

# JUST AS OF OLD.

BALLAD.


BY ALICE HAWTHORNE.

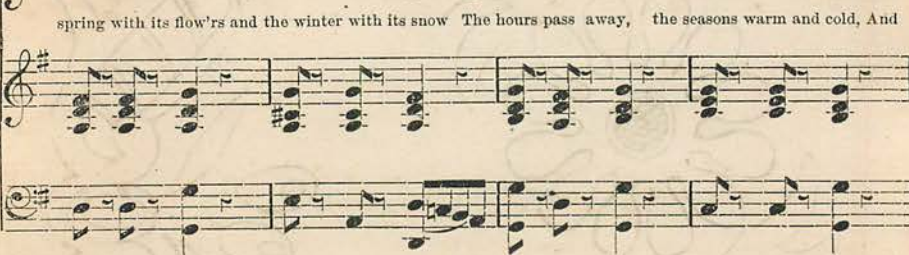
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*Moderato.*

Voice.  Just as of old, The moments come and go, The

Piano.  *cres.*

 spring with its flow'rs and the winter with its snow The hours pass away, the seasons warm and cold, And



 time rolls a-long to-day just as of old. But ah! how we change, as years come on anew, The



JUST AS OF OLD.

heart grows strange That once was kind and true; And dear friends part, as oth - ers pass a - way, And

*p* *f*

CHORUS.

sad - ly sighs the wea - ry heart day a - ter day. But just as of old, the

mo - ments come and go, The spring with its flow'rs and 'the win - ter with its snow— The

hours pass a - way, the seasons warm and cold And time rolls a - long - to - day just as of old.

Just as of old, the many stars appear,  
 And greet us again, as in some forgotten year;  
 The flow'rs bloom anew, and rivers ever flow  
 Just as they did in days of old—long, long ago.  
 But why should we sigh, when hoping for the best?  
 As years roll by, the heart will find its rest,  
 But hope soon dies, and sorrow holds her sway  
 For many that we learn to prize soon pass away.