

Afterwards

Mary Mark Lemon

John W. Mullen

The piano introduction consists of four measures. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The dynamic marking *mf* is present. A *rit.* marking is located below the first measure of the bass staff.

5 *p*

Af - ter the day has sung its song of sor - row, And one by one the

Measures 5-7 of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a *p* dynamic. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note chordal pattern in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

8 *p*

gold-en stars appear, I lin - ger yet, where once we met, be - lov - ed,

Measures 8-10 of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with a *p* dynamic. The piano accompaniment maintains the same chordal pattern as in the previous section.

11 *poco rit.* *dolce.*

And seem to feel thy spir - it still is near. The flow'rs have fled that

colla voce.

14 *sf*

blossom'd in that Spring - tide. The birds are mute, that sang their songs a - bove,

17

And tho' the years have drift - ed us a sun - der, Time can - not break the

20 *dolce.*

gold - en chain of love; Still we can love, al - tho' the sha - dows gath - er,

rit. *a tempo.*

23

Still we can hope, un - til the clouds be past, Come to my heart and

ff

Ad

26

whis per thro' the si - lence, "Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last."

rit.

p

rit.

29

mf a tempo.

p

33

p espress.

Some - times my heart grows wea - ry of its sad - ness, Some - times my life grows

36 *p*

wea-ry of its pain, Then, love, I wait, and list-en for your whis - per,

rall. *p*

39

Till fears de-part, and sunshine comes a-gain; It can-not be that

42

we should part for - ev - er, That love's sweet song is hush'd for us al-way;

45

I hear it yet, al - tho' its theme be al - tered, 'Twill reach thy heart, and

48 *p*

bring thee back some day, Love, we can love, al - tho' the sha-dows gath - er,

rit. *p* *ff*

51

Still we can hope, un - til the clouds be past, Come to my heart! and

ff

54

whisper thro' the si - lence, "Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last;"

p

57

"Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last."

rit. **Lento.**