Silver Threads Among the Gold

Eben Eugene Rexford, 1873

1. Darling, I am growing old, Silver threads among the gold.
2. When your hair is silver white And your cheeks no longer bright
3. Love can never more grow old; Locks may lose their brown and gold,
4. Love is always young and fair; What to us is silver hair,

Shine upon my brow today; Life is fading fast away;
With the roses of the May, I will kiss your lips and say:
Cheeks may fade and hollow grow; But the hearts that love will know
Faded cheeks or steps grown slow, To the hearts that beat below?

Yes! my darling, you will be Always young and fair to me.
Oh! my darling, mine alone, alone, You have never older grown,
Never, never winter's frost and chill; Summer warmth is in them still,
Since I kissed you, mine alone, alone, You have never older grown,

Yes! my darling, you will be Always young and fair to me.
Yes! my darling, mine alone, You have never older grown,
Never winter's frost and chill, Summer warmth is in them still,
Since I kissed you, mine alone, You have never older grown,

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Silver threads among the gold;

Shine upon my brow today,
Life is fading fast away.