.
 all are young to - geth - er, In that hap - py world a - bove.

poco rit.

REFRAIN.
 We're grow - ing old to - geth - er, In that sweet old fashion'd

a tempo.

way; Our eyes are grow-ing dimmer, And our hair is turn-ing

gray. But our love is just as true, dear, As it

cresc. *f*

was our wed-ding day; We're grow-ing old to -

rit. *dim. e rit.*

geth - er, In the sweet old fash-ion'd way.

sf

Where the Roses Twine the Trellis by the Door.

BALLAD.

Words by Wm. H. Seekins.
Composer of "Schottische Unexcelled."

Music by HARRY A. DINSMORE.
Composer of "On the Kennebec Waltzes."

CHORUS.

f a tempo.

There's the cot - tage stand - ing there, And the ros - es bloom - ing fair, And

a tempo.

cresc. *f* *p*

chil - dren, too, are play - ing as be - fore; But those

cresc. *f* *p*

mf

voi - ces now are still, They are sleep - ing on the hill, Where the

mf

ros - es twine the trel - lis by the door.

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