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-To My Wife -

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Until You Came, Dear Heart.

FROM THE NEW YORK
MUSIC CLEARING HOUSE
141 TO 147 WEST 45TH STREET
NEW YORK

By FRANK E. HERN.

Moderato.

mf
Ben marcato.
dim.

The skies that once were cold and gray, Are now serene and blue, And
Now ev'ry wind that blows dear heart, Sings to my soul of thee, And

mf

flow-ers rare now scent the air, Where once the this-tles grew; The
ev'ry word in rap-ture heard, Is dear to mem-o-ry; And

sun - shine came with you, dear heart, The fields are green a - gain, My
 eyes once cloud - ed o'er with grief, Shall nev - er more know tears, Oh

cresc. *f*

Giojoso. *rit*

heart is light and hopes are bright, That once seemed dark and vain.
 joy di - vine to call thee mine, Thro' all the com - ing years.

CHORUS (*Slowly.*)

Un - til you came, my life was sad and lone - ly, Un - til you

mp

spoke the words so fond and true, My throbbing heart, now counts the moments

on - ly — I spend with you, dear heart, I spend with you; — Un-til your

lips rehearsed the sweet old sto - ry, — Un-til your ten - der voice pronounced my

name, — I nev - er knew that earth held such a glo - ry, — Un - til you

rit. *f* *cresc.*

came, dear heart, Un - til you came. —

ff *fff* *fff* *dim.* *p* *D.C.*