

THE AFTER-WHILE.

Words by PHILIP EASTMAN.

Music by R. J. JOSE.

Valse Mod^{to}.

rit. tempo

And^{te} Mod^{to}.

molto ritard. f rall et dim.

I know a dear old mead - - ow where dai-sies bloom so fair, And
As in that dear old mead - - ow we wan-der in the gloom, It

oft-times in the twi - - light I slow - ly wan-der there, To
seems each night the part - - ing must al-ways come too soon, As

meet by chance my sweet - heart with sun - ny gold - en hair, With
on the steps so mos - - sy of that old rus-tic style, We

smiles that are be - witch - ing And a way so de - bon - air, And
lin - gered in the eve - ning And thus would list a - while, To the

if I hear her sing - ing While com - ing down the lane By the
night-wind's gen - tle mur - mer, While far off down the lane The

rus - tic stile I lin - - ger To catch the sweet re - frain.
coo - ing dove seem'd sing - - ing That same soft sweet re - frain.

rall.

Flowers are al-ways the fair - est that grow at the end of the path, _____ The

p

mead-ows are al-ways the green - est when mown in the af - ter - math. _____ The

rall. et dim.

moments are al-ways the short - est, spent on the steps of the stile, _____

f

And joy is ev-er the sweet - est that comes in the af - ter - while. _____

rall. et dim. p